November Patriots

the murder of John Kennedy

Constance Kritzberg

Larry Hancock

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The Murder of John F. Kennedy

Also by Constance Kritzberg...

"For the Defense"

Secrets from the Sixth Floor

"Dallas Did It!"

November Patriots

The Murder of John F. Kennedy

Constance Kritzberg
and
Larry J. Hancock

A Hancock Project

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Acknowledgments

November Patriots is a different kind of book. Its goal is to speak to the general reader and reveal the complexity of John Kennedy's murder without totally burying the reader in the depths of assassination research. It does contain original research and information, incorporated in both the Novel and in the "Full Disclosure" sections. And for that we are largely greateful to the talents, the patience and the hospitality of Anna Marie Kuhns-Walko. Anna Marie, we love you, and tell your photocopy machine that Larry said hello.

November Patriots benefits greatly from the work of the Assassinations Records Review Board and the personal efforts of Joe Backus in communicating news from their releases in real time, Joe, thanks for the email distribution list and the presentations at the Lancer conferences! The book also serves as a vehicle to capture and present the dogged, persistent and ground-breaking research done by Vince Palamara on the Secret Service and the true nature of John Kennedy's protection in Dallas. Keep it coming Vince, they were badly used and we need to know who and why! We are also pleased to be among those who are giving a broader forum for the eyewitness observations of Ed Hoffman, a shining example of American bravery and determination, who continues to tell the truth about a second shooting team 35 years after his initial and fruitless visit to the FBI on November 22nd, 1963. Ed, you, Rosie and Ron Fredriech remain personal inspirations to us, thank you from us both.

And of course, our special thanks are saved for Madeleine Brown, the lady who embodies the slogan "tell it like it is" and did so long before the TV shows and the publication of her book, Texas in the Morning. Thanks Madeleine. It is too bad you had to postpone that meeting with U.S. Marshall Clint Peoples or we might have been able to relate the Texas part of the story in *November Patriots*.

We are indebted to a host of others, some living and several deceased, who told the truth despite the consequences — you'll see their names in "Full Disclosure" — and we are most deeply indebted to the Research Community itself (many of whose publications and names you will find referenced in the body of "Full Disclosure") because readers who are new to this forum need to know who they are and how to find their work. They deserve more than being footnotes at the rear of the book.

We close our acknowledgements with a list of most special people, the folks who made the production of *November Patriots* possible. Sam Kritzberg and Kathy Hancock were our first critics and first editors. Ian Griggs, Barbara Junkkarinen, Michael Parks and Beth McElveen caught some of our mistakes, factual and otherwise (the remainder are our fault not theirs). And Stacey McIntyre and Paula Loukakis made the book look like it was worth picking up. Connie thanks Betty Windsor for helping with Dallas research. And because this is personal kind of book, she also offers an appropriate reporter's toast to Jim Koethe, a Dallas '63 reporter from the old school, who searched for the truth from the beginning. "Salut," Jim.

INTRODUCTION

November Patriots, Part I, is a historical novel. The author makes no disclaimer that all events and characters contained in the book are ficton. Actual persons are depicted, who carry out their actions during the terrible day of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. Other characters are fictitional.

The intent of the novel is to entertain its readers, and at the same time, further expose the full scope of related political and historical events, though many of the facts were withheld from historical accounts. That vital information was quickly sanitized and simplified because its full implications could potentially have endangered careers, political agendas and possibly even national security.

November Patriots, the novel, is a love story, a look at the exciting world of journalism the 1960s, and a story of patriotism. It is the authors' belief that the novel provides animation of the story, which will quickly lead the reader to facts presented in the section entitled "Full Disclosure."

November Patriots, Part II, "Full Disclosure," includes documents, many newly released, which provide evidence of a conspiracy and cover up beyond doubt. Its analysis is intended to expose prior knowledge of threats against the President, significant compromise of Presidential security (with elaboration by Vince Palamara, dean of security researchers), the lack of a real murder investigation, and the network which both supported and exposes the conspiracy. November Patriots is dedicated to the assassination research community and its 35 years of effort.

— *The authors*

Preface

IT BEGINS

October 30, 1963, and the President of the United States is coming to Chicago in less than a week. A social visit to watch the annual Army-Navy Game at Soldier's Field. The advance team for the White House Detail of the Secret Service is already on the ground. Special Agent David Grant and his partner Agent Robert Kollar, in charge of all advance security for the trip, the appearance at the game, everything. And on the 30th, "everything" starts to get complicated.

The morning of the 30th, a call comes into the office from a "confidential" informant who had breakfast recently with a newly arrived ex-Marine, only recently back in Chicago.

The guy, name of Thomas Vallee, has strong politics, is a John Birch society member, and styles himself as an excellent marksman. He brags about his skills and his gun collection. Lately, he's been saying some pretty strong things about the Administration and President Kennedy in particular.

The Office reacts. A two man team of agents finds he's just moved out of the YMCA into an apartment; his landlady knows little about him. A "Pretext" interview, our way of letting him know we're watching him, is conducted and the agents observe M-1 rifles, a pistol, ammunition — and a proven dislike for John Kennedy. The trip to Chicago has just acquired it's first Protective Research Subject. His background check doesn't help much.

Vallee has just moved to Chicago from California. While in New York State earlier in the year, he was under investigation by New York police for suspected firearms theft. Investigation revealed he had receipts but nobody is happy about his history of radical politics, his penchant for weapons or his frequent moves. They aren't exactly happy about his describing himself as "a loner," his head injuries or his medical history, for that matter.

So, the Office gets serious and calls in the Chicago PD, asking them to put him under constant surveillance and hinting that they really would like him out of circulation when the President hits town.

Not a good morning, but it could have been worse. By afternoon it is worse. The Office has a telephone call and a teletype from the FBI. There is a really strong suggestion of another threat; this time by a group of at least four men. Some of the names are Latin, and it looks like politics again. Since September, one of the Office's local informants has been relaying messages about a group of radical Cuban exiles in search of large scale armaments, especially machine guns. These aren't the same guys already under watch but there does seem to be common thread of hostility toward John Kennedy. More Secret Service teams hit the street.

Now it's November, the President is scheduled for arrival on the morning of the 2nd. The good news is that the Chicago Police Task Force (currently known as the "Trouble Shooters") have Vallee nailed down tight. And the Service teams have located at least two of their four suspects. But things go from just bad to a lot worse. The Secret Service surveillance team's cover gets blown, two of the suspects get brought in and interrogated all night long.

The suspects leave the office next morning in a paddy wagon on the way to the Chicago Police. The police have a new guest. Officers had been watching Thomas Vallee. The 5 a.m. shift saw him leave in his car not long after they go on duty. Luckily, he made a wrong turn and they could pick him up. Even better, he has a knife beside him and lots of interesting things in the trunk. Now the Task Force interrogators have him.

And things are still getting worse. Last night another informant called the Secret Service. Seems that group of Cubans he's been setting up for a "gun buy" now have plenty of money. And they are ready to spend it, after "Kennedy gets taken care of."

The morning of November 2. Secret Service agents deployed to the Airport, the Stadium, all the arrangements in place for the visit. Downtown, the police Task Force have several suspects in custody — but not all, by a long shot. Suddenly word comes down from Washington, the President's not coming. This time.

November Patriots

A Novel

By Constance Kritzberg

John F. Kennedy ... the man

A game of touch football, Kennedy, second from right

Father and daughter Caroline

President John F. Kennedy in Fort Worth, Texas, November 21, 1963, with First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy and Governor John Connally at rear

Photo © Andy Hanson

November Patriots

Major Fictional Characters

Acosta, Manuel, aka Mancos, Cuban national

Andersen, Matthew, Dallas FBI Agent

Andersen, Natalie, Washington Bureau Chief, Dallas Sentinel Newspaper

Andersen, Nels, Washington architect

Artero, Cuban national with ties to Mafia

Charlie, editorial writer for DSN

Cole, Don, Dallas County Democratic Party Chairman

Dunn, Lyle, Dallas FBI Agent

Forbes, John, political science professor

Garland, Joe, Dallas Private Investigator

Green, Eddie, owner of car dealership

Haley, Betty, Dallas socialite, member of Host Committee

Hammond, Rex,Chicago Police Department Detective

Hewitt, H.P., Dallas oil man

Hilton, Clarence, Executive Editor, Dallas Sentinel Newspaper

Lowe, Jim, Washington FBI agent

Luther Holmes, Secret Service Agent

Markham, Griffin, Dallas oil man

Marshman, Ethan, President StreakAir

Pell, Ray, City Editor, Dallas Sentinel Newspaper

Puckett, Jack, Department of Agriculture

Ranger, Hired hit man

Santos, Maria, Cuban National

Santos, Tony, Cuban National

Historical Characters

Brown, Madeleine, Dallas advertising woman, mistress to LBJ

Fritz, Captain Will, Dallas Police Department

Hoover, J. Edgar, H, Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation

Jackson, Robert, Dallas news photographer

Johnson, Lyndon Baines, H, Vice President/President

Kantor, Seth, Reporter, Scripps Howard newspapers

Kennedy, First Lady Jacqueline, H, Wife of President John F. Kennedy

Kennedy, President John F, H, President of United States

Lawson, Winston, Secret Service Advance Man

Oswald, Lee Harvey, Accused assassin

Ruby, Jack, Nightclub owner who shot Oswald

Shelton, Keith, Political Writer, Dallas Times Herald

Slawik, Stanislaus, Dallas restaurant owner

Sorrels, Forrest, Dallas Secret Service Agent in Charge

Wade, Henry, Dallas District Attorney

Windsor, Jim, Dallas press man

1

Washington. D.C.
Monday, November 18, 1963

Natalie backed her red Valiant between a white Oldsmobile and a battered green car. She noted that there was a slither of space between her car and the old hulk, hopefully leaving enough room for her to slide out of the passenger side. Every work day she edged her car between others on the dirt parking lot. Once parked, she took cabs to the Hill or White House. Taxi fares were allowable expenses in her work as Washington Bureau Chief for the *Dallas Sentinel* newspaper — the job for which she had fought tooth and nail.

She had been fortunate to spot the minuscule lot next to a two story office building several months ago. Some multi-storied parking garages were visible in downtown D.C. in 1963, along with new glass-faced office buildings. They were crowding out the many small parking lots between narrow two and three story Georgian buildings, built as residences hundreds of years ago, but now serving as businesses.

Having seen a hand-lettered sign reading — Park $14, Natalie had located the owner of the lot, a black man still holding on to his spot of downtown Washington, and paid him twenty eight dollars in cash for two months rent. The message was clear — don't double-book my space.

She tightened the black silk scarf beneath her chin and grabbed her purse. In one motion, she opened the car door as far as it would go, swung her legs to the left, and quickly planted her feet, covered by clear plastic rain shoes, in the mud.

Avoiding clumps of brown weeds, Natalie reached the sidewalk as commuters tentatively left a bus. Some tried to balance their umbrellas against a temperamental wind, while chicken-stepping between puddles of water and a stream running in the gutter. Her long strides quickly outdistanced the city workers. Ignoring the bitter wind and rain, she rounded the corner to M street, ducked into a grill, and ordered a fried egg sandwich and coffee.

She smiled slightly, remembering the first romantic months in Washington when she thought of the cafe as a scene in a Hopper painting. The honeymoon period, locals dubbed it. Now the grill looked like what it was; a narrow, grubby old eatery lacking any neon except in ceiling panels in the center of the cramped space.

The waitress handed over her order, the busy Washingtonian's excuse for breakfast. The hard-fried egg between two pieces of toast slathered with grape jelly was wrapped in wax paper. It, the hot styrofoam cup and a single paper napkin were stuffed in a tiny sack. She exchanged a dollar bill for the daily fare.

A few steps down M street, she paused and pulled open the hefty black wooden doors to the Meany Building. The ancient brick and stone building held the two room Washington bureau of the *Sentinel*. The building was not the George Meany Building, if there was such, but a name given by its builder, probably a labor movement sympathizer.

Natalie doubted that few other tenants noticed the letters carved in concrete atop its four stories. The *Sentinel* was the only news organization in the building. Most offices held overflow staff of

governmental agencies. Trained to be observant, she noticed the bored faces of the civil servants on the rare occasions when she entered or left at the ordinary hours of eight and five. They were not even part of her world. She couldn't imagine their drab existence and didn't try. Every minute of her day was planned.

She liked working in the old Meany Building, which followed the Washington code that buildings must not rise higher than four floors, lest they block the view of historic monuments in the nation's capital. Located west of the central district, which in other cities meant business, but in Washington signified government, and close to the Key Bridge, the old building held dignity and character.

On the second floor, she walked halfway down the hall and unlocked the door to her office. The half pane of wavy opaque glass was marked by faded black lettering, The Dallas Sentinel Bureau, 1906.

To Natalie, the office was the springboard for the job of her dreams. But she would rather go to her grave than admit it.

Editors at the *Sentinel* knew what this job meant to her. When she heard that elderly correspondent Walter Chambers had died suddenly of a heart attack, she sent a memo to the Executive Editor, notifying him that she wished to be considered as Chambers' replacement.

Rumor had it that she should have waited until after Chambers' funeral, but Natalie knew damn well that would be too late, no matter how good her credentials were. She got the go-ahead with a miserly lack of financial support and total lack of approval.

Hilton, the Executive Editor, had personally written the announcement of her appointment. The story had noted that Natalie Andersen, age 26, was the youngest female to head a Washington bureau. When she had complained that the personal remark hadn't been appropriate, the editor told her that some day she would thank him, after veteran Washington newsmen had chewed her up and spit her out.

She remembered his last words of warning — "it's no job for a

woman." She spent every day proving him wrong. Now, two years later, the bureau was her life.

Hilton had been wrong about the "veteran newsmen", too. Now, Washington newspeople were her respected competitors. They all took off at a run if the President unexpectedly arrived in a helicopter on the White House south lawn. The President would grin, watching men's ties flying and women cursing their high heels in their scramble to be the first to reach his side with a question.

At times she did the same as the rest, made up a question on the spot. It wasn't as important what they asked, but to be directly answered and afterward type, "President John F. Kennedy told the *Dallas Sentinel* Friday..."

Natalie bent to the floor and picked up two newspapers — the *Washington Post* and the other a special delivery of yesterday's edition of the *Sentinel*. *The Washington Star* would be delivered in the early afternoon, along with the *Wall Street Journal*. *The New York Times* would be at the door of her apartment Sunday. She should read more newspapers, she thought, but there simply wasn't time.

She hung her dripping raincoat and soaked scarf on the hall tree, then shoved it as close as she safely could to the ancient floor furnace. A key stuck out of the floor grille which covered the furnace. She turned it toward full heat.

The roomful of furniture had been inherited from Walter, except for the typewriter. For some unknown reason, a new IBM Selectric typewriter had been delivered when she was moving in. She suspected that Hilton's sympathetic secretary had arranged the purchase, but didn't dare press the matter.

Standing before a small wood framed mirror, she brushed her damp black hair with strong strokes until it began to dry and fell in a fan around her shoulders. Natalie had worn her hair the same way for years. These days either bubble styles or flips were popular. Some hair stylists, determined to modernize her, pleaded to twist or back comb her hair. Natalie refused. Her hairstyle remained the long natural cut that set her apart from most Washington career women.

She peered at her eyes in the mirror, their darkness matched by black eyelashes which almost touched her eyebrows. She lightly touched the tip of her little finger to her tongue, then to her brows in a smooth arc.

She touched her lips with a soft shade of red, brushed the heather brown suit and smoothed the collar of her ivory satin blouse. Good enough for the White House, she decided. Her appointment book held one entry for the day — a briefing at noon sharp on Jackie Kennedy's itinerary during the coming junket to Texas.

Not that the conference was all the work she had planned. She had to write an interview she received the day before and send it to Dallas. If there was any time left over, she would search for new stories. Interruptions just caused her to work more quickly. She planned each new work day while unwinding at her apartment at the end of a day.

The telephone rang as she returned the brush to her bag and snapped it shut.

"Natalie, we have your stories on the Texas trip and funding for congressional junkets. Do you have anything else for Monday?" The voice was too familiar to require identification. Charlie was a "second down" editorial writer — an old friend, but not part of the news department. Natalie bristled. "Charlie, I did a feature on Jackie's first trip since the baby died. And for God's sake, you ran my Sunday story on the bill to raise federal judges' pay. I've got it here in front of me." Natalie had half opened the Sunday newspaper and looked at the headline, "Minor Bill Makes the Majors", with her byline as Washington correspondent. Beside it ran a sidebar on the reaction of a federal judge. She skimmed it quickly while half-listening to Charlie splutter.

"I know, Nat," he said defensively, "but it's a slow news day, and Hilton is chewing my ass."

Natalie had some sympathy for Charlie, a liberal caught on the editorial desk. He didn't believe a thing he wrote. But that was his problem.

"Why the hell is the editorial department calling me for news?

Isn't the city desk ragging me enough?"

She heard him hesitate. "You know where your stories land first, Natalie. Upstairs."

"Well, they shouldn't be there. I write news," she shot back. "Just leave me alone to finish this and I'll call it in to rewrite."

She took a deep breath, and calmed her tone. "Look, Charlie, I've got a White House briefing at noon. And there's no story coming out of that. Just a need-to-know."

You know how it is, Charlie had complained, as she managed to escape the useless conversation.

Yeah, she knew the way it was. Hilton circled her like a hawk, watching for anything smacking of "liberal." Recent labor strikes at New York newspapers hadn't touched Washington, and Dallas newsmen wouldn't dare think about a union. Hilton must think she was an idiot.

She slapped copy paper in the typewriter, and began mechanically typing the "ag" story. Her steno pad was open to her notes, set teepee fashion beside the typewriter. Her typing was steady, no hesitations while she searched for a word. The story was exactly as given, though hardly true.

Natalie's concentration was broken by the shadow of the mailman as he approached the office. He turned the knob clumsily, burdened by the heavy leather bag hung over his rain-splattered uniform jacket. Natalie just waved, indicating her haste. "Have fun in Texas," he said by way of greeting. "Oh sure," she said and grinned.

She turned away from the typewriter to glance at the mail. Some manila envelopes from the mail room at the House. Most she set aside to read at home, except the one from the office of a Houston Congressman who was leading the House fight for even bigger appropriations for aerospace research. She'd read it before she closed up for the day.

One envelope caught her eye — a small white one like people used to mail their utility bills, or for personal letters. Addressed to her, Washington bureau, even with the zip code. Few people both-

ered to look up the new zip codes for personal mail. Too much of a bother.

No return address. Postmarked Dallas. Some nut, she thought, looking at the disguised hand printed name and address. The letters had been written in a mismatched manner.

These things came occasionally, and she had to look them over. Usually, they were threats against the *Sentinel*, if it continued to support liberal measures. Just bullshit. She slit the envelope open and removed the paper inside, a torn small section of a Dallas street map. The downtown area near the underpass to Stemmons freeway.

Four black circles had been drawn — two on both sides of the railroad trestle north of Elm Street, the third on top of the old produce building recently converted to a schoolbook warehouse, and the fourth circle was in the center of Elm Street. Straight lines joined them all, which fashioned an X without the lower left leg. That was all.

Natalie sighed. Did they never rest?

She typed a few more minutes before picking up the scrap of map again. Ordinarily she would put it in a large manila envelope she used to send kook mail to the paper, but with a presidential trip planned, she wondered. Oh shit, she didn't want to call the FBI. She held the Bureau and all it's prestige at arm's length. She had no intention of glorifying the Director's image, which constituted most of the Bureau's "news."

Her father, a career agent, was a pivotal point in her distinct distaste for the Bureau. She loved Matthew Andersen, but decided long ago that she didn't especially like him.

Damn it, she knew FBI agents who were family men and fulfilled their official duties at the same time. But not Matthew Andersen. She grew up without knowing if her father would come home at the end of the day, or disappear for days. Her mother never knew where he was. It was wrong. The disapproval colored her whole attitude toward the FBI. But she was acutely aware of the fact, and made certain she covered the Bureau fairly.

After debating a few added seconds, she dialed the FBI's private press number. Natalie cradled the receiver with her shoulder and continued to type the reactions of the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture to the pay raise bill.

A clerk who answered at the FBI seemed at a loss who Natalie should talk to, but covered the receiver. It was muffled but she heard, "There's a reporter, Natalie Andersen..."

"Ms. Andersen," a cheerful male voice answered. He sounded like he knew her. She explained the strange scrap, mentioned the trip, then he interrupted.

"Of course, you're right. I'm on my way out and going your way—" "I'll just drop by."

How did he know where her office was? Before Natalie could say more, he had hung up. She shrugged. She had a feeling she had met this guy.

The phone rang again. She grabbed it on the first ring. The operator asked for her. She quickly recognized the voice of Joe Garland.

"Hi, old pal of mine," she said with a laugh. "What's up?"

Joe's voice sounded like he was in a well. Lousy connection. The former reporter, now a private eye, asked if she needed a ride when she got in. He had wrapped up a big case and had some free time.

It was good news. "Hey, buddy," she said, "that was some case you cracked. That murder was three years ago. Congratulations!"

He skipped over the compliment and focused on her arrival. Natalie opened the ticket envelope on her desk, read off the airline, flight number, and time of arrival. Joe said he would be there. She felt better about the trip. Joe was like an old shoe. They fit...could have fun together or work like dogs when they had to.

After hanging up, she called the city desk and talked to editor Ray Pell. She was out of free time, and needed to dictate the agriculture story to one of the rewrite men who sat near the city desk. Once on the phone with a fellow she knew only as Bill, she read the story. His interest waned the further she went. "Andersen, you

don't need rewrite. All you need is a secretary."

She smiled. "I'll take that as a compliment." He answered affirmatively but her attention was broken by a staccato knock on the door. She got Bill off the line and opened the door.

A short, nice enough looking FBI agent flipped open his pocket credentials and grinned at her. At five nine in her mid-heels, she towered over him. And she remembered where they had met. At that Argentinean Embassy party she couldn't escape. He had insisted on bringing her plates of hors d'oeuvres and glasses of champagne until she left, just to get rid of him. She glanced at her watch. She was due at the White House in 35 minutes.

He entered the room and stood uncomfortably close as she handed over the envelope and its contents. His first name was Leroy or something just as bad. He quickly suggested they have lunch, not even looking at the letter, breathing on her bosom.

"Look," she said, "I'm due at the White House, and you're in my way." His smile faded. He bent over to put the envelope in his briefcase, snapped it shut, then straightened.

"I'll be on my way," he said stiffly, and almost marched out of the room.

She hoped she wouldn't regret that..but hell, he deserved it.

Natalie read the first few pages of the space documents. The file, and the new bill itself, were intentionally thick and full of jargon. This was where Gerald Hilton expected her to stumble. Some of the space program material was so technical she could lose the point. She put it in a folder and attached a note, "Call Randall in Houston."

So she would share the story. But she'd have it first and right. Too much of her time was spent outwitting her own bosses. It should be part of her job description, not that there actually was one. She was where she wanted to be, doing what she wanted to do.

On a hunch, Natalie quickly placed a call to Luther Holmes, a Secret Service agent she had met at another party. He hadn't offended her like Leroy. He had seemed nice, professional.

Surprisingly, he was in and took her call.

After the usual introductory small talk, she described the symbol and told him how it had arrived, drawing it on a scrap of copy paper as she talked. Luther was unimpressed. "One of those nuts you grow like weeds in Texas," he said impassively.

"Probably," she admitted but quickly added, "I'd like to know if there will be a flatbed truck for photographers in Dallas. I want to set up a shot."

Holmes hesitated. "I don't know. I'm not really involved. I've been helping PRS here."

"PRS?" Natalie asked.

"Protective Research Section. We just did a statewide security check. We did another one a couple of months ago. No names," he said in a pleased voice.

"Oh, come on," she insisted. "Not even one?" Natalie asked scornfully. "What about General Walker?"

Holmes chuckled. "He's out of town."

"Oh sure," Natalie wisecracked, "and he has all his right-wing nuts with him." Holmes didn't answer, and Natalie sensed he wasn't about to say any more. She knew when to stop pushing. Their closing remarks were friendly, cordial enough that Natalie believed she might be able to count Holmes as a minor contact.

But something about the call bothered her. No suspicious persons? None in Dallas? She could name five to ten she wouldn't trust near the President, without even including the characters who had whacked Adlai Stevenson with a sign three weeks ago. One was a schizoid character who lived in a small house backing up to the Andersens. He kept his blinds pulled and drove an old Ford with bumper stickers calling for the impeachment of Earl Warren and demanding that America leave the United Nations.

Members of the ultra right-wing John Birch Society met at the house occasionally. Her father had run a check on the fellow, who owned an arsenal of guns. He wasn't dangerous to them, Matthew had said, but they stayed on their side of the fence. Dallas was full of characters like him.

There wasn't time to give it more thought. She walked to a window and peered out at a brick building to the west. In the few open feet she saw that the rain had stopped.

Streaks of water still blackened the brown bricks of the next building. She looked upward at a gutter running beneath the eaves, which turned to the alley she faced. After a length of a few feet, it turned at a downward slant for a foot, then abruptly ended. Water spewed toward the blacktop two stories below and ran steadily toward the rear of the building out of sight.

She decided to take her raincoat along, because the sky was still a dull gray, heavy with unspilled water.

After putting all papers in file cabinets and her desk, she locked them and put the keys in her purse. She took one more look around before she left. The trip didn't particularly interest her. There was always too much going on in Washington. She sighed as she locked the outside door, and left her home away from home.

Downstairs, she shoved against the heavy doors, which were painted a dull brown on the inside, and stepped to the sidewalk. There was nothing spectacular about the street, but Natalie paused to take a deep breath and drink in the familiar smell of water from nearby Rock Creek, the C&O Canal, and the backwaters of the Potomac River, which permeated the air.

M Street was a major artery east and west from the Capitol area and historic Georgetown, where the richest Washingtonians lived. Yet the Meany Building and others like it offered relatively inexpensive rentals, located just north of the Foggy Bottom area where Washington's first industries thrived.

She knew congressmen who walked from Georgetown along the C&O Canal to Constitution Avenue and all the way to the Capitol each day, citing the exercise as good for their health.

Only three blocks east of her office, Pennsylvania Avenue intersected at an angle. In less than five minutes, she would be in the formal intricacy of boulevards designed by Pierre l'Enfant over a hundred years ago.

Few people were on the sidewalk, which within an hour would

be teaming with lunch-bound workers. Street traffic was light, almost equally divided between taxicabs painted checkered, bright yellow and other strong colors, mixed with family sedans mostly in sedate navy blue, black or gray colors.

A cab passed her, heading toward Georgetown where he was sure to get a fare. Natalie raised her right hand, and the cabbie quickly pulled to the curb and waited. She opened the back door and settled herself before glancing at the driver. He was dark skinned with heavy, curly hair. After telling him to take her to the White House, she waited for the familiar rush of urgency that most cabbies displayed when they received the command. Trips to the White House must be important, most seemed to think.

This courier seemed to react differently. He managed the usual taxicab privilege of making a U-turn on M street, darting between cars on four lanes of traffic. But his driving was erratic, he mumbled as he drove dangerously close to other cars and cabs. There was an accompanying background of honking horns.

Reaching Pennsylvania Avenue, he grew even more nervous, jerking the wheel back and forth. This driver was new to her — not one of the oldies she knew on sight — and visibly edgy about driving to the White House.

His accent and looks caused her to believe he was an immigrant, and probably didn't hold a green card.

"I've got the credentials," Natalie said, "just drive up to the west gate." After gesturing back and forth, Natalie got across which gate to enter.

Still uneasy, the cabbie hesitantly pulled in front of the iron gate.

Natalie leaned forward and showed the uniformed guard her press pass. The guard gestured to a turn around area, where the driver dropped her off. She grinned and commented as she paid the driver, "They won't bite." After pocketing the money, the driver gave her a receipt, and seemed happy to get away. Natalie glanced at the departing taxi. If he was working here illegally, she had just made him deliver her to the head guy who ran the immigration

service and every other federal agency he feared. Natalie smiled at the irony.

Standing at the edge of the driveway, Natalie turned and gazed at the White House. She looked at the still green lawn, small gardened areas, and mature trees near the white columns beneath the semi-circular cupola. The area was deserted except for the ever-present military guards.

The immaculate white paint, shining brass, and glimpses of deeply colored velvet and brocade drapes inside, filled her with a welcome inward thrill. She was close enough to see movement of servants in shadow, all walking stiffly with the importance of their duty. The building commanded respect.

Some protested about the White House, "It's too small." To Natalie, it was just as it should be.

Heavy blossoms of flowers of summer had faded, leaving a scene that to Natalie was even more pleasant. Green bushes held an array of tiny red or orange buds, and the few leaves left on trees were yellow, dark red, or crisp brown before they snapped from limbs.

Fall, with a smell of the coming cold tingeing the air early and late in the day, heralded the beginning of the holidays and a brand new year.

She turned toward the west end press office and her thoughts returned to business as usual. She walked quickly to the impossibly tiny press room, where self-absorbed reporters silently went about the preparation for another Presidential junket. No excitement about a list of staff assigned to the trip. She noticed that the names were largely second string agents and staff. Louise Trammel's name was listed as the White House staff member who would speak at the briefing.

There would not likely be anything new here, but they had to go. Some big names could skip minor events, but most waded through the fluff to get close to real opportunities. At least they would be allowed more questions at the briefing than at a press conference held by the President or Pierre Salinger.

The truth was that Jackie Kennedy was not especially popular

with the White House press corps, unlike her husband. Natalie thought of newsmen mimicking her childlike public voice — almost a whisper — and her socially correct mannerisms. They always followed with a "show" of screeching which they insisted she used for the children.

Natalie agreed with their feeling that the First Lady was a miscast socialite, but she was more interested in seeing whether President Jack was ever going to be exposed for his sexual encounters. When that topic came up, the male press clammed up. So most of the interest in Jackie by the press was lip service, with little actual curiosity.

She spent a few minutes talking to a White House wire operator, then walked a few feet to look searchingly down the hall at one of the White House reception rooms.

Pierre Salinger, wearing a raincoat and carrying a heavy briefcase, hurried into the hall. Eyebrows jutting from his brow, his wide mouth methodically chewing on an unlit cigar, he perpetually looked overburdened.

Today he seemed more harried than usual. Natalie knew that Salinger and several cabinet members were scheduled to fly to Japan while the President was in Texas.

Salinger removed his raincoat and handed it to an aide. Natalie lingered and watched two interior designers step in her line of sight, their voices held at a whisper. One held a large landscape in ornate gold frame. Each gestured to places on the pale yellow wall where they thought the period painting should be placed.

Behind them was one of the many red velvet ropes attached to gleaming brass standards which separated people from the period furniture the new First Lady had brought to the White House.

A flurry of activity signaled the coming of someone of importance. The ever-present men in immaculate suits swiftly stood in front of her line of sight at the end of the hall. Salinger had turned abruptly to his right, his back toward her.

Jack Kennedy walked into view, laughing at something an aide or friend had said. His eyes were still on the acquaintance who

was out of Natalie's sight, while his outthrust hand grasped Salinger's. She could hear Jack's hearty laughter.

The decorators stood immobile, their mouths open, staring at the President, the landscape temporarily forgotten.

Natalie's eyes were drawn to the scene, as if seen through a telescope. The President faced Salinger and then turned quickly to the other person who held his attention. The Secret Service men shifted their positions almost simultaneously with his, remaining at his back and side. The President's movements were rapid and almost impulsive. Secret Service men must have to take dance lessons, Natalie thought in amusement.

The scene was typical of the Kennedy White House — more formal than in the past and at the same time youthfully casual.

It was no secret that President Kennedy was difficult to guard. On the inaugural night, he had escaped them for almost a half hour. That had made the news after one of his body guards complained once too often. Since then the subject had never reached the press.

The White House press corps, whether they admitted it or not, was generally taken by Kennedy's charisma, and tended to support him.

"Andersen," a photographer with the Houston Post called. She turned to wait while he walked to her side. "Have you heard that the photo truck has been scrapped? We're stuck in convertibles way back in the motorcade. We won't get any pictures in Dallas. Not until lunch."

Lunch would be at the Dallas Trade Mart, she had heard. The ostentatious building was a showcase for the latest clothing designs produced in the southwest market. She wouldn't be there. Her assignment was to dig into Kennedy's success or failure to unite the Democratic Party in Texas. Fat chance!

The disgruntled 'photog' lumbered by her side, camera bag and a Nikon around his neck. She generally liked news photographers and sympathized with the *Post* cameraman.

Natalie grinned at him. "You'll like the Trade Mart angles. Just

don't look up," she said with a sideways smile. He looked at her in bewilderment. She loved it. They would never understand Dallas. Quickly she said, "I don't know if they'll have the pigeons in cages or not."

Truthfully, she didn't know. The wrought iron stanchions supporting the upper balconies of the Dallas Trade Mart were open to the atrium below, and covered with ivy and blossoming plants. It was Dallas size and Dallas style — straight out of Hollywood.

She and the photographer separated. Entering the room, she spotted the outspoken, at times downright rude representative of the mammoth Brenninger newspaper chain. He dominated many press conferences and had drawn Salinger's ire many times.

Natalie was coming close to his record for pushing the White House Press further than they wanted to go. But she never interrupted the press secretary or disrupted the entire conference like he did. She deliberately chose a seat on the opposite side of the room from the Brenninger reporter, beside an Associated Press reporter. She didn't want to be thought of as Brenninger's female counterpart.

Press secretaries were as aggressive as the reporters, and were known to play one against the other.

Natalie had developed her own polite, but rapid-fire style of getting answers, and was satisfied with her reputation. The challenge today would be getting answers which didn't fit the intent of the event, which was to shine the spotlight on Jackie Kennedy. And Trammel wouldn't have answers to the questions she would ask. At least it was a briefing, not a press conference, allowing reporters to ask as many questions as needed.

Louise Trammel entered, a brunette in her forties, immaculately dressed in a black suit. Her brown hair was carefully and conservatively styled, with slight waves before it stopped short of the white blouse collar. For all her formality, Trammel was only a junior aide, working beneath Pamela Tenure, Jackie's personal "secretary." Tenure was "unavailable" today, probably meaning they would receive what was planned for the First Lady — not precisely what

she would do.

Jackie Kennedy was known to change her mind about attending events, and not show up or leave the press waiting for hours. Such slights did not endear her to the press, so the less definite her schedule, the less likely there would be ill feelings.

Trammel stood uncertainly, frowning at her leather folder. Some of the press tentatively stood, while most remained seated. Aides didn't command as much respect as Salinger.

Placing her folder on the lectern, Trammel looked up at the small group. Natalie waited impatiently.

Trammel drew a single sheet of paper from her folder, and began to itemize the First Lady's public appearances. Then she asked for questions.

Out of respect for her colleagues, many of whom had covered the White House for decades, Natalie left a sufficient opening for others to raise their hands first. None did.

Natalie raised her hand, and Trammel quickly recognized her. Natalie glanced at her notebook where she had a few notes. "Will the First Lady ride in the motorcade in Dallas?" she asked.

The question was appropriate, although she assumed she knew the answer. Jacqueline Kennedy's dislike for politics in general was well known, and her activities had been severely curtailed before the baby's premature birth and death.

The First Lady's press aide cleared her throat and began to recite the answer. "Of course. Mrs. Kennedy is at the President's side whenever circumstances permit. She will also appear at the Fort Worth breakfast reception..." Louise rattled off an impressive list of Jackie Kennedy's expected public appearances during the three day trip.

Natalie noticed that those making the most notes were with papers where they had to furnish the women's news section from the White House. The group included her to a degree. But Dallas didn't give a damn what happened in Houston, San Antonio, and especially Fort Worth. Cow town didn't rate. So she only made notes about the Dallas motorcade, luncheon, and the reception to

be held later in Austin.

After the itinerary topic seemed exhausted, Natalie again raised her hand.

"Andersen?" the press aide asked cautiously.

She quickly switched topics. "My question concerns security measures in place to guard the President and the First Lady." Natalie knew she was approaching the subject through the back door, using Jackie as the subject, while her real concern was for the President. She went on before she could be cut off. "A White House source told me today that the Protective Research Section has made a search and found no subjects within Texas who might be a threat to the President. Can you confirm that?"

Trammel stiffened. She was out of her bailiwick and knew it. "I am not involved in security measures. Would you name your source, please?" Her face turned stern.

Natalie explained truthfully that she had not been given permission to use the source's name, but that he was a Secret Service employee.

Trammel sighed, and asked Natalie if she was aware of someone who might harm the President or the First Lady.

She shook her head, looked around and sensed that most of the other reporters were interested, but would let her run with the ball. Natalie reminded the White House aide of the presence of the extreme right-wing John Birch Society in Dallas, and that murders had increased statewide.

Trammel responded that opinions of organized groups are allowed under protection of the First Amendment.

Natalie decided to get specific. Her speech grew rapid. "It is a fact that Ambassador Adlai Stevenson was hit by a picket sign while in Dallas recently. And the recent action of the Congress, led by the President, in reducing the oil depletion allowance raised widespread resistance in Texas. I find it difficult to believe there is not a single threat to the President in the state. So," she concluded, "my question has not been answered. It still stands."

Trammel stared at her silently, but her right shoulder dipped.

Natalie was sure she had pressed the button on the lectern which signaled a need for reinforcements. The room was silent, and Natalie pretended to study her notes.

Trammel said quietly, "Please wait a few moments."

They all sat quietly, knowing no one would dare leave until she dismissed them.

An aide to Salinger came through a side door and bustled to the podium. Natalie had seen him handle minor conferences in the absence of Salinger. His name was Marks. He was middle-aged, less bulky than Salinger, dark haired, and seemingly intent on appearing as unhappy and over-worked as his boss. Trammel whispered in his ear. Marks nodded.

"There was a question about security for the President and First Lady during the coming trip?" Marks asked.

He damn well knew there was, Natalie thought. She repeated the report from her unnamed source.

"I assure you, and the rest of the press, that security measures are in place in all the cities where the President and First Lady will visit."

Oh, sure, that ended that. Natalie raised her hand. Natalie decided to allow Marks to hang himself. "Will windows be open in tall buildings?"

Marks frowned. "I believe so. But the Secret Service and police will watch buildings at all times, as is the standard practice."

It was Natalie's turn to frown. "Has the President received any warnings not to visit Dallas at this time?" She had him there, she knew, because a Dallas civic leader and several politicians had warned him not to make the trip.

Marks looked her squarely in the eye. "No communications that the White House considers to be serious," he answered with a bland look.

Now irritated, Natalie zeroed in on what concerned her as she remembered the scrap of map.

"Please give me an answer to a possibility — so remote that I dislike bringing it up. I am not satisfied that Dallas is a safe place

for the President at this time. What if a gun of any kind is seen by police or Secret Service while the motorcade proceeds through Dallas? What measures could be taken to neutralize such a situation?" she asked.

Marks looked down at the podium. Then he raised his eyes and looked solemnly at her. "Instant measures would be taken to protect the President and First Lady. But I am not allowed to outline top secret details," he said, clearly intending to end the conversation.

"Will you say whether Secret Service agents or local police with rifles will be positioned on tops of buildings?" she persisted.

"I am not aware of any such measure," he said angrily. Trammel looked at Marks with her mouth slightly open. Natalie knew she did not like the turn the meeting had taken.

"Thank you, Mr. Marks," Natalie said sarcastically. She had scored her point, but wished she hadn't.

Reporters asked a few unrelated questions, but Natalie wasn't listening. She was lost in thought about the map of Dealey Plaza. She drew the three-legged design on the open page of her notebook.

Below the design, she wrote, "Oh, Dallas."

2

New Orleans, Louisiana

Hot coffee from the aluminum pot missed the center of the mug, splashing from its rim onto Manuel's hand. He cursed softly. Not a good sign. Outside, a loud crack of lightning struck something metal, rattling the precarious glass pane above the sink.

Drinking the first searing cup of coffee of the day without thinking was one of the few luxuries he allowed himself. Mechanically he wiped his hand with a rag, then again held the pot high and poured coffee into the center of the cup.

The mishap sloughed off like lint on a jacket, Manuel reverted to form and set the cup on the bare wooden table while he pulled a straight backed chair closer. He sipped until the liquid cooled and he could take long, satisfying swallows. Then the time came to allow the "movie of his mind," as he thought of it, to run, a ritual of compelling memories that occupied his early conscious thoughts on quiet days.

The habit developed after his father had died, and when he seldom received word of his sister, still in Cuba under house arrest,

taking care of her grandmother as best she could. When Manuel began to lead a double life, obeying the Agency's commands, but building his own agenda.

Thunder cracked. Then came a wall of conquering, crushing rain. He didn't like New Orleans rain. Cold rain. Real cold. He liked Cuban rain, soft and thick over the heavy, mother comforting trees. He liked Havana. Fast dice. Beautiful dark, plump breasted Havana women. Ruby red or soft brown tits. Real laughter. Not worn out Cuban women who now called the United States of America their home and seldom laughed. Griped mostly.

He returned to the reverie that pleased him. He was one of many young warriors who would rid their country of the upstart, Fidel. Moving through the trees in the Cuban jungle, crouched low, confident, an M1 tucked under his arm. Stalking Fidel's scrawny fighters until he saw them sitting round a fire. Stupid. Laughing. Happily following their leader, no matter where he was going. The leader they would not see again. In a few moments, they would not see anyone again.

Neither thoughts of the jungle or stalking the enemy soothed his soul, but the warmth of re-living a time when they were still full of hope that they would return Cuba to their fathers and grandfathers. Bring back the laughter and comfort they had known as children of Cuba. Everything that was theirs before Fidel came.

Then the gunfire began, staccato bursts causing his belly to churn and his heart to race. Not from fear. Despair. Word came swiftly, considering they were disconnected bunches fighting in the hills. Only an hour after it happened, they told him that his brother, Ale, was dead. Manuel did not cry or leave his unit to see his family. But somehow, when Ale had been killed, he knew in his gut that they were beaten. Having thought it as he always did in the movie of his mind, Manuel consciously left the journey.

His father had managed their escape to Miami. Rosalinda stubbornly refused to leave the Catholic school where she taught, and remained behind with the frail old woman. The big house had been seized, as he knew it would be. Now Rosalinda and the old

woman were captives. They were alive, he was told, and he chose to believe it.

Once the exiles had floated to American shores, the American government took notice of what it had lost. Batista's money was American money, too. It was not long until Manuel was recruited by the Central Intelligence Agency, largely because he had been trained in the United States for his first post in Batista's national guard. His friends became the band of men who would lead the great invasion to come. They all had a part to play.

Manuel returned to the present, to the kitchen that he shared at night with noisy rats. He took a large swallow of coffee and swiftly replaced memories with thought.

He should soon leave the hovel that had been his home between missions of little consequence, at least he thought so. But a second cup of coffee first, in the same old gray mug he reached for every morning. The one with the jagged line down its side. Not cracked all the way through. He could depend on it.

He sipped coffee and thought of this day, which would be much different than the ones before it. He must see those young men, now so worn and battered, and give them a message that his path must again leave theirs. They would not be surprised. He had been absent at the Bay of Pigs, two years ago, and they hated him for it. Nothing could change that...because of the facts.

Fact: Manuel Acosta had not helped his countrymen.

Fact: He could not have made the tiny invasion a victory.

Fact: The men he must contact today believed that he should have been killed, maimed or come back with revenge as his mission. Had it happened in any of those ways, Manuel would have been accepted.

Instead, he answered to Clarence Corbet, his controller. So many things he had done made no sense, but Corbet said do it and Manuel had. He never asked why. Corbet didn't smile when he said, "I'm your controller — you are my agent." He would only stare at him, long and hard.

Corbet had been an obedient agent of the CIA for over ten years.

Manuel did not like him or dislike him. He both understood him and did not understand him.

Another Fact: Clarence Corbet was dead. That he knew, as sure as when he had discovered his body after midnight three nights ago. Shot several times while he was locking the garage in the brick home where he had lived since Manuel first began to answer to him over fours ago.

Blood had run down the side wall, covering the hasp. It splattered the lock which lay his in hand, flat and open on the concrete garage floor. Corbet sat ridiculously, his head bent and resting on his chest. Manuel had not touched the body. He looked one last time at the modest brick house with three bedrooms and one bathroom.

Once there had been a woman and a small boy living there. Corbet's wife and son. They had been there when the abortion, as Manuel called it, occurred, but left soon after.

After Corbet's family left, he stayed behind with his telephone and American automobile. He and Manuel often sat in the backyard, sweating and talking softly beneath the massive sodden Louisiana trees, cypress with tendrils dipping downwards to the lush green grass. A few orange trees stood, seasonally spotted with undernourished wild fruit, and other giant oaks, their trunks rising from the ground and spiraling together until they disappeared in the leaves.

No palm trees. Not in Corbet's yard. He was not a gardener and the yard proved it.

Manuel believed his father could have predicted Corbet's death. He had listened more closely to Arcola Acosta than anyone else, even Corbet. After his mother died, his father remained in the small cottage in Miami, where they had lived since the escape.

He and his father spoke quietly, never where they could be overheard, usually in the garden behind the house. Arcola Acosta still had contacts in the homeland, working in a subterranean network to build order and strength. Those men reported that Fidel always learned in advance of the Americans' half-hearted crusades. Most

of the small operations failed, just as Arcola told him they would.

His father was a brilliant man. Wealthy, too, but first a visionary. Manuel listened closely to his words because he had never known his father to be wrong. He remembered words said in deep darkness, when Manuel could not even see his father's face. "Fidel will join force with the Russians even more strongly. He has their tanks. It won't be long before he has their missiles and nuclear weapons. Aimed at us where we sit, only a hundred miles away! And the Americans do not even know."

Manuel remembered that night. He had been quiet for awhile, he didn't remember how long. Finally he had asked what he should do. Should he leave the CIA? Should he go to Cuba and work with the men he only knew by names his father gave him?

Arcola had spoken carefully. "No. Stay with the Americans, but apart at the same time. Make your own plans. Do what you do in concert with our patriots. Always tell them what the Americans want you to do, but listen to their direction."

From then on, Manuel became a double agent of sorts. His controller did not know. Only the faceless men in Cuba knew of the money he had raised and what the plans were. They recognized that they did not yet have the manpower and money necessary to make a strike.

Manual looked into the mug. Only a swallow or two left. Strangely, Corbet had not supported the Bay of Pigs like other CIA controllers. He, too, had misgivings, and had given Manuel only minor assignments when the troops were trained, none when they crawled into the boats and headed for Cuba.

Corbet had been angry when Manuel's kin were sacrificed. Anger was an easy emotion, one reserved for Americans shocked by the bloodshed and disgrace of the Bay of Pigs.

Manual saw what it did to Cubans. Arcola Acosta, the strong, proud man who had borne his son's death and the passing of his wife, gave way to almost constant brooding about the senseless bloodshed. He grew physically ill and broken in spirit. Manuel felt smaller than an ant.

For a time, Arcola Acosta lay in a hospital in Miami, the same one where his mother had died. Then he decided not to live any longer. That was also a fact. Arcola had told Manuel so. He chose to close his life, just breathe no more.

He left Manuel with the legacy of righting the wrong that separated the Acostas from each other, that cost them their livelihood and their heritage.

His assignment this week could be a major step in fulfilling the legacy, or it too could fail. He would not know until after the week was over and the plan carried through. It was the greatest responsibility he had been given by the CIA. He had received few orders, very little information. But he knew he must move decisively from today until the end.

Corbet had wanted it to happen and even helped design the plan.

A plan that was so volatile that it had not been given a name like Mongoose, or Operation Lagoon. Too dangerous for a name with which one could identify. Corbet had just repeated several times that the future for them all would change after "the day."

What had Corbet done that he should be killed? So many powers wanted "the day" to happen. Texans, the Cubans, powerful, rich Americans, American emissaries to other countries, the Mafioso. The only Mafia that Manuel knew to be involved was an Italian called Bernardo. Bernardo wouldn't have had Corbet killed, would he?

When he had discovered the large parcel of cash lodged casually between the screen door and the front door the morning after Corbet was killed, Manuel only knew that the operation was in his hands.

With it were no instructions, no message. He had done one thing — he had reported it to his partners in Cuba and followed their directions with the money. Manuel wanted to be with them when reclaiming their country grew beyond a romantic notion to a time when they would see rockets, hear fighter planes and shouts of "victoria." A time of greater importance than dreams.

He sighed, walked to the sink and tossed the last of the coffee into the sink. He rinsed out the cup and placed it back on the shelf above the sink. Dismissing the last of his leisure, for a long time to come, he thought, Manuel went to the bathroom.

After a shower, he stood before a mirror, its frame painted white. Grasping his razor, he twisted his face this way and that as he prepared his body. He stared in the white framed mirror afterward, seeing the black eyes and crinkly black hair that were from the blood of Spaniards who occupied his country so many years ago.

Women liked his looks, and in bed, some would say, "such a handsome Spaniard." Manuel had seized the arms of one woman and pinned her to the wet, sweaty, hot sheet and demanded, "I am Cuban. Say it!" He gave the woman no more of his sweetness until she satisfied him with the words, "my lover is a handsome Cuban!"

Now dry and clean, Manuel slipped the cross on a chain over his head. The cross his sister had given him, which he now wore as a symbol of his highest calling — to free the women of his family.

He reflected on the plan for today. Local Mafioso had been beating their big wings loudly against their bodies of late. Raucous mobsters who killed first and then talked about it later. Manuel had been in this country long enough to know that the Mafia were tight with the Texans. And with the Agency.

He did not like them, those men who called their fellow killers "family." They were like senseless starving animals, only capable of human reasoning after they had drunk the blood of their victims. There was a Texan with his own mob. No one else wanted him in. Would he have killed Corbet? Forget Corbet.

Manuel caught himself staring at his face in the mirror and wondering which one of them was number one. Was anyone — a Texan, Mafioso, Cuban, in charge? The face didn't reflect any answers.

The only person necessary to Manuel was sure to be there. Ranger. Ranger could be depended upon. But Ranger must not be

told about the Texan. Ranger wanted things simple. In and out.

Manuel decided his face and clothes appeared presentable, certainly presentable enough for Felicia's Foxhole.

He sat on the sagging bed while he pulled on socks and shoes. He was pleased to leave the bed with the broken leg, propped up by bricks on one side. It was not a home, just another safe place where the Agency paid the rent and kept tabs on who lived there at the time. It had windows and doors that locked well, but a yard that no one mowed and a sagging rusted metal fence without a gate.

Today, before he left, he must visit Felicia's, where he could be certain to find survivors of the Pigs, day or night. It was a bar, but Felicia was no dumb broad. After the Cubans had adopted the booze hole as their home, she added a short order cook to her three or four person staff. For over a year now, there had been Felicia, several formerly happy Cuban women acting as waitresses, a bouncer, and a Mexican cook.

The Cubans who dominated the bar never talked to the Mexican, thinking that they were better than him. But they had adapted to burritos and frijoles. It didn't matter.

When Manuel went in for breakfast, he would find the Cubans who made martyrdom and bitterness their banner, drinking beer for breakfast, or tequila and beer, or eating eggs, or tossing beer nuts up and catching them on their tongues. He could count on it. Manuel's mouth cracked in a smile.

His job the rest of the week would not be easy. When it was over, Wilfredo, Pete, and Leo, and others he had never met, might be satisfied. Then perhaps they would not talk so often of killing him...perhaps.

Manuel thought what he might do. He had talked about it to the men in Cuba. After Dallas, he could leave the country. He and the Agency would end their association, although some said that was impossible. He wanted it to work. An aching need inside him gripped his heart. He was so close to sending for his sister, and the old lady, too, if she was up to it. He would wait and see.

Manuel picked up his change, the keys to the older than hell car registered to someone he had never known, and gave the one bedroom frame house a once over. There were no signs that Manuel Acosta lived here, not Mancos either, just someone who read a newspaper and drank coffee. And ate eggs sometimes, and bread. No family pictures, no one-of-a-kind personal items. The cross was around his neck, always.

It had to be this way. But it was the shits. He yearned for Havana.

Felicia's was quiet as men drank beer, slurred Cuban Spanish complaints, and cursed the thunder. Manuel found the dark, dank haven non-threatening. There might be one or two in the room who knew him as Mancos.

Most had never heard the name, Mancos. He was Manuel of the powerful Acostas. Those who knew Mancos would be silent. They were closer to him than his countrymen. He took a vacant table, ordered more coffee, eggs and toast from a disinterested, tired waitress, malnourished from a diet of heroin and burritos. She took his order and disappeared.

Pete and Wilfredo soon took seats beside him without asking permission. Wilfredo was too drunk to say anything intelligible. Pete said, "So we have a visit from Manuel el magnifico," with heavy sarcasm. Leo appeared from the darkness and took the last seat at the table. His face was impassive. One irate Cuban, a drunk, and another to watch the fireworks.

Manuel watched Pete look around the room, sizing up his audience. Manuel saw the dark haired men sitting like frozen silhouettes against the peeling dark green paint on concrete walls. He believed Pete just wanted to blow smoke, not actually fight. In any case, Manuel would not permit it. Fights broke out in Felicia's

often, but he never took part.

Pete snorted, "Manuel Acosta knows many survivors, but he is not one." The words were for the benefit of the others. Manuel let it pass. Pete looked disappointed. Manuel knew that he wanted a quarrel, something to show the others that he held Manuel in disdain. Wilfredo took a deep breath and emerged from the alcoholic fog. He and Leo would serve as Pete's audience, Manuel thought.

Gesturing toward Manuel grandly, Pete snorted, "He has American dollars but he comes to eat eggs turned brown around the edges — little eggs with spots of yellow in the middle. No eggs that we would allow on our plates at home. But he'll eat them. He has the gringos' dollars. But he comes to Felicia's."

Manuel drank more coffee and waited as Pete warmed to his quarrel. He taunted Manuel about money, "We live to starve. Manuel will eat the eggs, then find steak and forget us."

Manuel listened, as was required. Some day he wanted to put his arm around Pete's skinny shoulders, as he had in Cuba when they were scarcely men. It could happen. Manuel knew Pete's words were hollow. Pete wasn't even hunting work, and they both knew it.

The waitress handed him the plate. As Pete had predicted, the eggs were curled and brown around the edges. Manuel had expected it. He asked for salsa to smother the burnt taste.

"I am leaving tomorrow," Manuel told Pete.

"He always leaves," Pete said with derision. "But he always comes back." He capped the slur with an elbow nudge at Wilfredo. Wilfredo nodded his head slowly in agreement. "Traidor," he slurred. Another man echoed in English, "Traitor."

"Coward," someone else said. One at another table said, "Count on Manuel Acosta, and soon you will have no pesos." Several snickered at the weak joke.

"I leave to do what you could not do," Manuel said matter-of-factly.

Pete bristled and rose from his chair. "War does not always leave

us as winners. But we go and we fight. We have done it many times. You, not so often."

"And then I rescue you," Manuel shot back. He had, in fact, rescued Pete and another Cuban in Chicago, a humiliation that they had not spoken aloud of before. Now it was time.

"You stayed behind, and talked with the gringos about our failure." Pete's bravado faded and his voice held pain as he pleaded, "Give us guns, give us the enemy, and we will have victory."

Quickly, Pete's anger and humiliation were unleashed. He bristled, his deep set eyes set on Manuel's, his thin, dark arms bent at the elbows, his hands clutching the edge of the table. His eyes flashed as he bent forward in agitation.

Manuel didn't react. He sympathized. They had not been at fault. The FBI had picked up the plot, then let the Chicago police chase Pete and Wilfredo like dogs at their heels. It had been necessary that Manuel provide them safe journey back to Miami and the anonymity of Felicia's bar and the barrio. "It will not be that way again," Manuel said softly.

But Pete spat the words, "The plan was not ours. It was stupid. Again we trusted the Americans with money. So much money, no cajones."

Manuel made his voice soothing. "This time, trust me. And it will be done."

All the men in the bar had turned their heads, at least all whose faces were not lying on the greasy tables.

"You call yourselves my brothers," Manuel chided. "You are not. Ale Acosta was my brother. His blood turned the dirt under our homes red before you were 'un joven'. He fought and died before you could be trusted with a gun. Back when your fathers fed you with Acosta money."

By now all in the bar had turned toward him. Manuel summoned from deep inside a bravado he once felt, but had grown beyond. It was needed now. He stood up, threw a few dollar bills on the table, and addressed the small group, so beaten and weak in appearance, but determined in spirit. A group with tentacles

into Miami, Chicago, Dallas, other cities.

Here, living in houses long ago vacated by others, with broken windows and roofs that let the sun beat through, they waited for one more chance. Manuel could not blame them for not trusting him.

"You scorn me because I knew not to be tricked. Now I leave, as surely as you left for the war that never came. But vengeance will come to all of us, because of me. Others pay, others send guns, but Acosta will make it happen."

Manual put one shoe on the chair seat. He leaned on its back and stared hard at their eyes, mostly bleary, a few attentive. "Some of you fought. Some of you are sick. But none of you made a deathbed promise to Arcola Acosta as I did. Arcola Acosta will be avenged, and you...you who did not have the privilege to kiss his feet, cold in death, as I, his son, did. You scorn me now, but I will see that it is done."

Manuel was weary of carrying their weight. He lowered his voice. Pete was subdued, his arms resting on the table. Manuel was making a show, but at the same time it was real.

Emotion stung his eyes. "I walk alone this time. And afterward, Arcola Acosta will sleep peacefully with God," he said with sad finality. The room was silent.

3

The Director sat quietly behind his desk. He closed his eyes, and waited patiently. The phone call would not come until two p.m. He knew it irritated his old friend in Texas to delay their business until after lunch. But it was sometimes best to cause others to watch the clock, knowing they could not reach him before or after the appointed time.

He rested his hands on his desk. He looked with inner pleasure at his long, slender fingers, and the squareness of his hands, small though they were. Protectively, he moved one hand over a brown spot of aging on the other.

Just to think that this was the time, it would happen within days, made his heart pound uncomfortably. But it was good that all the troublesome issues would be settled quickly. No longer must he live in fear that, after a lifetime of service to his country as Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, he could soon be ignominiously retired. Unbearable. The Bureau was his life.

From the very beginning of his directorship he had kept the American people informed of the wolves at their door, and the honorable deeds of agents of the FBI.

They knew his voice, developed by the best of teachers, especially for broadcasting. The tone was gruff, a reminder of his strength in protecting all Americans. Different than the gentle voice he was born with. His dress was always above reproach, his manner gentile. He had every reason to be proud of himself.

He looked around his office, the personal office of the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

His official desk was the crowning touch. The hand-crafted piece of furniture was built to his specifications. It was larger than that of any government executive other than the President. Fashioned of solid mahogany, matching rectangular panels of wood lead upward to the gleaming, totally unblemished top. The wood on which he rested his hands was a single slab of Brazilian mahogany, an inch and a half thick, its edges beveled to show the deep grain.

It was built by the craftsmen who worked in the basement of the Capitol. What pleasure it must have brought those old men, usually slaves building an endless number of oak bookshelves for Congressmens' offices, to apply their true craftsmanship.

The Director stroked the wood beneath his fingers lightly. He pulled himself back to the present and the papers always awaiting his decision. Miss Gandy stacked them neatly in the wooden tray, by now able to judge almost exactly the number he would process each day. The first was a newspaper article, which he had seen in the *Washington Post* which was brought to his bedroom on his breakfast tray. A gossipy newspaper, but in Washington, one had to keep up. He glanced at it again.

It began with one of the liberal paper's headlines — "Monolith or Monogram?" The line beneath it simply read: "Congress Approves Budget for New FBI Quarters."

As the article noted, The Congress had at last conceded that the Bureau required its own building, and approved its budget. He had finally convinced the Senate Appropriations Committees that further haggling over the budget would only drive costs up. The cost of construction increased each year, and he had warned each committee member that their constituents would not want to hear

about foot dragging which would ultimately cost them, the taxpayers, millions of dollars.

He had assured the committee that it would be a working building, not just a granite monolith. Of course, there was no reason it could not be both.

Allowing himself a small daydream, he envisioned a building of white granite, huge pillars to the roof, perhaps with his name carved above the entrance. A monument dedicated to him.

He would change little about his office in the new building, perhaps mahogany wall paneling to complement his desk, but the accouterments which he had spent decades gathering would move with him.

His mind returned to the papers before him. The Director glanced at a teletype from New Orleans, marked Secret. His Special Agent in Charge had sent a message for his information only that Central Intelligence Agent Clarence Corbet had been discovered killed at his Baton Rouge home Saturday night. Corbet died of multiple gunshot wounds. The assailant was unknown.

The Director had no interest in the murder except that it indicated one more split in the Langley group. It was almost more than he could keep up with. Once a large, cohesive group which threatened the bureau's existence, the CIA seemed to now be on the brink of self-destruction. What a change!

Most analysts had blamed the failure of the Bay of Pigs on the President. What nonsense! The operation had been in the planning stages since Eisenhower was President. The CIA had planned poorly and failed to include the Kennedys in the design stages.

The Director snorted with derision for the CIA and its failure. The agency's stupidity had resulted in Kennedy raising his hatchet against the tree of intelligence from the top, like a bolt of lightning. But his angry actions had rebounded. Those who lost face with the Cubans built their own power bases, diminishing the capacity of the agency as a whole. The pieces were now stronger than the whole. Kennedy had no idea what monstrous vengeance was at hand.

But if current plans succeeded, the Director would gain in the way that mattered most. Afterward, he could assure himself of his office for life. As he should.

The rebellion in the CIA would never happen at the Bureau. His men knew they comprised the seat of government...the "SOG," his agents affectionately called it. He expected much of his agents, and they were a reflection of him. The punishment meted to renegades in the FBI discouraged anything but total loyalty.

He marked the teletype for filing, and adjusted his reading glasses to read the next document. The teletype from the Dallas office indicated that the defector Oswald had requested a return visa to Russia. The Director frowned. Would that twerp never stay still? He marked the teletype to be routed in a formal letter to the embassy.

He stared at the next paper in the stack. It was a memorandum from a Secret Service man who was an FBI informant as well. Such auxiliary staff, as he thought of them, were spread throughout the government, here and abroad. He would never be able to remember all their names, but they were expertly handled by a division head, who had initialed the paper before sending it to the Director.

The agent was attached to the Vice President. Lyndon Johnson was both an asset to the Director as his personal friend, and a liability at times such as this. The SS agent had seen the Vice President approve top security clearance for a Texan on the government payroll who was a convicted murderer. The fellow had received a suspended sentence as a result of chicanery of one of Lyndon's personal attorneys.

This was not a time when he wanted to have a talk with the Vice President about the need to control his men. It was time for Lyndon to solve his predicaments, rid himself of accusations that he had received kickbacks for favors. Johnson's growing troubles with the unruly group so appropriately called the "Texas Mafia," must halt. Lyndon must not always depend on the Director to rescue him. The sign that the Vice President had again bowed un-

der pressure infuriated the Director.

The Director did not, of course, expect the American people to understand why the President they so admired would be dead so soon. Killed before his time. They must never know why it happened.

With a deep sigh, he thought of the times his agents had stopped plots against the President. Just this month! In Chicago!

One by one, members of the Mafia, the exiles, the Texans, and even members of the CIA, had made investments in the plan, to the point that no one was certain who was in control. And thankfully, not even he. He had watched it grow with satisfaction. What would happen was, thankfully, beyond his control.

He felt an inward shudder. The walls of government would crumble. Oh, the shells of buildings would stand, but inner walls would crumble like the ruins of Rome.

He again thought of the Texan who would call later today. Griffin Markham was one such investor, perhaps a minor one. However, he was in a position to take the next step.

The Director thought of it as a simple meeting to control the "Presidents." All who thought they were above the elected President. But they would not stand so high this time. He would make them understand how only he, the Director, could secure their futures.

It was elementary to make a President. So intensely difficult to dethrone one.

Next in the stack was a file that he could thankfully close. That of Agent James A. Lowe. The cover was stamped DISCHARGED in blue. A black stamp on the lower right read DECEASED.

A worrisome issue for several months. An agent working in the Washington Bureau living an open homosexual life. It was not permitted. When the Director first received word of the matter, he had simply ordered that the man be discharged.

Somehow, a mishap occurred with Lowe's paperwork and the Director learned that the man suffered from cancer at the time of discharge. Unfortunate, but, he reflected, a sign that the sins of

Job could strike today.

The matter was over and the case closed. First, he would sanitize the file. He slipped several reports of early surveillance, clipped them for Miss Gandy to destroy. His eyes fell on a report about one of Lowe's friends. He read it.

Subject: JAMES A. LOWE. A female member of the Washington press, Natalie Andersen, had been a frequent visitor at the apartment of James A. Lowe and his partner. She had first been seen in the subject's company at movies and restaurants.

After November of last year, Andersen had been observed entering the two men's apartment at least three evenings a week. She had attended his funeral.

Andersen was a relatively new member of the Washington press, young, and rebellious. He quickly noted her biography. Born, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Age 28. Graduated Hillcrest High School, Dallas, Texas. Daughter of Dallas FBI Agent Matthew Andersen and wife, Anetta.

Graduate School of Journalism, University of Missouri, double major in political science. Some support of leftist causes.

Five foot nine, 123 pounds, no known significant relationships.

Contact if needed: Clarence Hilton, Editorial Editor, *Dallas Sentinel Newspaper.*

Interesting, even her own employer recognized the possibility of problems with his reporter. The Director quickly made a decision. He peeled a form from a pad of routing slips, and moved his hand toward the desk set before him, made of black onyx and marble, with fountain pens of twenty four carat gold. His name was engraved in elaborate script in the gold plaque on the front of the pen holder: J. Edgar Hoover. He grasped the pen on the left with the fine point. The one on the right was equipped with a broad point suitable for official signatures.

To some, these niceties were the minutia of life, but to the Director, the setting was the foundation of the scene.

On the line with the words "Create file" he wrote Andersen. Natalie Andersen, Radical. He carefully drew the line under the

handwritten word with the fine point of his pen.

That done, he closed the file and raised his eyes from the completed work.

When Griffin Markham called, he would be disappointed to learn that all the Director wanted was a political meeting. But he would set it up, because he must.

In the past Griffin had been a social friend. Now they must work together more closely than ever.

He needed refreshment. Noting that it was close to one p.m., he buzzed Miss Gandy and ordered, "Please call Harvey's and reserve our table. Tell the chef I think steak tartare today. The very freshest, of course. Notify James, I believe he took the car somewhere for servicing, and call Clyde and tell him we're going to the Mayflower. I think I would appreciate his company."

The Director stepped into a coat closet, carefully combed his thinning dark hair, faded to gray around his face, with a pocket comb, and automatically touched his already perfectly knotted and straight tie.

He and "Junior" had to talk. His assistant must understand that he could not accompany him on every trip. Clyde could be too possessive. This trip the Director must make alone.

The Director placed a black hat atop his head and donned his raincoat. He stopped before opening the closet door.

This afternoon he must compose a teletype that could be necessary to save his future. It could not be sent from his office. He smiled. He would send Clyde to the Georgetown office to send it personally. If things went as he believed they would, it would surface, to prove that the Director had warned the country this could happen. If plans failed, as they had before, it would be destroyed.

The Director played with the wording of the message. "The Federal Bureau of Investigation has discovered groups in the United States which could bring harm to the President..." No, no, too strongly put. "The safety of the President..."

He set aside thoughts of the message and buttoned his coat, preparing for lunch. After the repast and a brief nap on the sofa in

the lounge behind his office, he would compose the wording. Now he savored the anticipated taste of the red meat, flavored and spiced to perfection. Perhaps a small glass of wine?

4

Washington, D.C. to Dallas, Texas

The moment the boarding call was announced, Natalie Andersen grabbed her valise and small handbag and headed for the tunnel. She was the second passenger on Eastern Airlines Flight 502, holding a flight pass for the window seat in the second row of the coach section.

In a way, she missed being on a flight filled with other newsmen. Airlines often kept together because of the trouble they frequently caused, changing schedules without notice. She was heading out days earlier than the rest because of added details of her assignment — to determine if the President succeeded in bringing together Texas' political factions.

Most of the press was covering the Texas journey like any other junket. Watch the President and get reactions of locals to American royalty.

Natalie was headed straight to Dallas, the last full day of appearances for the President. There, she could canvass Houston and San Antonio as well and determine if peace had been made be-

tween a renegade governor, a liberal senator, and a miserable, middle-of-the-road Vice President. She missed the chance to chat with a few of the other reporters, but the flight should let her catch up on some reading.

Quickly finding her seat, she flung her stuffed leather valise in the overhead bin, and removed the small pillow in the event she chose to nap during the flight. In her right hand she grasped a small, thin book with the unassuming title, "US, Laotian Relations."

Smoothing her straight navy skirt and fitted suit jacket, Natalie took her seat and snapped her seat belt shut. Quickly, she turned to the last page she had read. It concerned American support for Laos, a tiny unprotected country bordered by Vietnam to the east. Laos had struggled against Communism, minimally supported by American intelligence, according to the author.

A footnote stated that intelligence at that time could consist of persons holding credentials of military personnel, Department of State, civilian businessmen or members of academia. It added that former FBI agents could not be dismissed as possible foreign intelligence personnel, because after Hoover had been ordered to turn over intelligence work in South America to the CIA in the mid-1940s, he had burned records and fired FBI personnel assigned to South America. Some of the latter were possibly added to the CIA under aliases.

The footnote broke Natalie's concentration, as almost anything written about the FBI did. Was her father, Special Agent Matthew Andersen, among those making arrangements for the President's visit? She wouldn't ask, because he wouldn't answer if she did. When she became a reporter, her father found even fewer occasions to talk to her alone.

As she stared into space, lost in thought, Loretta Sims, blonde hair teased into a round bubble framing a weathered but heavily made-up face, bounced aboard. Loretta immediately noticed Natalie and pealed forth a greeting, at the same time gesturing to her seat across the aisle. Natalie was immediately relieved that the blonde bimbo was at least not her seat partner.

"How are you?" Loretta asked as she flounced into the aisle seat, fake sincerity poorly disguised. As if Loretta didn't know. They had both attended a press briefing last week when it was admitted that camera surveillance was being considered for the White House press room.

The working press knew the cameras were already in place, causing immediate changes in how they held their bodies. Men stopped rearranging their balls as they sat, women left the room to replace bra straps or scratch beneath their bosom on hot days. Just another annoyance to appease some paranoid Presidential staff member.

Loretta, who held a vague title of press "associate," attended few conferences, but that day held forth extensively on the freedom of the press, while several bored "working press" members yawned. The bottle-blonde was actually a Texas broadcasting lobbyist, who probably received press status through Vice President Lyndon Johnson.

Lyndon liked to have a personal representative everywhere he could, because he couldn't count on the Kennedys to keep him informed. And lately, with the FBI snapping at the heels of Bobby Baker, Lyndon's protégé in the Senate, the VEEP had to have allies everywhere. Natalie suspected that Loretta had other assignments — to woo Congressmen and get them on good terms with the Vice President.

Sexual liaisons between congressmen whose votes were needed by the administration were encouraged by the Vice President and possibly the President. The press steered clear of the "VEEP's whore," and other women they suspected were connected to the White House. Sometimes it was difficult to know who they were, but Loretta Sims didn't know how to keep her mouth shut.

"Really now, how are you, darlin'?" Loretta asked persistently.

"Same as last week. Overworked and underpaid. Something I doubt you can understand," Natalie said, not hiding her sarcasm. If Natalie thought she could get a story out of Loretta about the status of the flap over alleged political paybacks to Lyndon, she

might endure sitting near the dumb blonde, but Loretta was too busy "putting out" to absorb significant news.

The story was that Lyndon was downright mean to his staff, and most were terrified of his wrath. Natalie wondered silently if Loretta had to meet a quota.

Recognizing Natalie's shut-up tone, Loretta turned to prattle at her seatmate. The unlucky fellow, a man in a business suit, appeared more startled than pleased at the attention. Trying to keep her mind on her book, Natalie couldn't help but catch Loretta saying something about "...the men in my life..." but missed the rest.

Natalie smiled. That might have been interesting, though not for print. At least Loretta had "men in her life," a state Natalie didn't share. She let her mind stray from the pages of her book. The men in her life. She wouldn't count the AP reporter she had dated three times, then drifted away from. Maybe Myron, chief legislative aide to Tip O'Neill, Speaker of the House, but not really. They enjoyed each other as dates, but in her mind she would eventually graduate to work as a foreign correspondent, a goal that kept her from making commitments.

That wasn't totally true. Facing the fact that she was afraid of commitments always reminded her of Jim Lowe, who had truly been a man in her life until his death. He was one of the few Washingtonians she considered a friend. Strange that she would have an FBI agent as a friend. But Jim Lowe had helped her learn so much about herself before he died a painful death shortly after last Christmas.

Natalie's mind leapt back to the day when she sat in a minuscule Washington funeral chapel with few pews. Dark colors everywhere, gray walls. She remembered that it had rained, a slow enveloping mist.

The old chapel was on a narrow side street in Washington opposite a block of dark row houses, brown or deep red brick chipped in places. The narrow houses usually held three to four families, who endured the cramped conditions to take short rides to the

kitchens of hotels where they worked or to government buildings where they were clerks or maintenance personnel.

Most were Blacks, who in summer sat outside on the stoops, listening to singer Aretha Franklin's latest hit, or other soul music poring from the open windows. White people were beginning to honor the black people's territory in the inner city and stayed away from "their streets" at night.

Parking for the funeral was marked by small white signs in front of the chapel. People in the neighborhood owned few cars, and the funeral posed no inconvenience.

Jim's homosexual lover sat directly in front of her, bent and weeping into a handkerchief. At the opposite end of the front pew sat a frail woman who Natalie believed was the deceased's mother, with a stout female at her side, supporting her. The mother wore a faded black hat with a feather jauntily turned upward, totally out of place, but probably the one she had worn on Sundays for many years.

She couldn't remember the first day she met Jim, except it happened because they both lived in the same apartment complex in utilitarian, blocky southwest Washington. Jim was the friendly one who talked to newcomers and those advanced in years. Natalie had warmed to him slowly. Later they had gone to foreign films at an art movie theater when they needed relief from their careers, whispering in English as they competed to interpret a foreign language.

When she had not seen Jim for weeks, she knocked at his door. A bony skeleton of a man with a stubble of beard, darker than his brown hair, answered the door. While they sat, the words "cancer" and "terminal" hung in the air. They talked later, not about cancer, but about life and living. Jim would pull the lap robe up to his chest with transparent fingers shaped like bones. He tried to be cheerful, telling of happiness in his forbidden love.

Natalie had never liked homosexual men or women. In her mind the men tried to be men and failed, and the same for the women. But Jim had explained, without referring to his personal experi-

ence, how the different way of loving could happen.

As the bond between them grew, Jim helped her understand that while she loved her father, the vast emotional space between them influenced her failure to love the few men with whom she had sexual relationships. She just couldn't get that close, fearing she would be shut out again.

As she and Jim talked, she began to understand her obsession with the Director. When she had read newspapers, she sought stories about accomplishments of the FBI. Perhaps she would find her father there. Instead, there were always the Director's accomplishments. America had no mob, he assured readers. Natalie believed it was a lie, and that Hoover knew it.

Jim told her that Kennedy wanted Hoover out. But gossip had it that an aide close to Kennedy said, "You don't fire God."

Caught in the memory, she remembered that weeks blended into the holiday season. Jim sleeping more. Less talk.

Then the evening she remembered most vividly and uncomfortably. She hardly knew the man Jim was so close to. But that night Norman met her at the door, the muscles of his arms and shoulders jerking in unhidden fury.

He motioned her inside, vomited the words: "The bastard fired him. Sexual misconduct." Norman turned away in fury and slammed his hand against a wall. Natalie sat with the man until he grew calmer, quieter. "The goddamn Director is one of us. We all believe it. Now there's not a goddamn dime for morphine. I'm buying heroin on the street! What difference does it make — I'll go to prison before I let him lie there in pain." There were no sounds from the bedroom.

Jim Lowe had worked at the central FBI offices for three years, every year marked with commendations. Until the Director decided he was a pervert.

Natalie had heard the rumors that Hoover was either bisexual or homosexual. That was the least she held against him, until he squashed another human being beneath his feet because of a human quality he must understand full well.

The Director was evil personified, Natalie believed. But if he had Jim Lowe for a time, there could be some other good men there. She wondered if her father was one.

Matthew Andersen, her father, was definitely a man in her life. Still a negative symbol, but after talking to Jim about it, she wished they could someday be closer. And, of course, her brother Nels. He was her opposite, a successful, highly skilled architect. Yet, despite their differences, they had been close as children. They were even now, when they had time to see each other. He lived outside the beltway with Linda and the two little boys. They should get together more.

She thought of Joe Garland's call before she left Washington. Joe was a solid friend. He qualified as "a man in her life." She couldn't imagine being without his friendship. It had been that way since high school, when they were "buddies," bound together because they were "outsiders" at Dallas' prestigious Hillcrest High.

At Hillcrest, it was important to know what fathers "did." Not details — short sentences. "Dad builds houses." "Father runs a bank." Joe hated saying that his father was an "insurance agent." It was bothersome to her as a teenager that she didn't know what Matthew Andersen actually did for a living. Just "FBI."

They studied together and confided small things to each other. Both were shy, close to being loners with confidences made cautiously, none that she remembered now. Still, she had always counted on Joe, and he never failed her.

Natalie again looked at the footnote in her book. If FBI agents had been assimilated into the CIA, she would bet her last nickel that J. Edgar Hoover got all the information they gathered. The man had insatiable curiosity, especially when the information could be used to hold over an elected official or anyone with status in the administrative branch.

Or just good solid Americans, like Jim Lowe, who had been unfortunate enough to also be an agent of the FBI.

Preoccupied with the thought, Natalie didn't see or hear the stewardess approaching until she was at her side. She blinked at

the stewardess's cheerful offer of coffee, soft drinks or cocktails. She chose coffee, but was not surprised to hear Loretta order two martinis.

As Natalie sipped coffee and read, Loretta's conversation became higher-pitched. The hapless seatmate seemed caught between joining the woman in inebriated gaiety or reading his newspaper. When lunch was served, Natalie put her book in her handbag and enjoyed the quiet as Loretta, too, ate her lunch. The small fruit salad, sandwich and slice of cake were enjoyable.

Work at the Washington bureau meant infrequent lunches of sandwiches from the deli, or just a doughnut to hold her through the day. Occasionally there was a business dinner when her mind was on news, not the food.

When lunch was over, curvaceous stewardesses quickly collected trays and tidied the cabin.

Natalie read again, until the clunk of the plane's wing flaps caused her to tighten her muscles. She fastened her seat belt as the jet began its descent.

The pilot announced, "We are now in Texas. The biggest and best is its slogan. But if you boarded at New York, you may want to ask a Texan why it's best." There were a few chuckles, and a squeal of pleasure from Loretta.

Natalie looked out the window as the plane banked. Squares of brown earth, bare of crops, with dirt roads defining them, were like farmland anywhere. Any state where water was scarce and few trees grew. So flat that the horizon was the same scene grown dim until tones of brown turned to gray, blending with the distant sky.

Instantly, the earth shrank from broad bands of concrete pushing their way toward a scrambled conglomeration of low flat buildings, one after the other covering the earth. A city built on a plate of mud. The skyscrapers, one pushing higher than the other, until a fifty-five story building of steel and glass towered over the rest.

A shorter square tower commanded the center. The top of the Magnolia building, the stable of proud Pegasus, the sign of Dallas, at night its outline blazing red, lighted by two thousand light bulbs.

Dallas flyin' high was what the flying red horse symbolized to Natalie. The brightest in the crown of Texas, the city was called. Would Dallas become bigger and more important than New York or Washington? Knowing the sins of the city as only an investigative reporter could, the possibility gnawed at her and made her physically uncomfortable.

Natalie watched until the plane offered a flash of a scraggly creek called the Trinity River, dividing Oak Cliff, a city within a city, from Dallas proper. The stream was so small it could be easily stepped across by a man, but the flat, raw dirt banks were as wide as dozens of city streets, sufficient to accommodate gushing water that turned it into a river when vicious rains hit. When the rain stopped, the river disappeared.

The plane banked westward and low-flying clouds swept by, bordered in gray, some almost black. In summer, Dallas fried.

During the two month winter, January and February, Dallas weather threatened and delivered storms, tornadoes, ice or snow.

Tray tables were in place when the plane slashed through the clouds and lined up with a runway. Air traffic at Love Field was busy with commercial flights and the individual fleets of planes belonging to Dallas' bustling entrepreneurs.

Something a reporter said last week flashed through Natalie's mind. He said there was a rumor that Jack Kennedy wished he could cancel the Texas trip. Rumors were just that, but a mental message popped into Natalie's mind. "Do it, Jack. Cancel. You'll never get out of Dallas alive." She shook the dark mood from her mind.

With a single overwhelming thud, the plane smashed the concrete. The touchdown startled even Natalie, who flew often enough that it usually held no excitement. The plane hit the runway with a force that she felt in her bones and sent her body straining against her seat belt. Other passengers rose in their seats.

Two unopened miniature Martinis popped from Loretta's open pocket book. Natalie caught one in mid-air, the other rolled down the aisle carpet. Natalie tossed the bottle at Loretta. The lobbyist

caught it in an admirable one-handed swipe. Straight faced, Loretta pretended lack of ownership of the lost bottle.

Natalie wasn't smiling as they taxied down the runway. She usually welcomed landings, but this was one of the worst. A stewardess repeated to each departing passenger the usual request that they fly with them again. Frowning, Natalie warned, "Tell the pilot the runway is in the same place it was the last time he landed. Practice a few more landings before I book a seat again." The stewardess strained her silly smile even wider.

As Natalie took the first steps downward toward the tarmac, the feeling of irritation stayed with her. If she had been able to clear up her concern about Presidential security in Dallas, she might feel better. But she realized it was always the same when she left Washington. The President was still there, Congress was still in session. Stories could break and she couldn't cover them.

On her first vacation since moving to the nation's capital, she had worried constantly about what was happening there. She haunted the city desk at the *Sentinel*, searching for stories from Congress or the White House. Most had been about the lighting of the Christmas tree and decorations inside the White House. Trivia.

The day before she returned the editor had said, "See, Natalie, they managed to run Washington without you."

As she walked the last few feet to the glass door to the crowded terminal lounge section, a twinge of worry remained. This year she might not take a Christmas vacation. Stay in Washington and walk around the mall. See the capital in holiday dress, the pols gone, honest-to-God Washingtonians decorating their houses and baking Christmas cookies.

An erratic gust of Texas wind snapped at her straight skirt, whipping it above her calves. Natalie slapped her skirt sharply down. Yeah, she thought, who needs Dallas?

5

New Orleans, Louisiana

Mancos looked out the window, waiting for the plane to take off. It was late afternoon. The daily rain had passed through, leaving the sky, as much of it as he could see past the trees around the airport, bright pink. Puddles of water lay lazily on the pavement, glistening in the afternoon sun. Young trees swayed in a brisk breeze.

He could see in the distance the entrance to the airport. A line of cultured palm trees, their broad leaves fluttering, sprouted from the vibrant green grass of a median strip. He looked at the New Orleans scenery with unusual interest. He never expected to see it again.

If the job went as planned, he would leave Dallas for Nicaragua and eventually, some day, back to Cuba. He touched the chain around his neck, hidden beneath the knit sports shirt, and thought of his sister. Soon, Rosalinda, soon.

Mancos thought of it as an exchange. The death of the American President for the lives of Cubans still living. And he would see

that the trade was made. He chose to ignore the importance of the operation. Too dangerous, it could make one hesitate at a crucial moment.

He had no choice but to follow the plan as Corbet had set it up. Corbet had collected the money from sources unknown, and paid many Mancos did not know, including Ranger.

Mancos ticked off sources he believed had paid to be in on the action. A small amount from his countrymen, some from right-wing Kennedy haters, and some raised by disgruntled CIA guys who probably started the thing in the first place. But the last packet, all cash, wrapped in brown paper and left in the old car in New Orleans that he hardly ever drove just two nights ago, was the first he had personally seen. He had not been surprised.

Corbet's death made him think a new group had bought in. Mafia probably. But the delivery straight to him signified that he was still in charge. There could be more surprises.

He straightened his sports coat and fastened the seat belt. From the empty seat next to him, he lifted his brief case and laid it across his lap.

There were only a few other passengers — those with business in Dallas had taken earlier flights. It was all right either way. He had brought reading material in the brief case that was so general it would not matter if he read it in public. Other papers were related to the job.

One propeller and then the other turned over and began to roar. As the plane taxied to the runway, Mancos thought how foolish it was to do this giant operation and neglect to name it. So what if the Americans quaked in their boots?

Glancing down at his brown loafers, Mancos thought that today he looked like a young businessman. Instead, he was a true warrior, filled with high anticipation. The plan was underway.

The plane left the runway and strained to lift thousands of pounds of steal into the sky. He, Mancos, had no controller to stop him. Now that he was free, he could give the operation a name.

His mind returned to the poems of Marti he had learned in grade school. Few said it better. How did it go? "Yo se que el necio se entierra, con gran lujo y con gran llanto..." That was what it would be.

His tongue silently formed the words. "Entierra de necio." The burial of fools. A grand burial. It should be grand, for fools of such importance. Mancos was pleased. He had given it a name, known only to him.

He mulled it over with satisfaction while the plane climbed to its cruising altitude. The mid-sized two prop passenger plane shuddered as it struggled through gray, rain-filled clouds. The roar of the propellers assaulted his ears, causing Mancos to lean back against the seat and momentarily close his eyes. The plane valiantly climbed out of the clouds into a flash of sunlight. Mancos looked out the window at green fields far below.

When seat belts snapped open, a few passengers changed seats for better views or just to take a seat they preferred. No one sat in front of or behind him, or even across the aisle.

The stewardess came down the aisle, quickly checking names off on the manifest. Mancos had his boarding pass ready. She took it and smiled, "Welcome, Mister Garcia." Mancos nodded.

Some working for the CIA liked to assume names of actors or handsome men they admired. Mancos instead chose a Latin name, because he did not look like an American and did not invite undue attention.

Yesterday, Manuel Acosta had been booked on an airline for Washington. Of course, he did not appear. And Pete would be amused if he knew that Mancos had booked, and paid for, a flight in his name with Los Angeles as its destination. He could finally see the movie stars he expressed an interest in. But Pete did not know about the ruse.

Only Raymond Garcia went to Dallas today. If it went sour, and it would not, it pleased Mancos to think of the Agency trying to explain why Manuel Acosta was in Washington on Friday, November 22. He smiled and quickly dismissed further thoughts of

failure. Entierra de necio would go as planned.

As other passengers were silently reading or resting against the seat backs, Mancos snapped open his briefcase. On top of the papers was "Time Magazine" which he had bought as decoration if needed. He slid his hand beneath the stack of papers and pulled out a single sheet of paper. The specifications of the limousine in which the President would ride. Length, twenty two feet six inches, height five feet two inches overall.

He studied the height of the raised seats on which the honorees would ride and studied it. Easy enough to imagine the height of the seats, but it would mean nothing until he had studied the street. The street of Entierra de necio — Burial of Fools. He must do that personally.

He turned the paper face down and reached by feel for another. On its face was a drawing of the type of figure which doctors used for the human body. But the one he looked at was not the usual one-dimensional puppet. The legs were longer, the chest average size, the larynx drawn prominently, the hair carefully drawn. A diagram of John F. Kennedy, drawn to scale of his above six foot one inch height. Individual characteristics were carefully detailed. No name appeared on the paper.

Again he turned the paper face down. His fingers touched the latch at the bottom of the brief case. He did not spring it open. Just a touch for reassurance. Beneath it, all the parts in their custom compartments, rested his own .38. Possibly it would not be used. Weapons had been assembled for use in Dallas. But the .38 was his own, and went where he went.

It pleased him to be leaving New Orleans, close enough in appearance to Havana to be a poor excuse. And change was good. Pete and the rest of the angry exiles were swiftly hundreds of miles away. They would not come to Dallas. Their appearance in Chicago had compromised them. They would attract immediate attention. Be arrested probably. Their faces were known.

Mancos thought of his meeting with Rex Hammond in Chicago. Had he fooled Rex, his old friend? Maybe. Maybe not.

Hammond was quick of mind. When Mancos was young and foolish, and Hammond only a year or two older, they had played at war together. His mind ran over time in Florida, almost ten years ago.

His father had seen to it that he entered the Cuban National Guard. Then it was arranged that the Americans would train them in guerrilla warfare, explosives and other things so exciting to young men. His instructor, the tall blond American, had said he was the best. They drank beer and gambled together for pennies.

He remembered Ramona, a black haired travel agent who worked in town. He introduced her to Rex. He smiled at the memory of what foolish things young men did. Rex liked her too. They gambled for Ramona. Before he left camp, another trainee had told him the truth. The beautiful Ramona had been to bed with both of them. Probably others, too. A lifetime ago.

Rex Hammond had seen him in Chicago just days ago. They talked like old friends, meeting after pages of history had turned. But Rex Hammond had not forgotten Mancos. It was good that they would move so quickly this time. In and out. Just like Ranger wanted it. Almost.

The plane dove below the clouds abruptly. Mancos was ready. As it neared Dallas, he again looked out the windows. He saw the flat ground around the stream they called the Trinity. The little airport they called the Red Bird. Excellent accommodations. With luck, he would meet a military plane Friday night and be gone.

Around the entire city were flat, broad, fast thoroughfares. No circles to slow traffic. He could see the cars, pushing resolutely ahead on straight concrete lanes with little to stop them. Did they not have traffic lights in Dallas? For an instant he saw what must be one long elevated bridge but traffic on it moved as fast as on other streets. These people were in a hurry, like in Chicago. Citizens of such places seldom watched others because they were too busy with themselves. Mancos could operate well here.

As the plane banked over downtown Dallas, Mancos did not trouble himself by searching for the place they called Dealey Plaza.

Instead, he looked at the square flat building with a metal h
rearing in the air. Strange, most places horse statues were in p
right in the middle. In Dallas, the biggest horse of them all wa
top a building.

These Texans — they would do anything.

6

Dallas, Texas

Walking from the entry to the terminal, Natalie's eyes sorted through the crowd, looking for Joe Garland. He stood directly ahead of her, stoically leaning against the tiled wall.

He was wearing a shadow gray suit which somehow set off his smooth brown hair, which had fallen in the deep wave over one eye. When Joe noticed it, he would brush it back impatiently. Secretly, Natalie thought it was flattering, but never said so. Joe had a lanky build and moved slowly and sparingly. He was just her height in mid-heels. She could never escape the depth of his sharp light brown eyes.

When they walked together he would move ahead of her because of his longer legs. His arms were long, ending in long, slender fingers. Looking at him now, before he had seen her, Natalie realized that since high school her old friend had become a handsome man. She had not noticed the change because, until she moved to Washington, they were together so much. She lowered her eyes and instinctively checked her nylons and brushed her hair in place with one hand.

She and Joe knew each other so well, yet there was much between them that had never been said.

The closer she came, she found herself studying his face, turned away from her, watching a short red haired woman hanging onto the arm of a male friend. Joe's forehead was high, his thin nose and lips were, well, refined looking. Handsome in a gentlemanly way. She wondered if he knew it. Joe was twenty nine now — a year older than she.

He turned back in her direction and she met his eyes. Things felt somehow different, new to her. She just said "Hi. Thanks for meeting me."

Joe returned her smile with his own. "Don't I always? Joe Garland at your service."

They turned and began to walk down the concourse. She wasn't sure how to react to his greeting and waited a few moments. "Want a drink?" she asked as they grew near a bar. She saw that Loretta Sims was bearing down on them. Joe also noticed. He said, "Let's get out of here first." Predictably, Loretta turned into the bar area, while they headed for baggage claims.

Joe was especially quiet, but Natalie let it pass as she concentrated on finding her pullman. Her heavy valise held all the necessities. Camera, change of underclothing and a fresh blouse. She never knew how long she had to stay on a story. Joe grabbed the handle of the larger bag and she followed him to his car — the same brown Chevrolet sedan he had driven for years.

Now she had him alone. He hated compliments, but he would get one now. "That was an interesting story about your case. Page one, too." He shrugged his shoulders, seemingly to dismiss the matter. Natalie was interested and as usual, pressed harder. "Hey, the woman's been dead for three years, a nationwide manhunt, and you crack the case. What were the clues?"

He looked sideways at her. "Slow down, Andersen. We have plenty of time to talk." Natalie smiled as they fell into an old pattern. Joe's voice was soft and slow. He sounded slightly southern, but not distinctly Texan. A native of Dallas, he had somehow

escaped the Texas twang, but if she remembered correctly, his parents were quiet and had similar manners of speech.

Natalie had lived both north and south, and lacked much of an accent. Still, when he accused her of talking "a mile a minute," he was right.

Natalie leaned back against the seat and allowed herself to yawn. "I never sleep well the night before a flight," she apologized. He nodded slowly in acceptance. She still wanted to hear about the case, but sensed he didn't want to discuss it. At least, not yet.

"How has life been treating you?" he asked in the slow manner of southerners saying 'let's catch up first.' She was back in Texas. Take it slower.

She nodded and said, "Can't complain. Just wish I had a part-timer. Sometimes I need to be two people. The *Sentinel* doesn't seem to understand that the White House and Capitol Hill are in two different places. I don't know how the old man did it."

Joe smiled. "He didn't, Natalie. Most of his stories were about legislation."

Natalie grumbled, "Well, he didn't have Jack Kennedy as President."

"True," Joe commented mildly.

Natalie stretched her arms, making sure she didn't bump Joe's shoulder. "Guess what my assignment is this week."

"I wouldn't even try," he answered.

"To see if Kennedy makes bedfellows of Texas politicians."

Joe smirked without saying anything. They had the same opinion of Clarence Hilton and his political views.

Their talk turned to times they both remembered when they were reporters at the *Sentinel*.

It had been almost four years since the *Sentinel* management tried to force Joe, its primary police reporter, out. Joe was an expert at investigative reporting. The *Sentinel* didn't want that on the police beat — they wanted him to give few details of crime scenes, then follow along until the police fried the suspect, whether guilty or not.

Joe would find cracks in the police investigation, or another likely suspect that the police had ignored, and write about it. He was good at what he did, citing sources that couldn't be avoided. The PD, more than once, was forced to expand or backtrack their investigation. Joe wouldn't bend, and the chief editors were threatening him with discharge on the grounds of "disharmony with chief administrators of the Dallas Police Department."

Natalie had taken his side more than once. It was a gray area for dismissal, but after months of fighting, Joe decided he wanted to be a PI, and on a shoestring, opened his office. More than once, he had given Natalie tips which led to good stories.

Through with Southern proprieties, Natalie got to the point. "Do you have any time to hang out with me this week or not? Hopefully, I'll find something more interesting to do than Hilton's assignment."

He responded smoothly, "Actually, I do. That's why I called. When I finished the case, I decided I could take a little time off."

"Great," she said. Finally!

He went on to explain that he had one item still hanging. He needed to deliver something to the mother of the girl who had been murdered. She readily agreed to go along before they checked with people she wanted or needed to see.

Natalie still wanted details on the case.

He gave her a brief explanation. The family had hired him about six months ago, and it had taken that long to locate the killer, who had assumed another identity and was living in Key West.

Natalie looked solemnly at her friend. "Seriously, how did you 'crack the case'?"

He sighed. "No one thing, actually. It never is. But the killer made one big mistake. He had driven a custom Ferrari when he lived in Dallas. He sold it, of course. I found the guy who bought it pretty quickly. He mentioned that he had to get a new license plate. The guy had his initials as part of the plate. So—" he paused.

"So...what?" she asked with genuine interest.

He smiled. "I just looked around the Keys until I found an ex-

pensive foreign car. And there were plenty. But only one with a plate with those initials."

"His real initials?" she asked incredulously.

"The same. He couldn't give it all up. Too egotistical. I wasn't surprised."

"Did her family pay you well?"

He glanced at her. "Well enough that I can put my other cases on hold to watch the President with you."

Natalie felt pleased.

Joe drove far north of town to the Thompson home. She remembered stories printed at the time of the murder. She had still been working in Dallas. Often, the stories were accompanied by a photograph of the Thompson home, from where the nineteen year old socialite had disappeared after playing a late afternoon game of tennis on the family court.

As shown in the newspaper, it appeared to be an immaculate two story red brick Colonial with white columns in front and a sun room to one side.

As Joe pulled into the drive, Natalie was struck by the undergrowth from bushes creeping across the curved blacktop lane leading to the house. White paint on the house was cracked. It was as if the family had stopped living three years ago.

A maid escorted them to the immaculately clean sun room. But she noticed that the upholstery on the black wrought iron furniture could stand replacing, and few flowers were in bloom.

Watching water cascade over rocks creating a water fall in the corner of the room, Natalie turned when Marlene Thompson entered. The socialite's brown hair was professionally curled and she wore a tasteful blue-gray dress with matching gray high heels. In her forties, a once pretty face sagged slightly, showing the ordeal of the last three years.

Joe introduced her. Marlene Thompson smiled faintly, and said, of course she had heard of Natalie. She and her husband read her stories. Natalie murmured a quick thank you, and left Joe to spend time with his client. This was a "time out" for Natalie, allowing

her to enjoy seeing Joe at work. She was seldom around anyone else but press or politicians.

Joe leaned forward on the sofa, and Mrs. Thompson suggested that he join her at a glass topped table. The grieving mother looked at Joe inquiringly. "You said you have something to give me?"

Putting his hand in his right hand suit pocket, Joe withdrew a square jewelry box covered in pale pink velour. "Yes. The police located this among his effects..." Natalie noted he avoided using the murderer's name. "They suggested I return it to you, and, of course, I agreed."

Both Joe and his client appeared uncomfortable. The woman took the box, laying it flat in her left hand. Trembling fingers of her right hand moved to open the top. Natalie couldn't see what was in the box, except that it was gold, with twinkling small jewels.

"Oh," Mrs. Thompson gasped, "Her favorite charm bracelet. The last piece of clothing and jewelry we knew she had with her. They never found it... Did he?" Tears welled in the woman's eyes and ran down her cheeks.

Joe nodded, "Yes. He kept it all this time."

Uncomfortably, Natalie felt pain welling in herself. Heck, take a minute off and land smack dab in the middle of the kind of story she had always hated. Children whose parents were killed, or parents who lost a young child always got to her. It wasn't supposed to happen that way. But it did.

She had remained strong when her friend, Jim Lowe, died. But now she felt pain in the presence of this wealthy woman, who otherwise seemed to have everything. Natalie lowered her head to hide emotion which might show on her face.

Suddenly, she felt Marlene Thompson's hand on hers as she sat beside her. A narrow stream of tears ran down each of the woman's cheeks. "Forgive me, dear. I know it's been three years since we lost her. But you never stop crying."

Natalie squeezed the hand joining hers. Quickly Mrs. Thompson said good-bye, kissing Joe tenderly on one cheek.

Joe was solemn as they made their way back to the car.

Natalie sat quietly beside him. "I just never can help feeling—"

He broke in, softly. "I know you care, Nat. I do too."

They were silent a few minutes. "Well, hello, big D," she said to break the mood.

They turned to light banter. "Weird week," he commented in a light tone. "Wrapping up the murder case, while every 'got rocks' in town wants his security system updated. For the holiday season." The last was said sarcastically.

Natalie decided Joe was still in a serious mood, more impacted at catching a murderer than he would admit. She knew he would say more when he was ready. He was a serious person, so different on the surface than Jim Lowe. But both her friends looked for the truth at subterranean levels, a trait that Natalie liked most in a friend.

She gingerly made a suggestion. "Joe, I'd like to hang loose today and check out the regulars. I'll check with Democratic headquarters tomorrow. That okay?"

He managed an upward tilt of the mouth — almost a smile. "What's first?"

"Let's drop by Blade Advertising. And then police intelligence."

Joe shrugged. As they made their way downtown, Natalie nudged him with questions about the political climate. He finally sighed and answered, "Which one? The way the *Sentinel* prints it or the real way?"

"You know," she responded.

"Well, very few people I've had contact with think he should come."

Knowing she would blurt it out sooner or later, Natalie said, "I think he's making a serious mistake. I heard that he doesn't want to come either."

"Then why is—" Joe began.

"I don't know. The more I find out about security plans, the more I worry," she said.

He concentrated on passing a car on a narrow street. His face

was impassive. "Natalie, you were born worrying. You're just one player on a team owned by the people Hilton answers to. He's the manager, not one of the owners. They'll change the rules any time they want to. Quit worrying about how people are going to get hurt. Either play ball or quit."

Natalie ducked her head. What he said smarted, even though she had heard it before. She took a sideways look at his face and asked, "And you don't ever play ball to get what you want?"

"Not much," he insisted. "They don't own me anymore."

"I know," she admitted. "But I don't see another way to get where I want — foreign affairs reporting," she said defensively.

He shrugged again. "That's your call. You could do what I suggested, get a syndicated column."

Natalie sighed. "Sounds like retirement to me."

Joe smiled. "Up to you," he said with an air of finality. "Back to politics. The best moods I've seen were on old H.P. and the Markham boys. That isn't necessarily good news for the President. Not that I suspect that they would..." he trailed off.

"Kill the President?" she asked. "It's hard to believe that anyone would. But we know that coup d'etats do happen."

After twisting the steering wheel back to center, Joe remarked, "Don't they storm the capitol or something?"

"Damn it, Joe," she complained, "sometimes you make me feel that what I do is unimportant."

"I'm sorry. Of course, it's important. But there's a limit to what you can do," he said.

"Wait and see," she said in a clipped tone. Some day she would show him that a reporter could make a difference. Their differences of opinion had become rivalry. Joe might have become better looking over the years, but that was the only change. He was as rigid as ever.

Embarrassed by the personal exchange, Natalie small-talked the Markhams and Hewitts. "Do they all have islands?" she asked. He thought. "Well, Hewitt owns more than half of Mexico, but the Markhams have islands. Old man Griffin has the deed, but his

sons use them."

"Who lives in the big old house out on Preston?" she asked. Joe said, "Griffin deeded it to Garth, but Garth's wife likes New York, so it's mainly a party house. Garth was in charge when I was there last week. "

Natalie grunted. "Everybody should have an island, just to get away from it all." Joe and she smiled at the comparison with their own existence.

Natalie lapsed into silence. Her turn to get serious, she thought. Joe was an old friend, and a damn good private eye. Differences or not, he could help her during the week.

But it wasn't going to be just any old ball game, she thought grimly.

7

Tired but excited people, returning home or just arriving, hugged and babbled. Some of those in the airport were in tears, but most gripped others with relieved laughter and collapsed against one another.

Mancos walked slowly through their midst. He sensed those around him without seeing them. Instinct told him there were no enemies here. The people were instead interested in themselves and each other. Late afternoon people.

A bar on his right beckoned. He saw men and women in suits sipping alcoholic drinks, some pausing to stir their beverages with bright orange or red swizzle sticks. Mancos noticed their eyeglasses for some reason. Both men and women wore dark frames that tilted up in the corners like wings. He had not noticed those before.

As he headed for the baggage claim area, he moved with certainty. Tony Santos was to meet him there and give him keys to a car which he could use for the remainder of the week. Tony was among the most reliable people among the Dallas Cuban revolutionaries, a group not known for its stability.

"Manuel!" — a voice called out excitedly from the stream of

people headed toward him. His face froze. Mancos walked steadily on, furious at the use of his real name. He turned slightly away from those closest to him. He had told them. He said in his mind, "I am Raymond Garcia!"

The steps down to the baggage area were broad. Mancos took them steadily, stopping on a landing to study a large framed advertisement. He hoped to appear an ordinary Dallas visitor, interested in its sights. The advertisement was for the new Dallas Hilton Hotel. A sleek Chrysler Imperial, metallic blue paint marked by shining chrome under the swooping fender tips, was shown pulling into the hotel's beckoning semi-circular sweep of an entry. Glass doors to the hotel, each glistening in sunlight under a baby blue sky, were accented by shining gold handles. Mancos studied the advertisement as seriously as if he could easily choose to lie down in one of its glistening rooms — one partially shown in a small square in the corner of the advertisement. It said that he could choose pink or blue colors in his room.

Actually, Mancos had been told he should go to the ostentatious hostelry, but it was not definite. He hoped to avoid all the Texans. Most likely the voice which had called out was that of Tony, but now Mancos would ignore any voices except one that used the code name. He walked slowly down the remainder of the steps toward the baggage claim area on the lower level.

A Negro terminal employee wearing a blue uniform and dark cap pushed a button on a wall above a black rubber covered opening. With a wild clatter, the first baggage tumbled down a black conveyor belt onto the concrete floor.

Grabbing first one then the other, the man slid each suitcase as far as it would go on the concrete floor. Passengers scrambled to get their bags as quickly as they stopped.

Quickly the eager crowd dissipated.

Mancos watched his light brown suitcase with dark brown straps come to a stop in the middle of the room. He ignored it for several seconds, looked around. In a corner, he saw a dark skinned man with a humble look on his face. Good.

Still giving no sign of recognition, Mancos made his movements smooth and sure. He picked up the bag and walked toward the exit. The Latin scurried until he was beside him, and murmured, "Mister Garcia?"

Mancos nodded and they left the building. They had met when Tony trained for the Bay of Pigs at Lake Ponchatrain, and Manuel made one of his trips to the area carrying information or equipment from the CIA.

Years later, Tony had traveled to New Orleans, bringing his new bride, Maria. People he knew had told Tony how to find Manuel, and they renewed acquaintances as Tony showed Maria the French Quarter and other tourist areas. He realized it was natural that Tony thought of him as Manuel Acosta, but he, too, had to observe the rules.

Once standing on the sidewalk, Tony motioned to his right, "Maria is parked down here." At Mancos' nod, both men headed toward a parked car. Love Field was unusually quiet, major flights of the day over.

Mancos was not looking forward to the time he must devote to the Dallas followers. He hoped it was only Tony and his wife. He had talked to them on long distance several times and had wondered if they had become part of the glitzy city in which they lived. They seemed full of excitement — an eagerness that had died in most the exiles he knew after the Bay of Pigs. He thought perhaps they had become so much a part of Dallas that they had lost the perspective necessary to further the cause.

Mancos seized Tony's elbow, bent as he held the brown suitcase as he walked. "My friend," Mancos said mildly.

"Yes, Mancos," Tony said with a downcast face.

"It will be all right," Mancos said.

"Maria is down there," Tony said, gesturing with his free left hand. Tony and Maria could be useful, Mancos thought. None of the other exiles he knew could so easily loan him a car. Tony and Maria both held full-time jobs and drew paychecks from private enterprise, a state of existence incomprehensible to the New Or-

leans bunch.

A few of them, Tony included, had fought at Playa Giron. Tony might understand the need for Entierra de necio — The Burial of Fools. The name he had devised now came easily to his mind. Maria might object. If killing was involved, many women disapproved.

Truthfully, Mancos was not sure that the killing of President Kennedy would make a difference in his future. Who knew if the man Lyndon Johnson wanted Cuba restored as they did? Johnson's connections with the Mafia might assure his support. But Entierra de necio was Mancos' job. Most likely his last for the Agency. Dallas, then Nicaragua.

Maria hurriedly abandoned her place behind the wheel of a parked American sedan, a conservative car, suitable to use for work. She ran the few feet to Mancos, standing quietly on the curb. Tony had taken over carrying his bag. She threw her arms around Mancos' neck. He could feel her breasts against his chest. Her tightly curled black hair tickled his chin. "Welcome to Dallas," she said cheerfully.

He unlocked her arms and in as gentle a tone as possible, said, "Get back in the car."

He decided that Tony and Maria had no idea of what was coming. They were still holding meetings, shouting about what must happen, and raising money for their cause. Another invasion, a successful one. Well, they had to have something to do.

Once inside the car, which Mancos hoped to heaven they had checked for bugs, Mancos sat in front beside Maria. Tony sat in the back seat with his arms propped on the front seat near Mancos. Mancos took command.

"Call me Raymond Garcia, as I told you. And don't talk about me to others."

Tony apologized for his slip in the terminal. Maria quickly cut in. "But it's not possible. All of us — those who can be trusted — know that Manuel Acosta is in town."

Our Mother of God, Mancos breathed. How could plans have

gone so wrong?

"Who told you to tell anyone else?" he asked harshly, his voice barely audible.

There was a pause. He knew Tony and Maria were trying to communicate with each other without words. Mancos had told Tony all he needed to know...that he would arrive today under the code name, and needed the use of an auto. Hearing only that, they should not be acting this way.

Tony broke the silence. "We heard from you. But last week Pete called by telephone. He said that he had seen you, and that you would come to Dallas. And we should help you, and to help you stay away from trouble. But we know Pete," Tony said quickly. "He makes a big deal of everything, we didn't—"

Mancos cut short Tony's excited speech. "You don't know Pete at all. You fell into a trap. I am not here to deliver speeches or raise money. I need a car, but I can get one elsewhere."

"Oh, no, that has been arranged," Tony said. "But there are several people waiting to hear you..."

Mancos considered. It was not the first time plans had gone wrong. "Find some quiet place and park. We must talk," he ordered.

Without a word, Maria turned onto a highway and seemed headed back toward the airport he had just left. "Don't—" Mancos began.

"Trust me for two seconds," she said. She turned toward Mancos with her black eyes full of fire. She was a beautiful Cuban woman, he thought, and deserved respect. Mancos waited silently.

The car reached an entrance to a small lake near the airport. She drove along the road beside the shore, passing several parked cars. The gray water meandered. At no point did it have the force of a river through it. The rippling edges sucked at the ragged shoreline, leaving mud in its wake. Trees, short and stubby, appeared parched. A poor excuse for a park, Mancos thought.

After several minutes of searching for a spot where they would be isolated, Maria turned suddenly onto a bare spot near a tree.

The car faced the water. Just past the opposite shoreline was a manmade abutment where a landing strip ended.

A plane shook the air less than a hundred feet above them, roaring toward a landing. They sat silently. There was no way they could hear each other over the noise.

Mancos shifted his weight until his back was partially against the car door, bracing his weight against his elbows and forearms. This way he could address them both.

"There are many steps in our effort. You do not know them all. I do not know them all. Pete is angry at me. You know why. But he is wrong. I cannot have word getting around that I am in town." He looked from one set of eyes to another. They seemed confused beyond reparation.

Tony met his eyes questionly. "You have a mission? You are not here to collect money?"

Mancos met Tony's eyes and lowered his voice. "I always have a mission. I have no time for frivolous matters. Did you get a car?"

Tony looked down dejectedly. "In a garage two blocks from our apartment house," he said. "A repair shop. I know the owner. It was a simple matter to rent it for the rest of the week. I signed all the papers. No one else knows about it."

Mancos drew in his breath. He glanced at his watch. Four forty. "Are people already at your place?"

Maria quickly answered, "No. I told them eight. Tonight."

Mancos managed to smile slightly. They meant no harm. He knew how dramatic Pete could be. He just liked to make things harder for Mancos.

"This is the way it must be," Mancos said. "You will take me to get the car. Tell your friends that I did not make the trip. That you received word at the ticket counter. And I think"...he paused. "Yes, tell them that they will see me, and Pete, in a month. That a large meeting will be held."

Tony's frown did not cease. "I am afraid—"

"I know," Mancos said. "They will be disappointed. Give them this word. That the meeting will be held in honor of Jose Marti.

And here is the name for the great event. Entierra de necio."

Maria sucked in her breath. "Must there be more bloodshed? You frighten me, Raymond Garcia."

"When is there not?" Mancos replied. "Cuba will never again be our home without more killing. But nothing is ever certain," he said in a conciliatory tone. "Your car will be returned before next Monday, and I will contact you before I leave."

The first was true. The last was not.

Maria sighed dramatically. Mancos knew she had made preparations for a party. Food and refreshments. Tony was silent with disappointment. Mancos watched her for signs of rejection. Her head was down, she bit her full red lower lip. Sometimes the women in this movement knew more than the men. She might have heard something that would cause her to wonder...just enough to back off. Mancos couldn't know.

Maria turned her head and stared out the window. Tony watched her apprehensively. It wasn't just the party, Mancos knew. Well, he could go without them. There were others who could help...though not any so trustworthy. Just as he was ready to suggest that they could leave him downtown, Maria turned back and looked at him. "It is for Cuba. Only for our Cuba. We trust you, Raymond Garcia." Her mouth twisted around the false name.

"Don't worry, Maria," Mancos said.

"Easy for you. You come. You leave. We stay and see our lives changed. But we do it for Cuba..." She stopped and turned the key in the car.

Mancos spoke very little as they drove through the Dallas streets. Maria drove by their apartment building and told how it had a machine that washed the dishes. It was a two story red brick building with a small amount of decorative iron and black metal outdoor staircases.

The contrast between the heavy, ornate Victorian iron of New Orleans' French Quarter gave Dallas a careless appearance. Its builders did not seem concerned with grace and beauty. Mancos felt no connection with Dallas, and he had said good-bye to New Orleans.

He thought in amusement that he was truly a man without a country for a time.

Parking in front of the auto shop, Tony told him to ask for the manager. The car was rented in the name of Tony Santos. Tony smiled sheepishly. Mancos shook his hand in the American style of social departure, and quickly got out of the car. Tony handed him his suitcase. "God speed, Raymond." Mancos nodded. Tony drove off before Manuel went inside.

The grimy repair shop was run by a heavy set black man who called himself Buddy. The rental terms had been scrawled on a repair form and signed by Tony. The keys were in his hands.

Mancos looked the car over, as if he had a choice. At least it was nondescript. An older model Ford, brown in color. Like thousands of others. Trying it out, still in the garage, he shifted the gears and worked the clutch pedal. It steered stiffly, but he could handle it. It would do, he thought. Before he left, he asked for a Dallas map, and was given one without question. He was on his way in minutes.

He decided to first do a chore Corbet had suggested. Visit the Carousel Club and see if its owner, Jack Ruby, had any instructions from his people. Supposed to be low level Mafia. Driving to downtown Dallas was simple enough. All roads led that way. But finding the right one way avenue leading to Commerce Street was another matter.

Once found, the Carousel Club was hardly enticing. A Felicia's Foxhole with bare-breasted girls' pictures on the street level.

At the top of the open stairs, a mild mannered young man in blue jeans let him in. Mancos hesitated at the entrance. There were some people in the club. He kept his body even with the skinny man until they reached Ruby's office. He slid inside Ruby's office.

He had never seen Jack Ruby before. The thick, muscular man shook his hand so briefly, it wasn't really a union. Ruby twisted away and paced the floor, darting glances at Mancos. Ruby was not ready, Mancos thought. There was no commitment here, Mancos could see...he could sense it. He decided not to say any-

thing. Let Ruby be the first to talk.

Ruby darted close to him and thrust his pasty face uncomfortably close to Mancos. "Do you need guns? I have connections," Ruby said.

"No," Mancos said firmly. "Do you have any information for Mancos?" The code name should remind this guy of the mission.

Ruby recoiled, swiftly lowering his thick body, then jabbed at the air, like a pugilist. Mancos watched the mock fisticuffs. Ruby straightened his body and faced Mancos. "I have heard about you. But there is another guy who's supposed to show up. I'll give you all I have."

Ruby handed Mancos a map of the coming motorcade route. Mancos knew the route but pocketed the small drawing.

As if never ready to miss an opportunity, Ruby began a spiel about selling him guns. Mancos said he wasn't interested. "Forget that I've been here," he told Ruby.

The visit was marked by Mancos' exit through a back door. He stepped carefully around piles of dog shit. He stopped to pet one of the dogs just to keep them quiet. He managed to reach a back door to the alley with Ruby following, still trying to make a sale as Mancos walked away. A waste of time.

8

Natalie hummed a little tune as Joe managed downtown traffic. She admitted to herself that when she came to Dallas, her mood sometimes lightened. Dallas was a party town.

Back to being her pal, Joe edged the Chevy into a parking place on Ervay Street. "I gather you're after Madeleine Brown. Is this about Lyndon?"

Natalie nodded. "Lyndon and other political stuff."

"I hear he is in trouble," Joe said while they were alone in the elevator.

"He's either close to being a has-been, or he's got a rabbit in his hat. I want to see if she knows which."

They stepped off the elevator at the second floor and walked the few steps to Blade Advertising. At Blade, she asked for Madeleine Brown. The secretary grinned widely. "She and Larry are out on business. It's after four."

Natalie believed she knew what the girl meant. "At the merry-go-round?" she asked.

The secretary's voice was high, twangy, "Prob-bly," she tossed out.

Convincing Joe that they should check out the Carousel Club took a minute or two. "There's a lot of politics there, if you go early enough," she argued. "You mean there's Madeleine Brown." She nodded. "You're in the driver's seat," he grudgingly admitted.

On Commerce Street, they gazed at the posters of blondes with tassels and strategically placed drapes or in one, a blonde woman with fake revolvers crossed over her ample breasts.

The area was seedy, but safe to walk. Most of the buildings were rectangular brick boxes without adornment. Cellophane cigarette wrappers and soggy butts lay in the gutters. A newsstand set in a narrow section of a one-story building, its iron grate rolled high above the opening, was strangely occupied by men in business suits. Respectable citizens reading pornographic magazines they wouldn't take home. Others were buying the day's edition of *The New York Times*.

Police regularly patrolled the area, assigning raucous or dangerous behavior to night hours. Few buildings on Commerce were attractive. Certainly the Carousel Club was no exception. It had a marquee, posters in frames, but it didn't have class.

Some light bulbs in the marquee were shattered, and the wooden frame which constituted the front of the club was painted black, its wood worn and chipped. Most of Commerce Street barely escaped being considered slums.

Natalie led Joe away from the posters and up the dark enclosed stairs. Boards beneath their feet creaked as they stepped around a corner and up another short flight to the second floor. A curious face responded to her knock. She didn't know the young man from Adam, but managed to edge her way in, saying they were reporters. Joe followed reluctantly.

Natalie looked around the empty club, quickly spotting a table at the rear of the room, away from the door. Cards were being slapped on the table top. Light hearted laughter accompanied the scene. Madeleine Brown was the only woman among the four players, taking advantage of the male attention in a chipper, but socially appropriate way.

Madeleine, too, wore a navy blue suit, but hers was accented by a frilly collared white blouse, the lapels joining inches below the cleavage of her ample bosom. The effect contrasted sharply with Natalie's open collared, businesslike blouse. Brown's dark auburn hair, worn in natural waves in a mid-length, was set off by ruby red lipstick and a large ruby and diamond pin worn on a lapel. Natalie thought it was most probably not costume jewelry, but actual gemstones.

For several years, Madeleine Brown had been a valuable political resource to Natalie. Brown was a native Dallasite, knew most everybody, and also was an encyclopedia of Dallas history and folklore. Her political connections were vast.

The comely woman was also Lyndon Johnson's lover, and perhaps, as some said, the father of his child. The latter rumor was never openly discussed, as far as Natalie knew. Today Natalie needed facts behind the rumors of Texas politics. And if anyone knew, it would be Madeleine Brown.

As Natalie turned toward the group, Madeleine waved her over, and called, "Just a sec while I beat the socks off these boys."

In the midst of the most exciting week Dallas could experience, and with politics swirling around her like a dust devil, it was like Madeleine Brown to throw herself wholeheartedly into winning at poker. She made time for everything.

Natalie and Joe sat at a small table, making small talk. Just as Natalie grew impatient, Madeleine then proceeded to do what she said she would do, gleefully adding more chips to the pile to her left. They had all been drinking, but were intent on the game, not the liquor. With an admonition to the men, "You boys behave yourselves, ya hear?" Brown moved to their table.

"Let's sit over here," she suggested, motioning to a table near the center of the room where they would not be overheard by her friends. The rest of the room was vacant except for the young man in jeans who had let them in. Now he was on a stepladder, adjusting lights above the small stage.

As they sat, Natalie once more noticed the sparkle in Madeleine

Brown's huge brown eyes. The woman was good at her work, buying air time on radio for politicians on both sides. It didn't seem to matter that she was an active Democrat. Politicians liked her, no matter what side they were on.

Natalie didn't waste time. "What do you hear? Is Kennedy going to bring the Texas factions together? That's my assignment this week, and I want to talk turkey before I get the party line from the pols. "

Madeleine threw back her head and let out a peal of laughter. "Now Natalie," she said, lowering her voice. "They fight all the time. You know how they are. Nothing to it. They always vote Democrat." A smile stayed on her face.

Natalie sighed, seriously. "That's the way it's been as long as I can remember. I'm sure Senator Yarborough is just blowing smoke. It's Connally I'm concerned about. Where does he stand?"

Madeleine's eyes rested on her well manicured fingernails. "The 'gov' is okay this time. But he's got his eyes on something else, I'm not sure what. Now, don't you quote me," she added lightly.

"I know, Madeleine. This is strictly off the record. But why the change in him?" Natalie asked.

Madeleine's eyes twinkled. "Well he's made all that money settling Sid Richardson's estate. He's got to spend it somewhere."

"But he won't switch in '64?"

"Not this time. Lyndon's got a cow twist on his lip," Madeleine said.

Natalie interpreted the cattle country talk, and visualized a twisted piece of metal in a bull's mouth that held the animal in a vice. She wondered whether to get close to the subject of the Vice President. Natalie ventured, "And how is Lyndon?"

Madeleine's face changed. The cheerful look turned serious. "He'll be here, that's for sure. He's at the ranch right now. I'm off to Austin after the luncheon here. That'll be the big thing. I can't wait, ya know?" Her impish smile was familiar — it told everything or nothing.

At the moment, Natalie thought — everything. A rendezvous

must be in the making, taking precedence over everything.

"Are you worried about stories that Bobby Baker's troubles — his kickbacks, other crimes and misdemeanors — might rub off on Lyndon?"

Madeleine's brow furrowed. "Well Lyndon got out of the Ballot Box 13 scandal. He can do it again." Her tone was unconvincing.

Silently, Natalie believed that Kennedy might dump Lyndon as his running mate in 1964. She decided to change the subject.

"What is the reaction around town to Kennedy coming?"

"He's about as welcome as a rattlesnake in a sand box," Madeleine said quickly. "If I were him, I wouldn't be anywhere around Dallas, and especially Austin." She stopped and looked serious.

"Now you understand, Natalie," Madeleine said, her face somber, putting one small soft hand on Natalie's arm, "I'm a good American and I love our President, but he's in Texas now, and you know how it is — Texans make their own rules."

"Has there been much rumbling?" Natalie asked. Joe sat at her side, listening quietly.

"Weeelll," Madeleine drawled the word Texas style. "H.P. showed me some flyers they're going to pass out. They're awful. You need to see them." She shuddered. "Ask him, he'll give you one."

"If that's all he does, I'll be satisfied," Natalie countered.

"Don't count on it," Madeleine insisted, leaning forward on her elbows. "There's a lot of bad blood there."

"Meaning?" Natalie asked.

"Oil-l-l-l-l," Madeleine squealed. "You know!!! The President's got to stop fooling around with the oil allowance these guys get."

Natalie had known Madeleine Brown long enough to understand that in polite company, her grammar was perfect. With friends, talking privately, she used the familiar Texas slang. Natalie decided to press a little harder.

Natalie decided she had heard about all that Madeleine had to offer, and by way of closing their conversation, said, "Do you think there will be any demonstrations?"

"You better believe it. Natalie, you know how much they hate

Kennedy down here." It was almost a plea.

Natalie nodded.

"Oh, by the way, Jack's got a copy of the motorcade route. You oughta ask him to show it to you."

Joe looked at Natalie and raised his eyebrows. "The police don't have one yet," he commented.

"Ask him, " Madeleine demanded. She looked toward the office door next to the stage. "Oh...he's got company."

Natalie turned. She had seen someone enter from the steps, admitted by the man in jeans, but had not turned her attention toward the man. Now she clearly saw a black leather jacketed man in neat slacks tap on the office door. It opened instantly.

As the man turned sideways to edge past Jack Ruby, she saw a chain around his neck. Where had she seen it before? What was he- doing in Dallas? She tried to remember where she had seen him. Not in Dallas.

Her thoughts returned to Jack Ruby. If Ruby did have a copy of the motorcade route, it was for a purpose. And if the story she heard over two years ago was true, that Ruby was still connected with the Mafia, the man in leather might be connected.

Her fears about security in Dallas returned full force.

"Who is that?" she asked Madeleine.

"Dunno. One of Jack's friends, I guess."

"Do you want to wait and see that map?" Madeleine asked.

Natalie thought and said, "Maybe a few minutes." Joe seemed puzzled.

Madeleine stood up and adjusted the frills on her blouse. She touched the ruby pin.

Natalie smiled and asked, "Is that new?"

Madeleine proudly answered, "Not too. But I'm going to wear it Friday. To the party in Austin."

"A gift from a friend?" Natalie asked with a smile.

"A very good friend," Madeleine said with satisfaction. "He'll be very disappointed if I don't wear it in Austin." They both knew they were talking about Lyndon, but didn't say so. Their exchange

ended, Madeleine said she would keep in touch, that she wanted to see Natalie again, but sauntered back to her poker friends. Natalie wanted to see the black-jacketed man when he came out.

She and Joe filled the wait talking about the map.

Joe insisted that the police made a big deal about not announcing the route until the day before. Both had heard the general direction of the route, but had no official confirmation. After a few more minutes, as they prepared to leave the club, the door to Ruby's office opened.

Ruby came out, calling to the card players. "Hi, you classy guys." Ruby was impeccably dressed in a dark suit, white shirt and tie. He wore a hat even though he was indoors.

Any reporter, especially those on general assignments as Natalie had been in her first years at the *Sentinel*, knew Jack Ruby. There was no way to escape him. He would dash into the city room and head for the entertainment section as if he couldn't waste a split second. Just as quickly, he would dart to the desks of certain reporters, avoiding those whose beats were not of interest to him.

Ruby wanted publicity, and was pitifully poor in knowing how to get it. She, like the others, once accepted a free ticket to his club, which they could use to become permanent members, and thus avoid the cover charge. She never used hers.

Ruby never dressed differently. He tried to look like a businessman, but missed. His manner — always intense, never relaxed — matched his clothing.

Natalie was still interested in why he wanted a copy of the motorcade. Jack Ruby's interest in the President would normally never extend beyond some air-headed hope that he would pay a visit to the Carousel Club, and Natalie believed that even Jack Ruby wouldn't believe that.

Madeleine called across the room, "Show Natalie that map that the President's gonna follow."

Ruby walked to the table where Natalie and Joe were sitting. He stopped, rested his square right hand, missing the last joint of the index finger, on the back of Natalie's chair. He whirled toward the

card players. Ruby yelled, "I don't know what you're talking about."

Natalie sighed, "Where's your visitor?" she asked in diversion.

"What visitor?" he asked in mock surprise.

Natalie seethed. Knowing she had seen someone go into his office, Ruby simply sloughed it off. It hadn't happened, he seemed to say.

"Ain't nobody back there," he said brashly. He had added fuel to the fire.

"You showed Madeleine a map of the motorcade," Natalie snapped. "But you don't know anything about it. A man goes into your office. But he isn't there." She was furious at being treated like one of his low paid followers, who did everything from caring for his dogs to fixing light bulbs.

She knew Joe had more contacts with Ruby than she did, and maybe needed him at times. She should probably keep still for Joe's sake.

His face composed, Joe tried to draw out the minor Mafia figure. "Come on Jack, let's see a copy of the motorcade. You know I need to know," he said in his conciliatory tone.

Ruby looked at Natalie. If Joe were alone, Ruby might have produced the map. But he wouldn't in Natalie's presence. His attitude infuriated her. She stood up, towering over the shady club owner.

He looked at her quizzically.

Natalie kept her venomous voice low. "You know what, Jack? You're full of shit."

Ruby spluttered, "Being's you're a lady and all, I won't..."

She looked down at him. "Yeah, you're right about that."

Joe pulled her away, leaving Ruby standing still, stoically.

"Later, Jack," Joe said.

As they walked toward the outer door, Natalie heard Madeleine call her name. The red haired woman blew a kiss in her direction. Natalie had seen her do that before when people quarreled.

Madeleine Brown could get along with anyone. But for now, Natalie had had enough. She followed Joe downstairs and to his car. Neither one said anything until they were alone again.

"One more lesson by Natalie Andersen in how to win friends and influence people," Joe said with a dour look.

"Ruby doesn't have anything I want," she muttered.

Joe looked sideways at her. "You never know," he said.

Natalie sighed. "You're probably right. I did want to know who was in his office."

When Joe asked how she knew him, Natalie explained. She had seen him in Louisiana while working on a series of stories about a gun running and prostitution ring. The women were slaves to the gun runners. The man had entered the house where she had been interviewing the prostitute. He wore the chain. The woman had shivered with fear. Said one word from the man and she was out on the streets.

"She wouldn't say anything more about him. But I can't forget how frightened she was," Natalie said.

Joe frowned. "That series got picked up by AP. It was carried in a lot of papers. He might remember you, too." He banged on his horn at a driver and asked, "I didn't see him back there. What did he look like?"

Natalie wanted to lighten Joe's mood. She hesitated, then began hesitantly, "Well, he's medium height, about five ten. Under 200 pounds. I think he had brown hair, maybe black. Sort of young, I think."

Joe fell for it. His mouth fell open. He almost shouted — "Nat-a-lie!"

She leaned back against the car seat and enjoyed a real laugh. They were both often frustrated by people who gave descriptions that lead nowhere.

"Hey, I'm kidding."

Joe shook his head in frustration. "Start from the top."

Natalie gave as good a description as she was capable of, down to the chain.

"Do you want to find him?" Joe asked.

"I'd like to know his name. I don't think I want to meet him."

Joe nodded. "I'll see what I can do. But I've police work to do

first. By the way, I'll have to leave you at the station. Are you staying downtown?"

"Yeah," she said. "The Grand Hotel. I need to rent a car there."

Her friend nodded. "Don't forget to call your mother." Their old habits from childhood cropped up at times. She nodded, "I won't."

Joe turned left on Field and headed for Main. He had a pass to park in the police department basement.

"First," he said in an ironic tone, "I have to report where I found a missing policeman."

He got Natalie's attention. "A what?"

"Martin Tucker."

"Tucker?" Natalie asked. "He's someone I wanted to see. Homicide."

"Well, you won't see him. He's been missing since Friday."

She was bewildered. "Isn't the department looking for him?"

He shook his head. "They don't know that he's missing."

Natalie stared at Joe. "A division head of Homicide is missing and the department doesn't know?"

Joe was quiet. "Come on, and I'll fill you in."

Typical Joe Garland. He always knew stuff officials should know but didn't. Natalie helped him leave her suitcase with a cop working the basement where she would pick it up after their visit upstairs.

Joe's soft voice fit the concrete cavern. Her own bounced off the walls, and she shut up, letting him make the arrangements. But she was more than curious about the disappearance of Martin Tucker. Tucker was the one homicide supervisor who didn't answer directly to the District Attorney.

Tucker was the one she wanted to see. Try to pry out the arrangements which had been set up for protection of the President. Later, she would try the FBI and Secret Service. She followed Joe to the public elevator to the third floor with newly kindled curiosity.

Once inside, she opened her mouth to speak, but Joe spoke first. "Natalie, before we get upstairs, I want you to make me a promise,

or I'll go ahead and let you go in by yourself."

Natalie frowned and scrutinized his face. Joe always let her be herself. No demands that she present herself as anyone but Natalie Andersen. His tone bothered her. What the hell was so different today about a visit to the PD? The place was full of guys who wanted to give information to the press.

Natalie watched her step as they entered the elevator. She looked at the carpet, a dark gray stained with coffee and heaven knows what else. Bail bondsmen, prisoners, their families, drunks and anyone with real or imagined business with the police came and went in these elevators. The carpet bore stains of heroism, fear and defeat.

Joe was staring straight ahead, seeming uninterested in her reaction. He always leveled with her, and she with him. She even respected it when he said he couldn't give her information. "Promise what?" she asked warily.

He turned to face her. "Natalie, the third floor is a tinder box. Light one match and I think it'll blow. There's a new guy, and I never saw homicide unite as a group against anyone like they have with this guy. He's new — brand new — and throwing his weight around all over the place."

She thought about the situation. "When did he come?"

Joe sucked in his breath and thought. "Uh, just a little over two weeks ago."

She shook her head. "And he already knows everything?"

Joe smiled softly. "No, he doesn't know anything. And he says so to everybody. Captain Fritz tried to fire him three days after he got here, they say. But he couldn't."

"Couldn't?" she asked incredulously.

"From what I hear."

The elevator door opened and two civilians joined them, talking to each other. She and Joe stopped talking. The elevator reached the third floor before either of them could say more.

As the doors opened, Natalie smiled. She knew she hadn't promised anything, but also knew what was expected of her. Well, let

Joe worry a little. She managed to whisper a quick question as the old metal doors ground open. "Who are we going to see?"

He said, under his breath, "Hammond. Rex Hammond."

She had just turned to face forward when the doors opened fully and they looked down the long corridor. Toward the end were homicide offices, with the chief's office and clerical space on the right.

An incredibly tall, incredibly handsome man in plain clothes lounged in the doorway to an office on the right. He leaned casually on the door jam. One leg was crossed over the other.

A short beat cop stared belligerently up at him. "I don't have to answer to you," he almost shouted.

The tall guy's voice boomed out, "I never said that you did, I just asked a simple question. But maybe it wasn't simple enough."

He turned away as the cop moved closer and yelled, "Fuck you." Another cop appeared from nowhere and threw his arm over the short one's shoulder. "Harry, it's not worth it." As Harry seemed ready to be led away, the tall man turned around and smiled at them.

Natalie turned and whispered to Joe, "I think someone just lit a match."

Joe sighed. "Oh no, that's just every day stuff lately. Come on, let me introduce you to Rex Hammond. He's a detective. He asked for my help finding Tucker."

Natalie closed her mouth and followed Joe. The Dallas Police Department was usually dull as door nails. The change was welcome. Hearing his name, the stranger turned to look at Joe. His eyes slid from Joe straight to Natalie. He looked at her thoughtfully, then did the male thing that women despise. Undressing her with male eyes. Uncharacteristically, Natalie found herself following his example. She quickly looked at his hair, gold mixed with brown, his eyes, hazel, tan skin, paler blue shirt, tweedy brown suit, long torso, the forbidden part seemingly well filled out beneath the creased slacks, long narrow feet in brown dress shoes. She felt herself blush. Fortunately, he had started to advance to-

ward Joe and motioned them into the office.

Joe introduced them. He started to say more about her, probably to tell where she worked, but Hammond walked behind the wooden desk and sat in the metal swivel chair. Police department issue. Natalie had been in Tucker's office before. He was usually a fairly accurate source of department news.

Hammond didn't hesitate. "Have you found him? I told Batchelor he called in sick today but I can't keep that up long."

Joe nodded his head. "It wasn't hard. The department could find him, too, if they tried. He's in an Amarillo hospital. I just started with his relatives. He went deer hunting with his brother-in-law. They live in Amarillo. Seems they had the trip planned for months. While they were deep in the woods, Tucker got shot in the back. He's still unconscious."

Hammond frowned. "Any witnesses?"

Joe shook his head. "No, they had taken separate paths. There wasn't anyone with them. Both were wearing the usual orange vests. Police don't know who shot him. But they've tagged it as a hunting accident."

Hammond's face grew irritated. "Oh, sure. Looked like a big deer."

Joe nodded. "I tend to agree with you. But that's the story to date."

Hammond snapped. "Damn it anyway. He had the names I needed, probably in his head." Hammond stopped short, unwilling to divulge more.

Joe looked at him with respect. Natalie was vaguely surprised. Usually, Joe didn't care for flashy people, and Hammond was that and more. The fellow must have done something to get Joe's approval. Natalie watched and listened. Hammond had a sense of terrible urgency about him. But she held her silence while he stared out a window.

"I'll just start somewhere else," Hammond said absently, spreading the long fingers of one hand flat on the table. He must be at least six four, Natalie decided. She still held her silence.

Joe began to speak slowly, measuring his words. "Have the Chicago people given you any other persons to check out other than the ones you told me about?"

So Joe did know what this maverick was about. Natalie's natural curiosity grew. Why the hell would a police detective from Chicago show up on the Dallas force? And even have completely protected status, if Murray couldn't fire him. Was he a government agent? In a flicker, as Rex Hammond began to talk, she dismissed that thought. Joe didn't like government agents any more than she did, and he seemed to like this guy.

"No," he mused. "I was just to work with Tucker. But I can do it on my own."

Looking Hammond over, Natalie was attracted to his confidence and charisma.

Joe sighed. "I've got some work to do later today. I told Natalie I was booked until tomorrow. But you've got my home phone number. Call me if there is more I can do."

Hammond managed a half smile. Natalie sensed that he was not grandstanding. He was earnestly displeased with the turn of events, for reasons she didn't know. For some reason he couldn't or wouldn't work with others on the force. She wanted to talk about security. Others were above Hammond. But they represented city hall and she could hear that side any time.

Natalie wasn't sure who Rex Hammond represented, but his intensity interested her. If there was another viewpoint in town, she wanted to hear it. She tested her intuition. "I hear the city council just passed a strong ordinance against violent protesters."

He was still looking away from them, alone with his thoughts. "Yeah, just insurance."

So he wasn't on board with city hall. This was one guy she did want to talk to. Yet he seemed even less talkative than Joe. A formal interview would be useless.

Hammond's smile faded. "Not knowing my way around doesn't help any."

Joe brightened, to say, "Let Natalie help you. She knows this

town like the back of her hand. She covered it for years"

Hammond took to his feet like he had been jerked up by steel straps. He roared, "You're a reporter?"

Natalie flinched. Poor Joe. He'd lost this one. But she had to smile as Joe managed to get in the words, "She's clean, Rex. I know."

Hammond threw up his long arms and protested, "Just my luck!"

Natalie lost it. God, this guy was unreal. He needed to learn something quickly. "Can it, Hammond. I'm a Washington correspondent for the *Sentinel*. Trust me or not. I've got other things to do."

The look on Joe's face was dismal. "Joe, it's not your fault," Natalie said, "He doesn't have to work with me. And there are plenty of other people who know more about what's going on than he does."

Hammond's face changed. Had she interested him in talking to her? At this point she couldn't care less. Joe still looked dejected.

Hammond said sarcastically, "A reporter with integrity. I didn't see that much in Chicago. "

Natalie looked into his hazel eyes, with tiny gold flecks blazing. Suddenly the man's good looks didn't matter.

"It happens," she said flatly. "Look, I'm sure you know where the prostitutes hang out. I can show you the rest of Dallas in an hour."

She thought a second. "And I have to eat. I'll take you to dinner if you give me some information I need — on or off the record." There. Let him make the decision.

After glancing at Joe, she saw that no one was smiling.

"The food interests me," Hammond conceded.

Natalie didn't smile. "Oh sure," she said.

Natalie wondered, what was with this guy, anyway? But he was a damned handsome challenge. One she couldn't resist.

Joe looked back at her. "I think I'll leave you two. Call me tomorrow, Natalie. I want to know which of you comes out alive."

She responded with her most confident look, followed by a small secretive smile.

9

As Hammond rose and bolted toward the hall, Natalie walked behind his desk and picked up the telephone. She dialed the Grand, a small downtown hotel where she occasionally stayed when business made visiting her family impractical. After making a reservation, she asked the clerk to switch her to the auto rental service. Within minutes she had rented a car and arranged for its delivery to the police department basement.

At least the time with Hammond should be interesting...worth an evening.

When Rex returned, she mentioned the rental car. He protested, "I've got a car."

"But I don't," she replied. "And I have other things to do, too. So indulge me. I'll bring you back here," she said. "One more call." She made reservations at Old Warsaw Restaurant. Hammond impatiently tapped a pen rapidly against the desk.

When he turned to grab a raincoat from the corner coat rack, Natalie managed to step in front of him and lead the way out of the office. She had more than one reason for wanting her own car. She didn't like driving around with a man she didn't know. She

didn't expect anything to happen, but with her own car, she could bring him back to the station at any time.

As they entered the outer hall, she was aware of eyes following them. She waved at a female clerk she knew, and the woman shook her head in amusement and raised one hand in a half-hearted good-bye wave.

This guy Hammond was not universally admired around the department, she could see, good looks or not. And for the moment, she had dismissed his semblance in favor of hearing plans of the Dallas police to protect the President.

Charging the newspaper for a meal was no problem. She doubted Hammond had had a good one for weeks and she was ready for food prepared with care by chefs she trusted. She would stop somewhere and pick up a bottle of wine, whether he wanted it or not.

The rental car, a new green Buick, waited downstairs. Its driver, a rumpled middle aged man, slid from under the wheel when she arrived, and placed her suitcase in the trunk. He walked to the back seat, moving slowly with age-laden joints. They dropped him off at the Grand, and headed away from downtown.

Natalie asked Hammond. "Anyplace special you want to see?"

He shrugged, "not really, whatever you want. I need to think. Sometimes I do it best in a car. If I don't hear you, hit my elbow."

Natalie steered the car east on Main Street, away from downtown. They covered a scant few city blocks before she swerved onto the entrance ramp to Central Expressway, a straight shot from north Dallas to downtown. And since it was the only central city freeway, it was clogged with cars most of the day. Natalie sighed and muttered, "At least in Washington, they take turns..."

"Turns?" Hammond asked.

"Yeah, there are all the circles. People know no one would get anywhere if they didn't let every other driver into the circle. In Dallas, you jump out and pray."

She found a hole between a delivery truck and a Volkswagen, and forced the plush new Buick into the right lane, then quickly swerved into the center lane. "It's the only commuter thorough-

fare in town. Ridiculous," she said. Rush hour traffic had not hit yet, and she covered territory fast.

Hammond looked sideways at her, "Is it a state highway?"

She shook her head no, saying, "No, but it should be." After a fleeting backwards glance, she saw a clearing and veered off the freeway onto residential streets headed for White Rock Lake.

She slowed the car to the speed limit of twenty five miles an hour on Lawther Drive, the only street which wound around the lake. Covering over ten acres in the middle of a Dallas residential area, the lake was fed by a small stream, and a dam added at one end to form the body of water. Its boundary meandered artfully, wide enough to accommodate sailboats. No motorized crafts were allowed. There was no bathing beach, but numerous picnic areas near blacktopped parking sections on the east side of the lake. Tables were set comfortably under a number of trees, mostly less than thirty feet in height. It was a manicured artificial lake, designed to lend charm to east Dallas.

Homes around the lake were substantial in size, set high on sloping lawns far above the public, which had free access to the area between Lawther Drive and the lake. On this November day, the gray water, ruffled by the wind, slapped rocks set with skill along the shoreline.

It was a home on the far bank that she headed for, one of the few tourist sights in Dallas. "You might like to see the importance the oil rich assign themselves. There it is, by the way, Mount Vernon — up on the hill."

She gestured toward a gleaming white mansion set high on a deep verdant, grassy hill surrounded near the street by a tall, heavy, wrought iron fence. The columns, windows and verandah were instantly recognizable to history students as a replica of the old George Washington colonial mansion, but larger. "H.P. Hewitt's house," she noted. "There are deer on the acreage and a family cow, I hear."

He interrupted. "I see he has the old red, white and blue waving."

Natalie didn't miss a beat. "Right. The flag in front of Mount Vernon. It flies day and night. Hewitt keeps his front yard neat and clean. The city keeps the lake clean for him. You'll never see the water low, and there's no swimming allowed. More police here on weekends than on Central Expressway, where we were a few minutes ago."

"The cops should be on Central, watching the speed of drivers like you," Hammond said softly.

"Maybe," she agreed, "but they have to make sure that Hewitt's lake stays in perfect shape."

"There are other big houses," he noted, gesturing to several which qualified as mansions.

"Yes," she agreed. "But no other Mount Vernons."

He chuckled, not unpleasantly, "What if someone else tried to build one?"

"They wouldn't," Natalie said comfortably, as she jerked the wheel to the right and headed up a small two lane street.

"Hey," he exclaimed, "slow down."

"Why?" she asked.

Natalie swiftly made a loop and turned the car north. Hammond seemed to sense their general direction. "What's the north boundary of Dallas? I want to know more about police jurisdictions. Chicago has distinct sections where reciprocity exists and other places where municipalities hold sole jurisdiction. Here, I can't find where our dominion ends."

Natalie nodded. "Well, it's hard to tell. The city blends in with other smaller bedroom communities. But there is a highway — Northwest Highway, also called Loop 12. Generally speaking, the bedroom communities to the north are separate. Still, I've seen times when three police departments worked one case, like a car chase. Only after it was over did they decide who was in charge."

"Geez," he said mildly.

Natalie took a quick left and rounded the lake until they reached an abbreviated residential area to their right, followed by a railroad track, and then commercial buildings to one side.

Natalie looked at him sideways and asked, "Do you know who 'lives' there?" her hand leaving the wheel and gesturing .

Hammond glanced disinterestedly at the blocky buildings. "They look like warehouses."

She nodded. "For the most part, they are. But it's the Mafia's area. Have you heard of anyone patrolling that beat?"

"Not really," he said. "But someone must be."

"Not from what I hear. They patrol it themselves. It's their place, and most people leave it alone."

He nodded, "The liquor business. Boss Joe Civello?"

Natalie agreed, "Very much a Dallas fixture."

"He was arrested with other mobsters in Aplachia in Fifty Seven."

Natalie nodded.

Hammond leaned back, seeming pleased to talk about something he knew. "He works for Carlos Marcello in New Orleans."

"I know," Natalie said. "But you'd have a hard time convincing the editors of the *Sentinel* that there's even a mob here. I should know."

She thought of the man with the neck chain at Jack Ruby's club, but decided not to mention him yet.

Moving into a left turn lane, she said, "Now let me show you where the better half lives."

They headed south, but veered west and crossed Central Expressway midway from where they had entered it in downtown Dallas and its abrupt end at Northwest Highway.

Natalie turned the car onto McKinney, where the skyscrapers gave way to two and three story older businesses — car dealerships and furniture and appliance stores. Occasionally a wooden house still stood. Hammond's eyes took in the mixture of commercial and residential with more interest than he had shown before.

"What's this street?" he asked.

"McKinney," Natalie told him, without commenting at his clearly increased attention. Natalie noticed that he scrutinized the small wooden houses as carefully as he could while she moved quickly through and around cars to reach the area she wanted to

drive through next.

Before this, Hammond had shown little interest, but now that they were in an area like that in many other cities, he was intensely interested. She glanced quickly at him. He was surveying each building with narrowed eyes. She had the feeling that when it came to business, Hammond's attention couldn't be broken. He moved his tall body toward her side of the car until his shoulder threatened to block her view. "What hundred block is this?" he insisted.

Natalie swiveled her head and zeroed in on a business with a street number. "Twelve hundred," she noted, adding, "Why?"

He jerked at the glove compartment's turn knob. "Is there a map in here?"

Natalie didn't answer. It opened after he moved it several times. He took out a Dallas map and opened it. She had to admit that he was a quick study. Pulling a pen from his shirt pocket, he bent the folded map over his knee and made some marks.

Natalie remembered the map scrap she had received in Washington and turned over to the FBI. "...marked up maps..." she murmured. It was an unplanned comment, she realized as soon as the words were out. Hammond reacted by demanding, "What do you mean?"

Natalie turned to look at his face and explained the map scrap she had received in the mail while still in Washington, and the marks made on the downtown area. "It was nothing," she concluded.

Rex Hammond's face took on a dark look that Natalie was beginning to think was his dominant appearance. Like things were out of his control and he couldn't accept it. Natalie let the moment pass.

"Look, you wanted to see the city. Would you rather go back to the station?"

"No, the scenery is okay," he said. She looked at him in a flash, and he grinned. So she was right, there was a double meaning. Natalie concentrated on her driving. She wanted to make a point.

Moving into a left lane, she turned onto a short block — two lanes wide without center mark — which led over a railroad. Once over the rise, they abruptly dropped into Old Highland Park, as it was called.

"Your jurisdiction definitely stops here," she said.

"The park cities," he remarked.

"Do you know much about them?" she asked.

"Only what I see from the map."

"Most of Dallas' establishment live here or in University Park. Both cities are incorporated, with their own police forces, fire departments, and school systems."

"So I hear," he admitted.

She explained that Dallas had made an abrupt turn toward its present glittering social status with the exciting oil strikes made in the early 1900s. After the 1930s, when massive oil strikes were made by H.P. Hewitt and others in east Texas, Hewitt and others had left their rural homes and chose to reside and raise their families in Dallas, home of the financial institutions which loaned them money and held their massive deposits.

Selecting Dallas to be their home, they increased the wealth of the city until it was recognized throughout the country. Dallas' oil rich were featured on the covers of "Time" and "Fortune" magazines.

"Dallas has been called the Athens of America, or just Big D, the biggest and best. To me, it's more like Ancient Rome, and as just as likely to destroy itself by similar excesses," she said, knowing that she was lecturing.

They drove down several streets in Highland Park. As they drove more slowly, dusk fell over the city. Some homes could be classified as large bungalows, others were mansions. But almost without exception, they were set on lush green lawns, between Magnolia trees and flowering shrubs, many with tiny lights twinkling in the bushes. The effect was to create a separate and distinct setting for each home that was both reminiscent and yet distinct from its neighbors.

At an intersection of two streets with a small alleyway between them, Natalie decided to experiment. She turned down the alley in the Buick and passed behind two homes. As quickly as Rex could ask what she was doing, a Highland Park police car, painted navy blue with gold insignia, turned into the alley after them, red light flashing.

"That was quick," Rex said, looking back over his shoulder.

Natalie laughed, "Now I get to explain what I'm doing here."

As she slowed to a stop, Rex muttered that he would handle it. Natalie didn't mind. She had wanted him to see the difference between Dallas and Highland Park.

He left the car and strode to the closed door of the police cruiser. He shook the hand of the officer inside. The uniformed officer pushed the door open and stood outside, where he and Rex stood talking. Rex accepted a cigarette offered by the officer. Natalie rested as they talked, wondering if the Chicago plainclothes detective could relate to a Highland Park beat cop.

After almost five minutes had passed, as Natalie noted by glancing at her watch, Rex returned to the Buick. Natalie waved quickly to the park cities' officer and backed the Buick out of the alley. The Highland Park squad car, waiting in the street until they passed, turned down a side street.

Rex looked at her and shook his head, "This is an officer's paradise. One officer for every four law abiding citizens. Their security systems are tied into the department's switchboard. You know what their most frequent crime is?"

Natalie would have liked to guess, but wanted Rex to show off his new knowledge. She just asked, "What?"

"Reports of servants stealing jewelry and silverware."

Natalie was not surprised.

"Not that I would like it, but others do. Actually," he said, drawing the word out slowly, "even police work is getting a little old for me. Or it was," he said, "until this assignment came along."

"Which is?" she asked.

"Later," was all he would say.

Finished with what to her was a statement about the vagaries of Dallas, Natalie turned the car onto Turtle Creek Boulevard. Locating a particularly scenic section of the tiny, but skillfully landscaped stream, she located a place to park.

Wanting to stretch her back and legs, she led the way to a wooden bridge over the shallow water.

In the north, the lush trees would be bare. In Dallas, the grass was still alive and springy, leaves lingered on trees. The first frost, which would strip the trees of their leaves, had not yet arrived.

She halted and leaned on a wooden railing, looking at the shallow water below, leaves floating downstream. Natalie took a deep breath and smelled the fragrance of buds on bushes. Live flowering plants accented curving sidewalks leading to one and then another two story brick or brick and stucco home of fine proportions.

Rex Hammond stopped and joined her at the railing, stooping to lean his elbows on the sculptured wooden structure. Street lights blinked on simultaneously and cast light downward. Dusk had faded, and there were pools of darkness between carefully defined areas of subdued light.

In a moment of leisure, Natalie felt subdued. She let loose, for a time, of the constant chase after stories and people. Fragrances and light sounds of water over rocks filled her senses.

She felt Rex beside her, standing quietly, without the tension and fury he had exhibited at the station. In the near darkness, his blond hair was grayed, but she saw that a shock had fallen over his forehead.

She felt secure with this man, a stranger who felt so familiar. Who was he? It didn't matter so much at the moment.

Warmth of his broad hands gripping the railing radiated to hers inches away. She could see the white knuckles as he leaned his weight on the railing. His nearness created waves of emotion in her body.

Sexual excitement began in her chest and coursed downward through her blood vessels, to rest between her legs, suddenly grown

shaky. She looked up at his face. His profile was still turned toward her, his mouth, his softest feature, his nose and forehead chiseled. He almost looked vulnerable.

Natalie felt uncomfortably warm, heated by a passion she hadn't felt for a very long time. She straightened up, took a deep breath and tried halfheartedly to dispel the emotions. She didn't want a Dallas man. That time had passed long ago. But Rex Hammond wasn't a Dallas man. And she didn't have him.

What the hell was he doing here, anyway? She didn't know even that, and all her old frustrations returned. She struggled with the impulse to turn him away. But if he had learned anything from her friendship with Jim Lowe, she wouldn't — not this time.

"Let's get out of here," he said.

She nodded and they returned to the car. "Is there a small bar somewhere where we could sit and talk?" he asked.

They reached a cafe with a separate bar area where small glass topped tables were surrounded by two or four rattan chairs. Young people leaving their jobs for the day were beginning to fill the room, laughing and calling to each other. Rex grabbed the smallest table with two chairs in a corner. "Perfect," he said. "They can't hear each other and they aren't interested in us."

She waited until a Scotch and water was set before her and he had a Bourbon neat.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"Off the record?" He answered the question with another.

Natalie nodded firmly.

"I'm here to try to keep the President from being killed."

Natalie glanced at the nearest table. A blonde was laughing with a high pitched squeal. The man with her was bent forward, his mouth close to her ear. They were paying no attention.

Turning back to Rex Hammond, she met a stony face. "I thought so," she said.

"It almost happened in Chicago," he said.

"I wondered why they canceled his trip," she said. "I can't say I'm surprised. And the Dallas police admitted they needed help?"

she asked caustically.

"Hell, no," he said. "They think I'm investigating gun running. They could use some help there."

"So I hear. Joe said they've botched almost every arrest they've tried to make."

He nodded, "Military weapons are being sold here on the black market and shuffled down to New Orleans and Miami. But I really don't have time for that this time."

"Do you know who you are looking for?" she asked.

"One or two of them. And trying to get leads on others."

Natalie watched him watching her. She chewed on her plastic straw.

Rex ordered another round. Waiting for the waitress to return, they made small talk.

After they had fresh drinks, she decided to tell him about the man she saw at The Carousel Club. She explained the experience, that she felt sure she had seen him before.

Rex asked a few questions, and she gave as many details as she knew.

She could tell he was hesitating. "Do you have any idea who the guy at Ruby's club might be?"

"I might," he admitted. "But I need to check some records. I honestly can't say any more about it yet. Except that you should stay away from him."

The remark didn't surprise her. She approached it another way. "What has Jack Ruby got to do with him?"

Rex Hammond took a deep swig of his drink. "I don't know. But I think I had better find out."

Rising from his chair, he turned and looked at her. Suddenly impatient, he said, "I'm hungry. Let's go."

10

Responding to Rex Hammond's sudden sense of urgency, Natalie drove hastily, admittedly spurred on by a desire to hear more about his mission in Dallas.

Remembering the wine, she said, "Let's find a liquor store."

He looked at her. "Why?"

"Haven't you heard? BYOB? But I really want a particular wine. And I can't expect the head waiter to have it."

"I've heard about the crazy liquor laws. Bring your own in a paper sack. Stupid," he concluded.

"And you can't buy liquor just anywhere in Dallas. Just wet precincts. The voters decide. It's a religious thing," Natalie concluded with a shrug.

Rex shook his head.

It was a busy hour in the liquor store. Clerks helped men in suits and a few women in high heels locate the right purchase. When she came back to the car, with a bottle of wine in a bag, he kidded her, "That's the first brown bag I've actually seen. The guys at the department depend on the bar to have their brand."

She smiled, "But they don't eat at Old Warsaw," she said.

He was quiet, alone in his thoughts as she turned on Oak Lawn and drove up before the dark wood and stucco restaurant owned and operated by Stanislaus Slawik, a former diplomat.

The atmosphere was similar to that of a prestigious supper club, but without a dance floor. Waiting for the maitre d' to return to his podium, they listened to the grand piano tinkling in the background. Chopin, some Gershwin.

When the black-coated employee returned, she handed him the bottle of wine. It was deftly handed off to another of the attendants in black suits who stood ready to assist diners.

As their waiter led them to a table for two in the back of the room, Natalie took in the atmosphere, a room softly illuminated by gold sconces accented by crystal tear drops, fastened high on the walls. The light was cast upward, not harshly downward on the diners. A consummate place to relax and enjoy fine food, if one did not have to worry about the size of the bill.

Like any woman, and especially a female reporter, Natalie was aware of the eyes of women seated at tables covered with white linen, centered with flowers and candles. They gave Rex the long look, taking in his blond hair contrasted by Natalie's dark mane and black eyes. She knew that they were an imposing couple.

A society woman she knew stopped her and asked for an introduction to her "handsome companion," saying enough to indicate she expected him to be a member of the press. Ready for the impolite, but not unexpected question, Natalie introduced Rex as a detective. Let them find out where he worked. In fact, she wasn't sure how to explain his occupation. Undercover detective?

He muttered under his breath that it was none of the woman's business. Natalie hummed a soft agreement, but accompanied it with a smile. Rex looked like he would have rather be anywhere than here, in the midst of Dallas' polite high society.

Once they were seated, Natalie opened the ruby red napkin skillfully folded flower-like in her wine glass, and whispered, "The restaurant's more informal than it seems."

"You could have fooled me," Rex replied.

Natalie smiled, "Just one cardinal sin. Talking about anything liberal, or communistic."

He raised an eyebrow.

"Slawik, the owner, told me two tables emptied when a socialite entertained a foreign visitor, a famous pianist who had fled his country after it was overtaken by communists.

"They told him that they objected to dining in the company of communists. That it ruined their appetites."

Rex shook his head but was quickly absorbed by the menu. "Hope they have a good T-bone. I'm motivated more by good food rather than fine wine," he said.

Natalie looked up at his face and smiled. "They will have anything you want," she said.

They studied the menu featuring roast duck and pheasant under glass. Rex closed the menu and laid it aside. Natalie smiled, fairly sure what he would do. She took her time studying the selections, deciding she would have lobster bisque followed by a rack of lamb.

When the waiter appeared and prepared to take their order, Natalie was ready. She placed her own order, not expecting Rex to order for her. She expected that he was primed to create his own havoc.

In a strong voice, he ordered a T-bone steak and french fries. The waiter's mouth dropped open at the mention of the potato order. Natalie whispered to him. Rex would get his french fries.

Rex added that he wanted Bourbon and water with his meal. Natalie asked that the wine glass, part of the table setting, remain, in the event he wanted to sample the wine. The bewildered waiter left.

Rex seemed out of special requests. She believed he was testing her, waiting to see if she reached a boiling point. Truthfully, Natalie had managed dinner with far more obnoxious, and usually drunk, politicians, to be concerned by his behavior.

His drink arrived and the waiter poured the wine for her tasting. She nodded approval and Rex sat back with a wry smile on his

face. As soon as the waiter left, he said, "So you have to taste the wine you brought in a paper bag?"

Natalie stopped him, "Yep. That's Dallas."

He shrugged.

"How is the Bourbon?" she asked innocently.

"Great," he had to admit.

"What are you going to do about Tucker?"

"Talk to him when he's able. We only talked once. I know what to do without him. Dallas isn't up to running speed about Presidential security," he remarked.

Natalie asked with honesty, "I wanted to see him because he usually knows the details of security underway for visits by VIPs. Was he working on security for the President, do you know?"

"Not really," he answered with ease. "Captain Batchelor and others are taking care of that."

Natalie was not surprised that Batchelor, a Lieutenant under Murray, was involved, but it left hanging the question of what Hammond was doing here in the first place. His admission at the bar gave rise to plenty of questions, but she had to be careful, especially in Old Warsaw. Wrong ears were everywhere.

"Jack Ruby has a map of the motorcade, I've heard." When Rex seemed surprised, she told him of Madeleine Brown's claim. Hammond's face grew long and concerned, the same dark look she had noted before.

"Have you met Ruby?" Natalie asked.

"How do you avoid it?" Rex asked without expecting an answer. "The department seems to be on his daily rounds."

"I know that cops go to his club regularly. But I don't think Murray liked him much."

Rex stopped, his fork in midair. "That doesn't stop Jack. There are thousands just like him in Chicago. He's Mafia connected. But unless I'm wrong, they don't trust him much."

Natalie hesitated, then decided that exploring their backgrounds was safe enough. "Are you a regular member of Intelligence with the Chicago PD?"

Rex nodded his head yes.

"How long have you been in Dallas?"

"Three weeks now. It's temporary."

So he admitted that he was making no effort to assimilate himself into the Dallas force. She was intrigued. "I've never heard of police detectives being on temporary assignment."

Hammond's face took on a look of total innocence. "There's a first time for everything."

Natalie looked at his face while he concentrated on his salad. He wasn't telling her everything she wanted to know, but that happened to her a lot. Reporters caused a lot of people to clam up. She had to give him time.

Their entrées arrived and he attacked the steak, for which he had thankfully not ordered catsup. He did ask the waiter for steak sauce, which after a few seconds, arrived in a small silver pitcher.

Natalie watched Rex's face. Even engaged in chewing, he was as handsome as a movie star, but a contrived look of innocence left him lacking as an actor.

"Are you from Chicago?"

When he answered yes, she believed him. "My father was a cop with the Chicago PD until he retired in '58. He died last year."

She made the polite remark of sorrow.

Hammond's face brightened. His eyes glittered. "I'm not sorry. He did just what he wanted to do. And managed to raise me after my mother died. She only lived a year after I was born. My aunt Mary raised me while my dad worked. But I stayed with him when he was off duty."

Natalie understood that he was proud of his background.

"Did you go straight into police work after school?"

He straightened in his chair. "No. In fact, seeing so much of it with my Dad turned me off. He never got the recognition he deserved. First, I went into military service. I was in a unit that trained foreign fighters, whoever the US supported. That was interesting, but eventually it got old.

"I imagined that I'd train as a PI, more or less like Joe, but my

Dad introduced me to a couple of members of the Chicago intelligence group and I was impressed at the good they could do...actually helped people."

"And you were hooked?" she asked.

"Until the plot against Kennedy came along. It looks like I'll be assigned to him after Dallas."

"Secret Service?" she asked.

"No," he said firmly. "That would be too tame for me. Military intelligence, most likely. They would have sent me to work with the 112th here, but I'm just as glad they didn't. They're working with Secret Service this go-around."

It all sounded confusing and mysterious to Natalie. "Who's 'they'?" she asked.

"I'll tell you more about that later," Hammond asked, "Is your family here?"

Oh hell, now she had to hit it head on. "Yes. My father's with the FBI."

His mouth fell open and he stared. "Ander-s-e-n?" He spelled the final letters.

Natalie dipped a forkful of lamb in mint sauce and thought of how far she would go with this. "Do you know my father?"

"No," he said carefully, "just saw his name on the roster."

"Good," Natalie responded. "Then you know him about as well as I do."

Rex Hammond's body straightened with careful attention. His light brown eyes looked directly into hers. "Is he one of the bad guys?"

She considered. "No, I don't think so. But if I wanted to know about FBI security he'd be the last I would ask. I have better contacts with the FBI that I've only known less than a year."

For a reason Natalie couldn't understand, the remark caused Hammond to smile widely, showing even white teeth. He pointed a long left index finger. So he was a lefty. "See, I said you'd be nosy."

Natalie laid down her fork and leaned forward toward the out-

thrust finger. "Guilty as charged," she admitted.

He lowered his finger and gazed at her while she ate. Finally, as much of the lamb consumed as she could comfortably hold, she leaned back in her seat. Hammond had finished his entrée, downed the last of two drinks, and was watching her and other diners comfortably.

"Coffee?" Natalie asked.

"Sure," he answered. "Then do me a favor."

"Maybe," she answered.

"Don't worry, it's an easy one. But let's get coffee first."

The waiter, seeming relieved that their dinner was almost over, poured coffee, then set about clearing the table with haste. He mentioned the dessert tray but she and Rex rejected it, almost in unison.

Natalie was feeling more comfortable with Rex. She hoped the feeling was mutual.

He looked at her and pulled the tightly folded map from his inside jacket pocket. She hadn't seen him pocket it, and was slightly embarrassed. Old Warsaw diners did not read road maps at their tables. They were totally at ease in Dallas.

A map was a sign for needing direction, not typical of Old Warsaw diners. So when had she let the socialites bother her, she reminded herself. Rex wanted help, and she would do what she could.

He folded the map neatly into a small square, turning it around so she could see a line drawn from Love Field downtown to Industrial and then left to the Trade Mart. The route she had first expected the Presidential party would follow. "When did they change the route?" he asked solemnly.

Natalie admitted that she didn't know, that she had been asking the same question. The last she had heard it went straight on Main.

"Do you know who might be behind it?" he asked.

She sighed, "Forrest Sorrels, local Secret Service, has been working with Winston Lawson, a 'freshman' advance man. Jerry Bruno usually does it. And the two of them have had Jack Puckett in on

all the planning."

"Who the hell is Puckett?" he asked.

"From what I understand, he's fairly well placed with the Department of Agriculture."

Now she could see where the dark look on Rex's face was coming from. "Since when is the Ag Department planning security?" he asked with a growl.

"Well, let's hope they aren't. But I want to know more about him too. He's the mystery man, so far. I'll make a bet though that he's a good friend of Lyndon Johnson."

Hammond brooded, "The whole thing sounds screwed up to me."

There was nothing Natalie could say but that she agreed.

He took a breath and asked, "Show me where the marks were on the map you received in Washington."

"Here," and she quickly marked the X without the upper left angle. He glanced at it, without comment. He just shook his head with a downcast expression on his face.

Their eyes met, and remained on each other. She again felt a surge of sexual desire. Was he going to ask?

After folding the map even smaller and thrusting it inside his coat, he asked simply, "Will you come with me?"

Natalie took a deep breath and nodded.

They whispered a few words to each other, then she signed the check. She stood, opened her purse and took out the coat room check.

Without a word, she handed him the keys to the rental car. They left the room in silence, walking slowly beside each other with their hands touching. Breathing deeply, she walked out of the restaurant, seeing the many knowing stares at her dark hair and the tall, handsome blond man.

Neither of them spoke as he drove her car. He drove naturally with his left hand, his right lay atop her left hand on the car seat. They headed downtown.

She was lost in thought, comforted by his protection. She asked,

"Could we go down to Dealey Plaza for a few minutes?"

Without answering, Rex continued the car down Elm Street until the plaza was in view. "Where?" he asked.

"Oh, just take old Elm, the one in front of the book building. I want to get out a few minutes. Clear my head."

After they left the car, she led him by her hand to the grass which sloped downward to the street. The pergola was dark, but its concrete forms could be made out in the street lights. The street was quiet, absent of cars and people.

She sat on the grass facing the street and he followed her actions, sitting beside her.

"Rex, I know you can't understand how I feel about Dallas. Not many people do. But I lived in Minneapolis until I was fifteen, I was in Dallas for eight years, and now two years in Washington. And there's no better place for John F. Kennedy to be killed than here."

She hastily corrected herself. "Not this spot necessarily, although it's a good one. I mean Dallas. The city."

He was silent, looking around quietly as he listened to her.

She let her thoughts flow. "The government, those actually in control, the police, the people."

"Chicago came close," he said quietly.

"I understand that. And it could happen anywhere. But Dallas is just set up like waiting for the party to begin...just waiting."

He made no comment.

She threw her head back, her hands propped backward on the grass. The wind blew and died, one way then another, in erratic rhythm. How could anyone else understand?

"I've studied this place. I know." She looked at him sideways, pleadingly, wishing she could make him understand. "The people are used to the way Dallas operates, they don't even need a name for it, but there is one. Authoritarianism. Pure and simple."

Rex spoke up. "I understand that kind of political structure. But give me an example."

Leaning forward, she bent her knees upward, wrapped her arms

around them and rested her forehead on her hands. "Hypothetical?"

"Sure," he answered.

For seconds she thought.

"Take Pegasus up there. That sign has been there for years. Everybody's used to seeing it. They know it's on top of the Magnolia Petroleum Building. They never think of its symbolism. Dallas flying high, or something. To them, it's just there. It's just a landmark."

He nodded.

"But say Ted Dealey decided it should be over there, across the street...on a pedestal on the ground in Dealey Plaza. It's two thousand red light bulbs blazing, " Natalie said.

He laughed softly, "What a ridiculous thought."

"I know," she said, raising her head and straightening out her legs. "But Dealey would just go talk to Robert Cullum, or someone in the Citizens Council he's tight with, and they'd talk it over. Cullum might think it's stupid. But it's Joe Dealey talking. And he would listen."

"What next?" Rex asked.

"Cullum would talk to my boss, Clarence Hilton, Hilton would talk to the President of the Board of the *Sentinel*—"

Rex interrupted, "What about the President of the Republic Bank?"

Natalie nodded, "Cullum would send someone else on the Council to talk to him, find out what it would take...a donation to the building fund, a new sculpture by some famous artist, or whatever. He'd go along. He might hate the idea, but the right people are suddenly behind it."

She paused. "Suddenly the paper announces dedication ceremonies, Pegasus is moved. The police have to assign a special detail to police it because people would knock out the light bulbs. But they'd do it. And then the park board would establish a fund to preserve it. Etcetera, etcetera. Right down the line."

He shook his head, "What would the people who see it think?"

The answer was simple. "Gee, look what Ted Dealey did."

"That's all?" he asked.

"That's it. That's Dallas."

Natalie had no idea if he had grasped what she meant, but she felt better having said it.

They returned to the car in silence. Rex parked the car outside his apartment and Natalie followed him around to the street. He put his arm around her shoulders. Natalie was thankful that they were not on a heavily traveled street, because she didn't want to meet anyone she knew. She knew what it looked like. Just what it was. A romantic pair on their way to a screw.

He led the way to a two story brick apartment building on Jackson, near Commerce Street. A quiet section though. Once inside, they passed an elderly man who walked into the first apartment, probably the manager.

They walked up the stairs to the second floor. Rex led her down a dark hall to an apartment on the left end, squarely opposite an identical door on the opposite side. The building was not a flop house, Natalie knew, but a rent-by-the-week arrangement for people, mostly men, who were new to the city, or between living arrangements.

She had seen enough apartments like it while writing stories in the city not to be afraid of her surroundings.

Inside, she scarcely glanced at the regular bed on box springs, at the end, a small window above the sink, and a sofa opposite the bed. She was watching Rex. He removed his coat and pulled her to him.

Natalie allowed him to tilt her head upward, staring into his eyes. We're going into this eyes open, she thought, knowing that as much as she wanted it to be true, it couldn't be. Moving his head sideways, his lips met hers, evoking the feeling she had been waiting for.

She kissed him in return, running her tongue inside his lips and in a tiny exploratory gesture, getting to know the first opening he gave her. His lips were excitingly mobile, moving from her ear to her neck, and in an unusually romantic gesture, he kissed her hand, then instantly moved his lips back to hers. Natalie returned the kiss with greater force. He met it with equal ardor, until their breathing was heavy.

She let her suit coat slip from her shoulders. It slid to the floor, but Rex didn't notice as one of his hands caught in his sleeve. He wrenched it free, and tossed the raincoat from his back toward the sofa. Natalie waited until he turned back to her. They smiled at each other, more a mating response than an ordinary smile.

She wanted his body, wondering if they would fit each other. There were male bodies Natalie could experience sexually and yet reject the person if approached another time. She couldn't explain what it was exactly...not smallness or largeness, form or tone, but a certain knowledge that she and the male did not meet what the other needed.

But thoughts of hesitancy were swept away by the heat of their bodies, so close but not yet touching.

While Rex unknotted his tie, Natalie unbuttoned his shirt. She met his eyes then ran hers over his broad shoulders, the hair on his tanned chest, the light brown nipples. While he unbuttoned his pants and pulled his belt away from the pants, Natalie ducked her head beneath his chin and kissed his chest. Before he had the chance to entirely strip, Natalie moved her lower body against his hard thighs and erect penis beneath the trousers. He then stepped out of the trousers and she stepped backward carefully. She was aware of his eyes on her as she looked at his genitalia.

She saw a brown and gold man of splendid form from his head and neck, across his broad shoulders with their taut flesh, down to his long, slender feet. She was excited by his contrast to her looks, yet comforted by the gentleness of his hands.

Quickly he undressed her until she was standing in her slip. Natalie pulled away from him and moved toward the center of

the room. They were still linked by the fingers of one hand. She slowly withdrew her fingers from his, and slipped out of her garter belt. She removed her panties and hose until she was nude from the waist down. And then because it was the way she preferred, Natalie moved a few more steps toward the center of the room, standing apart from him, beneath the circle of light cast by the bare bulb in the ceiling. She arched her body upward to slip her bra over her head. Then in a slow arc, she bent to recover the castoff clothes and place the bundle on the sofa. She would let a man almost undress her until the final steps. Those she took by herself.

Rex Hammond stood still, mesmerized by the sight of the tall willowy woman of black and cream, softened by high, firm breasts and gently swelling hips.

Turning around, Natalie saw that his eyes had followed every movement. He had not moved except to extend both his open arms to her. Natalie moved into their circle until there was no space between them. Their hands ran over each other. His skin was male, slightly toughened on his arms and hands.

Next, he led her lightly by one hand to the bed. Their hips and bellies touched as they took the few steps. Together they pushed down the bedspread and sheets. His arm remained around her waist as she slid beneath the sheets. He followed her in steps as smooth as if they were dancing.

As soon as she lay flat he moved his torso on top of hers, his legs still rested on the sheets. Only his penis touched her hip, as if still requesting her body, while he kissed her hair and shoulders again and again. After tracing her erect nipples, the aeroles jutting from their rims, he simply murmured soft sounds of pleasure.

Natalie rose and spread her legs, moving until she hovered above him. She slowly lowered herself onto his erect sex organ as he cupped her breasts in his hands. He filled her completely, and she made muffled sounds of pleasure with each thrust. When she felt her body become as moist as his skin beneath her, he pulled her torso down to his chest. Her legs held him still firmly inside her.

He breathed the words, "Lie on your back."

Knowing what he wanted next, she rolled flat on the sheets and he was atop her. Her athletic legs were still firmly around the cup in his back. Both made soft sounds as they rhythmically made love. Their position only allowed acts in unison, and she thrilled in the act. Natalie knew he was prolonging the culmination as long as he could, because she felt the same urgency. The shudders of their muscles happened simultaneously, then he arched his body in ultimate pleasure.

Natalie was swept beyond control by her own internal spasms, a new one arriving as quickly as the last one slipped away.

Minutes elapsed before they met each other's eyes again. Rex lay heavily on her. Natalie kept him there by the strength of her long, strong arms.

He arched his neck, and said in a whisper, "you're beautiful..." The words came haltingly as if they were not something he said easily. She leaned upward and kissed the sweat covering his neck. Then she placed one slender hand against his large one, curling her fingers inside his hand. He responded by covering her small fist. Her gesture was an act of feminine submission and pleasure at the same time.

They lay beside each other, their hands still exploring each other's bodies, in places only they knew why they chose. Then she heard herself saying, "I don't usually do..." and he covered her mouth with his hand and said, "I know you don't." She hoped he did, she wanted to believe him. She rested her head on his shoulder as he stroked her hair lying on his body.

He raised up and locked his hands behind his head. Lying flat, he lay still as the rise and fall of his chest slowed with his breathing. His mood seemed reflective.

Natalie lay still as the beating of her heart slowly calmed. She looked at his profile with enjoyment.

After moments which passed in a vacuum and could not be measured, Rex abruptly left the bed and walked to the bathroom, off a small door at the end on the kitchenette. He returned to her

side, a towel wrapped around his hips, and stood by the bed. "Will you stay?" he asked.

Natalie nodded yes, and left the bed. She met his body and unwrapped the towel. It fell to the floor as she stretched as high as she could, standing on her toes. Her mouth sought his. He met it immediately.

Her strong arms behind his shoulders pulled him toward her. Her breasts touched the soft, curly light colored hair covering his chest. She moved her feet behind him, and slowly their bodies, now molded into one, bent to the bed.

She lay atop him, her legs against his, feeling him grow hard once more. The tip of his phallus pressed between her vulva, bringing her to life. She guided him inside herself carefully, then rose to her knees. They rose together until their union was completed. She lay on his chest with him still inside her. This time, she was the one to roll away.

He kissed her thoughtfully and traced her inner thighs with his fingers. "Where did you get such strong muscles? Dancing?"

She smiled, "No, riding, training horses."

Before moving to explore her body further, he said, "Natalie Andersen, I think you might be able to keep up with me." She knew it was a compliment, Rex Hammond style. He was a confident man, and she thought that he should be. They spoke of the parts of the other's body they desired, until they grew peaceful, and the room around them took form.

Something was on Natalie's mind. "About the man we talked about in the restaurant. His chain was unusual. It was silver, with a silver cross with a single diamond at the center. I had the feeling it wasn't new...something he'd had for a long time. Not necessarily a man's jewelry."

Rex stared at the ceiling for a minute or so. Abruptly, he bolted from the bed. She sat up and pulled the sheet around her breasts, watching Rex rummage in the small dresser, and pull out casual clothes. He dressed quickly as Natalie watched in silence.

Standing in the middle of the room near the wooden table, he

turned to her and said, "Stay here. The manager is in the first apartment downstairs if you need anything."

He reached for a small bowl on the table, pulled out a key and tossed it to her. "Don't leave. I'll be back when I can."

Grabbing a brown outdoor leather jacket, Hammond stuffed his wallet in his back pants pocket and held his keys in his hand. After he had closed the door, she heard his key in the door, locking the door from outside.

Natalie sat in the bed, hugging her knees, and looked around. She had the feeling Rex Hammond wouldn't be around much in the next few days. This might be more convenient than the Grand. Just pick up her messages every day. No bothersome switchboard. She saw a coffee pot, and thought, this could work.

But if he expected her to sit around waiting for him, he should think again.

11

As Mancos drew in front of the house where he was to stay, he wondered, did all safehouses look the same? White paint faded gray, narrow, two windows opposite the front door. He approved of the neighborhood. Car dealerships and a collection of small businesses surrounded the safehouse. A radio and television set repair shop was on one side.

The house was on a corner. He only saw one other residence, on the other end of the block. It should be quiet at night. That was good.

There was a remnant of a driveway at the side of the house. Cracked pieces of concrete were surrounded by weeds. If there had been a garage, it was gone. The brick side of a hardware store was about thirty feet behind the house, with an alley running between.

Cautiously, Mancos circled the block, leaving McKinney, the address of the house, and driving down small side streets. He decided to leave the car two blocks down, parked on the street. He would change its position at least twice a day. He removed a casual shirt and pair of pants from the suitcase and put them in his briefcase, then transferred the suitcase to the trunk. After locking

the car, he walked toward the house.

On the way, Mancos stopped to look in a store window. Three large Fedders window air conditioners chugged away, cold air pushing strips of colored crepe paper up in the air. He watched a few moments, as if shopping. The neighborhood was treeless and still hot. He took off his jacket and draped it over his arm.

Mancos unlocked the house with the key Corbet had given him. The Agency would not like to know that he was traveling with a suitcase. Baggage could be traced and searched while he was in flight. But it had been necessary. Mancos had no controller and could dismiss the small worry.

Inside, he searched the building as he had so many places before. He looked at the two single beds while running his hands beneath them, feeling for wires or unexpected metal boxes or grenades. There were none. The house appeared to be clean.

He changed into a casual knit shirt and casual cotton pants. He could use one of those large air conditioners in the house. But there were none.

There was basic fresh food in the refrigerator — bread, butter, catsup. The small freezer held ground beef and a cut-up chicken covered with plastic. The cabinets held plates and pans. There was a drawer with mismatched cutlery.

He did not expect to see Ranger before dark. There was nothing to do but clean his gun. Cautiously, he raised windows in the bedroom for light and air, then drew a straight chair close to the bed. He withdrew his .38 from the depressions in the bottom of the case. A cleaning rod, a rod to hold the cleaning path and a small bottle of cleaning oil were nestled in the depressions of the custom made briefcase. It was presented to him on his eighteenth birthday by his father when he was to join the National Guard.

He remembered Arcola Acosta saying importantly, "This gun is not for fighting. This is to keep your enemies from killing you."

Mancos removed the semi-automatic weapon from the briefcase. He was uncomfortably warm as the relentless Texas sun gripped the dying day. He removed his shirt, then ran his hand

smoothly over the revolver.

Knowing that it was clean, he nonetheless slid it open and peered down the barrel. He squirted a drop of oil onto the cloth and ran the rod in and out of the barrel. No specks appeared on the patch.

He snapped the trigger of the empty gun with satisfaction, then checked the clip filled with shells. He replaced the gun and cleaning materials in the briefcase and snapped it shut.

There was to be an arsenal of guns and ammunition at the abandoned church in Oak Cliff. After Ranger arrived, they would check the guns and determine if everything they needed was there.

Mancos lay on top of the bed closest to the window, his head cupped in his hands locked behind his head. Sleep was many hours away. He went over everything he knew in his mind. In the end, it amounted to the fact that there was an overpass and a trestle. The long limousine would come down an incline. After it passed under the trestle, Entierra de necio would be history.

He looked toward the window and blinked. The sun was falling toward the horizon and pointed straight toward his eyes, momentarily blinding him. Behind his closed eyelids, he saw a red glow.

How will it feel to kill a President? Toward John Kennedy he felt nothing. The man had great money. Once, the Acostas did too. Kennedy had children whom he loved. He had a wife, a mother... Mancos had no wife, but he well knew the closeness of family.

But John Kennedy had deserted Mancos' countrymen and caused their blood to run in the water and on the sand. He was the leader, and the leader must take the responsibility. In fact, Kennedy had said that. Mancos had read it in the newspaper. What had he said? "I take full responsibility..." Something like that. A leader must suffer the consequences of grave mistakes.

It did not feel good to prepare for Entierra de necio. It did not feel bad. It was just what he must do.

The sun was now sinking, a red band above the red brick building next to the house, making the dark red bricks look black. Mancos pulled the shade down. He sat up and put his shirt back on. He was growing impatient. He wanted to see and talk to Ranger.

Ignoring the contents of the refrigerator, Mancos left the house in search of a diner. Finding one a few blocks away, he ate a tasteless meatloaf dinner with watery mashed potatoes and canned peas. He poured catsup over the meat. He had learned a few American ways. The cafe was not far from the safehouse. He could have walked. Next time he would. He bought a Dallas newspaper at a red metal stand on the sidewalk, then returned to the house.

There was surprisingly little in the afternoon newspaper about the coming of the President. A short article about the shortcomings of the Dallas Trade Mart as the setting for the President's luncheon, and an editorial written by Dallas' mayor, asking citizens to show the President good manners. Sorry Mister Mayor, I am only a tourist. His mouth twisted as he tossed the paper aside.

He rummaged through his briefcase, and re-read papers to pass the time. Ranger should arrive soon. It was now pitch dark outside, but only faintly cooler. For a few minutes, he chose the only soft chair in the living room to rest, laying his head against the soft upholstery. He closed his eyes.

When he heard the click of metal in the front door lock outside, he instantly opened his eyes and straightened his body. Ranger had a key identical to his, Corbet had told him.

He had reached his feet and started to move toward the doorway when the door swung open. A tall dark haired man with a slim mustache stood in the doorway. Artero.

He should have known this might happen. The problem of twenty Cubans knowing that he was in Dallas suddenly diminished in importance. This was the last man he wanted to see. Once a sincere and dedicated exile, Artero had changed since he grew close to top members of the Mafia. Mancos had heard that Artero had become gun happy and would kill without reason.

Mancos tentatively extended his hand. Artero ignored the extended hand and extracted a cigarette from a gold cigarette holder. He lit it and inhaled slowly in the style of a movie actor.

Mancos said with deliberation, "So, we are comrades once more?"

Artero again inhaled deeply. He shrugged a narrow shoulder. "No. You have one team. I have more." He sat on the sofa against the front wall and stared at Mancos. His expression was peculiar. For a few moments he seemed interested in how Mancos would respond. His black eyes narrowed.

Walking slowly about, Mancos began to talk. "I imagined there would be others. Your presence is not a complete surprise." Not exactly true, but he wanted to convey an image of confidence. The floor boards creaked as he walked.

"What is your position?" Artero asked, his interest growing dimmer. He seemed almost bored.

"The trestle and behind the fence beside it."

"The time?" Artero asked.

"As the limousine approaches."

Artero raised his chin, appearing deep in study. After several seconds, he sighed. "Ranger?" he asked.

"With me," Mancos said.

Artero nodded slowly. "My men will be at the rear...and other places."

Mancos didn't answer. Instead he asked a question, "I was told to contact a Texan, a man named Bracy?"

Artero stood, threw down his cigarette and ground it beneath a pointed toe black shoe. Damn. This is the one he should have sent a plane ticket to Hollywood. Artero had a strange wide-eyed stare. He began to walk to and fro, his movements jerky. Any semblance of calm disappeared. His behavior changed drastically. His voice rose as he admonished, "Leave him alone. He's mine."

Good, Mancos thought. You and the other locos stay together.

Artero walked rapidly around the room and began to rant. "You have angered me. Why did you visit the man Ruby?"

"You know about that?" Mancos asked mildly. "Then perhaps you know more than I do. I was told he might have information I needed. Apparently he did not. He gave me a map. But we already know what it shows."

Artero's agitation was elevated by malice. Words tumbled from

his mouth faster than Mancos could make them out: So many men to train. Time so short. Mancos was in his way. Take the church. Leave Ruby alone. Don't spook him. Ruby was a coward anyway. The words were shrill and disconnected. Nevertheless, Mancos absorbed them as rapidly as he could.

As Artero advanced toward him, Mancos hoped he would not have to try to reach his gun, still in the briefcase. He walked back a few steps, a submissive move intended to buy time. Artero stretched his wide mouth open, showing white teeth, the top ones meeting those below. Pupils dilated. Definitely on drugs. A mad dog!

The pencil-slim Cuban was well over six feet tall, towering above Mancos. But Mancos knew he could handle him physically. His military training had given him a muscular body, shorter at just under six feet, but every bit as strong as Artero. Probably stronger. But it was said that Artero could kill a sea gull at 250 yards with a .38. That was a contest Mancos didn't want.

Artero slowly drew a small silver revolver from beneath his suit coat. He held it high in the air. Mancos looked at him in wonder. The stories were right. Artero was loco — even worse.

Unable to restrain himself, Mancos' shoulder muscles bunched and his fists clenched. A fight with this man was wrong. He should not do it. He had been told there would be other teams in the operation. It was necessary. But at the moment, he only wanted to spring straight at Artero, throw him to the floor and mash his face into the rough splinters.

The gun went off. Mancos shifted his eyes from Artero's face and watched sheet rock fall downward on Artero's black suit coat. Crazy!

Mancos stepped forward, now moving toward Artero. "What do you want? This serves neither of us, or our country."

Artero was still acting wildly. Totally out of control. He gripped the pistol in the same threatening upright position. He spat out more words. He owned Ruby. Others. He owned so many that Mancos could not imagine.

Mancos doubted it, but... "Tell me what you want!" he demanded again.

Artero wanted the house.

He could have it.

As Artero made another menacing gesture, Mancos said, "Let me get my briefcase. I'll take the church. It does not matter."

"But it does matter. You are in my way. No one stands between Artero and the dog Kennedy."

He made no sense. Mancos turned and walked calmly to the bedroom. Maybe these would be his last steps. What a useless way to die.

As he calmly arranged the contents of the briefcase, he was glad he had not brought the suitcase inside. It was still in the trunk of the car. He didn't want to die with a suitcase in his hand. But what did it matter? Who could choose the way they died?

The case in hand, he turned instinctively toward the back door to the house, through the tiny kitchen. There were others to avoid...not only the crazy Artero.

With even, careful footsteps, Mancos walked through the back door. The screen door slapped back against the wooden frame. Artero rushed after him before the screen closed, pointing the gun at Mancos. Was the assignment more than Artero could stand? Was he crazy on drugs the mob had given him? They were stupid to give him drugs. He had always been impulsive. Now worse.

A fact formed in Mancos' mind. Now here is another enemy. More deadly than the Americans with their machine guns or rifles.

The dead grass of the yard crunched as he walked steadily. He decided the alley was best. If he got that far. "Adios, amigo," he said quietly.

The first of the changes that he expected had occurred. That seemed like the city. Dallas. A city of changes. He really didn't know it that well, but it appeared that way. Like Tony and Maria. They were different since they came to Dallas. Less Cuban. Cubans didn't like changes. Beautiful and old were good. Not here. Mancos didn't know how he knew that, but he did.

He thought as stepped into the alley that its people would get the biggest change of all. Would they like it? He bet some of them would.

"Put the gun down! Both of you. Walk to the car with your hands up." Mancos heard the command behind him with a sick feeling. Somehow he knew what would happen next. Poor dumb cop. He must have heard the shot in the house from the street.

A quick glance showed Mancos that a squad car was parked in front of the house. So the cop had followed them after they left the back door. There was a single noiseless second.

Without warning, while Mancos watched, Artero whirled and fired his weapon at the officer. Artero stood stiffly as the officer fell.

Mancos leapt over a low sagging wire fence and darted down the alley. There were no steps behind him. Where was Artero? Admiring his kill?

His steps grew quicker and the noise behind him faded. There was suddenly no sound at all.

Rex flattened his body into the weeds outside the fence between the house and the red brick storefront behind him. He head was turned amid thick shrubbery. He had been there, scarcely breathing, since the argument moved outside.

Minutes before, he had stood against the house watching Mancos rest in the chair. But then the other Cuban had entered. Now he made no movement, not a single muscle twitched. The Cuban spoke in Spanish. Rex understood some of the words. Others he did not.

Within a minute, he heard the back screen door bang a second time as the Latin went back inside.

Rex turned his head slowly toward the street. Less than ten feet away lay a pudgy Dallas cop, on his back, his face turned toward Rex. He had huge brown eyes in a round face. They stared forever.

Before he could move, Rex heard the scream of sirens. He must get to his car, parked down the block. He couldn't answer questions. He wouldn't even know what to say. The tall skinny Latin in the black suit and tie stayed inside.

Rex doubted the police would see the Cuban, no matter how thoroughly they searched the house and grounds. The man was slime. He could hide between cracks.

Mancos, my old friend, you are now my enemy. And we share another.

12

Mancos didn't slow his steady run until he reached the street where his car was parked. Then he abruptly slowed to a walk. He knew he didn't look appropriate for the night, wearing casual clothes with a sports jacket over his arm, carrying a briefcase. Every step walked down the street to the brown car was agonizing.

He hoped the police cars he could hear honing to where the noise had been, would not come down the street where he walked. He felt as conspicuous as an American woman wearing a bikini in a Havana cathedral. He cursed Artero to himself.

Ranger should have no trouble reaching him. Artero wouldn't likely bother him. Good hitmen were hard to come by.

All the necessary street addresses had been memorized. He had learned in training as a patriot that written messages and numbers could easily find their way into the enemy's hands. He memorized most routes from the map that he would follow. Still, the scenes were different than what he expected.

The heat of the day had changed to an oppressive blanket of dark warmth, only slightly less uncomfortable than the blazing sun. Was it this hot in New Orleans? Miami? It didn't seem so. It

was like the sun sat on top of Dallas, perhaps because so few trees shaded the streets.

One street that he was to follow, leading away from downtown, was wide and straight. He drove over a long bridge, but could see little below the concrete except dark tracings of railroad tracks. Where was the river? He would see it in the morning.

Turning westward onto a major street in Oak Cliff, Mancos headed for the abandoned church. He found it quickly, and rejecting the large parking lot to its right, parked the brown Ford beside the curb. The street was deserted at one thirty in the morning.

How different than New Orleans. There, people came alive and swarmed through streets after dark. Laughing, drinking, cursing. Dallas went to sleep.

Mancos quickly found the door which should open to his key. It was at the bottom of a basement stair well made of concrete. He paused to touch the wall of the church, which had once been painted yellow but was now a mottled mustard color. Gray concrete blocks showed through missing stucco. It was a sound building, however old. Standing on a bare lot, it had no trees to shield it from view. That was not so good.

The door opened easily to his key. He didn't like the lock. The aluminum shined with newness, contrasting with the old structure. It could have been replaced by police who searched the deserted building on a regular basis.

Mancos walked into a dark hallway, running the length of the basement. Doors were ajar to the left and right. Two lights were set in the ceiling, one over the entrance and one farther down the hall, close to the end of the building. He took a chance and flicked the switch. Nothing. No electricity. He and Ranger would have to rough it.

Walking into one of the rooms, he flicked the cigarette lighter he carried in order to break the darkness; for no other reason.

He picked up a book tossed to the floor, its pages open. A hymnal or song book. Other papers and boxes had been left behind. Probably the congregation had erected a new church building and

just moved, casting off the old. Mancos was sure that it was a Protestant denomination by the hymnal, one of many such churches which dotted American cities.

He had seen their members before. Dressed in starched dresses and shirts, carrying Bibles. Singing, in English, loudly and joyously, pianos or organs accompanying the singers.

Sighing, he recalled the cathedral he had gone to as a child, usually with his family. Solemn and formal, people in beautiful clothes, lace over the women's heads. The priest delivered the mass in Latin. His sister explained what the Priest had said. Rosalinda went on Sundays and during the week. He teased her, "You go whenever Father opens the doors." She had only smiled at him.

Mancos walked through the downstairs rooms, eight in all. One was small and had a door that led to an inner area. It opened, but seeing only storage items, Mancos did not investigate further. It was not the furnace room which he needed to locate. Where were the guns?

Inside what had been the sanctuary, he looked at the end elevated for the area where the minister stood. The floor was wooden and old. Benches and other wooden appurtenances had been removed, leaving the wood where they had stood lighter in color.

Mancos looked over the expanse. He was beginning to feel uneasy. The guns had to be here. Not that he could not find more, but he wasn't pleased by another change of plans. Ranger would have his own, but Mancos had chosen not to travel with a rifle. He had been told there would be a suitable number available at the church.

To one side of the floor, in front of the elevated area, was a small square in the floor. It seemed to have been cut from the floor boards and then set back in place. With the flame of the cigarette lighter outlining the cracks, he ran his right hand around the square, which was about two and a half feet wide. The crack was wider on one side, about an inch. He pried it up with his fingers. A trap door easily opened.

A narrow stairway went downward. He followed it, turning his

feet sideways to fit on the stairs. He steadied himself close to the floor, then jumped the last foot down. The furnace room. The furnace itself had been removed, leaving two large round stubs of aluminum ducts ending where they once joined the heating device. Like giant handless arms.

No papers or dirt littered the floor. The room had been attended to not long ago.

As his eyes adjusted to the blackness, they settled on several wooden boxes in a corner. He easily opened one, and saw rifles neatly stacked inside. One box held handguns, several were filled with grenades. He smiled. Better that Artero wasn't here. He might blow up downtown Dallas just to see the fireworks.

The grenades would have been useful in Cuba. They probably had been intended for the Bay of Pigs and never got there, like airplanes and everything else.

Seeing that the guns seemed operable, and that everything they needed was there, Mancos felt the relief of a mechanic with a good set of new tools. He went back upstairs. Exploring a room off the sanctuary, he found what had been the church kitchen. The water might have been shut off, but instead spurted from the faucet. He looked on the shelves and found a few glasses and cups.

Checking one of the restrooms, he found the toilets operable. There was even a small old shower-stall where they could clean themselves. The building was not only available, it was kept up for use.

Finding several metal folding chairs, he sat for a moment near the front and looked around. Like many churches, it had no windows in the front. Just the large side windows to let the sun shine on the worshipers. He went to the choir loft, now bare, and saw diffused light coming through a small triangle covered by wooden louvers set high on the wall beneath the steeple. Standing on the uppermost choir bench, he could make out the street below. There were few cars. Watching grew boring.

A young couple walked down the street, the man's arm over the short woman. She giggled as he nuzzled her neck. They stopped

and kissed passionately. Mancos watched. There was nothing else to look at.

When a dark car cruised slowly down the street and slowed to a crawl in front of the church, Mancos was instantly alert. He was too high above the street to see anyone inside until the driver leaned out the window to look closer at the church. A tall man with light colored hair. The man looked carefully at the church, then drew his head back in the car and drove slowly away.

Mancos felt a tingle of his nerves across his chest and arms that went with controlled alarm. He knew the man. The knowledge came from having had physical contact with a person, elbows in ribs, fist on fist, the familiarity that came with hand-to-hand combat. The lank and height of the man was what he remembered most. Rex Hammond. What in God's name was he doing here? It meant nothing but bad news.

Mancos stood motionless until the car moved on. His mind whirled. How could he be sure? He had to be sure.

Even from this elevation in the building, he heard the door to the basement open. He hoped it was Ranger, but was prepared for anyone. Come on Ranger, buddy. I'm ready.

Mancos left the bench and squatted on his heels below the three foot partition which had once shielded the legs of seated choir members from the eyes of the parishioners below. He raised his head carefully, his right hand touching the gun in his shoulder holster.

Relief swept over him as he saw a heavily muscled man of medium height in a sweat shirt and blue jeans, carrying what appeared to be a substantially thick briefcase.

"Ranger," Mancos called.

Ranger was a Texan, and had told him that a Mafia member had suggested the war name because they controlled the Texas Rangers. Ranger was not controlled by the Mafia. He killed for whoever could pay him.

Ranger's eyes glanced upward, and a small smile came over his square jawed, broad face. A fine specimen of an American, Mancos

thought.

Mancos walked slowly toward his hitman. After they shook hands, he asked if Ranger had seen Artero.

In the gloom of the building, lit only by diffused light from the outside streets, Ranger's face changed from its affable nature to something close to worry. "He's wired, man. I left before I had to kill him. Do I have to report—"

"No, you report to me," Mancos said with force. "We stay away from him."

"What the hell is he so mad at you about?"

Mancos shrugged and said, "It's not important. Let's check out the building."

"Oh, he said something about telling you to watch for the man with the umbrella," Ranger said.

Mancos just shook his head. As they walked through the kitchen and toward the furnace room, he described his visit with Jack Ruby. "I was just checking in, like Corbet said to do. But he was antsy, too. Not as bad as Artero, but like he wasn't sure he was in this thing. Corbet said he was."

"I hear Corbet's dead."

They talked briefly about Corbet, agreeing that his killer could have been Artero. "Or me," Ranger said with a grin, "but it wasn't."

They were quickly absorbed with the weapons, agreeing that they would clean them in the daylight, after they had checked out the kill zone. He didn't mention Rex Hammond.

"Leave your hitman's mind clear," he remembered Corbet saying, although the instructions were unnecessary.

Ranger asked where they would sleep, and Mancos said that there were no beds. "Are you sure?" Ranger asked. It was Mancos' turn to follow Ranger as he searched the building. He stopped at the small room Mancos had seen and correctly supposed was a storage room, and rummaged among boxes and other items.

"Here," Ranger said, handing Mancos long poles stored at the back of the closet. Then, after more digging around, he came up with folded khaki colored canvas and cross poles that formed two

cots. He suggested they set them up downstairs. Mancos followed his lead. He was not tired, but preoccupied.

Both men stretched out on the cots.

"A few hours shut eye," Ranger said.

Mancos asked, "Tell me something. Have you ever killed a friend?"

The room was silent. He waited. Ranger spoke softly, "I guess I don't have any real friends, like I think you mean. So I haven't."

Mancos was silent, thinking.

"Have you?" Ranger asked without much curiosity.

"No," Mancos said. "I hope I don't have to."

In low, slowed speech of men preparing for sleep, they talked about killing.

"The first time I did it, the guy had it comin'. And it felt good. Soon as I got better at shootin', the word got out, and I've been doing it ever since. It pays good." Ranger lay still, as if that was all there was to it.

Mancos knew not to ask him why the man had it coming. That was personal between him and the man he killed. He thought about his first time. It was a jumble. When he was hunting down Fidel's men. He wasn't sure which was the first. But it still hadn't felt good. He was glad when the rattle and bursts of the guns stopped. Mancos said, "I killed a kid once. But it wasn't because I wanted to. I was after a man and he was trying to kill me, too. Then he grabbed a kid. I tried to hit the guy, but he ducked, and I got both of them."

"That's bad. But it wasn't your fault," Ranger said.

Mancos hesitated, "I guess not."

Crickets outside the basement window, which they had decided to leave partly opened, clicked frenetically in the unmowed grass. It was a comforting sound, signaling no disturbance of nature.

"I think I'd like to stop," Mancos said.

"Killing?" Ranger asked.

"Yes. I'd live to save some people, like my sister."

There was a longer pause, while Ranger considered. "I don't sup-

pose I'll stop as long as I can see good. I like going to one place, then another."

"There's one man I could kill," Mancos said. "Fidel."

"Yeah," Ranger answered, seeming to understand. "Cause you hate him."

"Not just that. More about him lying and tricking so many of us. Like he wasn't a Communist. I always knew what he was up to, but a lot of people didn't."

Ranger hummed lowly, as if he didn't understand a motive bigger than hate. "I never killed a President," he said. "This will be a first time for that. I imagine I'll feel real good after it. Maybe get a big steak. If I have time."

Mancos let out a quiet "Humm.. I don't think you'll have time here."

Ranger yawned, then said. "Probably not. But they have steaks other places."

"I do think I would like to stop," Mancos repeated. "Not that I'm afraid. But because it usually doesn't make any sense to me. There should be a reason."

Ranger disagreed, arguing that everyone had a reason to kill. That he just did the work for them. Finally he conceded, "Maybe you can stop, but I've done it too long. It's what I do."

They lay in the dark for a few minutes without saying anything.

Mancos rolled over on his side as best he could on the narrow cot He believed they would not talk about killing again.

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The records room was faintly lit. A bulb beneath a metal cone shone on the two men, one so tall his head was only the width of a hand beneath the light fixture. Joe couldn't help but notice Rex's height. He'd like to be over six feet tall. But he wasn't. They finished looking in every file Rex could think of, and left the police department.

As they crossed the street, heading for a restaurant, Joe missed a step. He removed his glasses and rubbed his closed eyes, smarting after hours of pouring over documents. Rex stood beside him, waiting silently, ready for breakfast. Joe needed more coffee.

Once across the street, they walked toward the restaurant. The street was deserted as they moved further downtown. A siren whined in the distance.

The subject on Joe's mind shook his feeling that they had accomplished anything of significance during the night. He kept his voice down, even though there was no one near. "You really think those guys are after the President?"

Rex shoved his hands deep in his pockets. "I'm sure of it. I just hope they are the only ones."

"Why don't you report it?"

"Wouldn't do any good. It would help if the FBI would go public about the Chicago plot. But they won't. National security they say. That one was so close, they kept Kennedy away. And there we had some facts. One arrest, though he wasn't the kingpin.

"Acosta didn't come to Chicago until it was all over. How can I prove he was involved? And the other guy I saw at the safehouse didn't match any of the mug shots. I'll bet a dollar to a doughnut Acosta's one of our CIA contract agents. I think he's involved but don't know how... you saw — there's no record."

They had found only one arrest that interested Rex. A Cuban had been in Dallas in September and contacted Maria Santos, the wife of Tony Santos, an active Cuban exile. Said his name was Leon or Lee.

Rex said he thought he knew the man, but he wasn't either of the two he needed to find now. Joe knew about the Dallas exile group, but had not realized they were still actively involved in anti-American activities. He concluded that Acosta, in all probability, was the person Natalie has asked him about. Now he knew his full name — Manuel Acosta, aka Mancos.

Joe wondered silently whether to tell Natalie who he was. Instinctively, he knew not to involve her. She would go off on her own and get in the middle of trouble.

"You think the exiles can pull this off alone?" he asked.

Rex stopped and faced him. "Hell, no. That's the whole point. The Mafia's around somewhere...and some CIA. I'm sure that Acosta was with the Agency, but I'm not sure if he still is. Acosta and the other guy split up. You see what I have to do. Search every damn foot of Dallas."

Joe kept up with Rex's long strides. He wasn't sure how much information to share with the police detective. He deliberated only an instant. Tell the guy everything. He had to. "You found the safehouse," Joe said. "How about the church?"

"What church?"

"One on Beckley in Oak Cliff. It's empty. The police keep trying

to catch someone there. So far they haven't."

"My God," Rex said. "I drove by there earlier tonight. Almost stopped." He walked faster. Joe stepped up his pace to keep up. He filled Rex in on Jack Ruby's activities and the reported map of the motorcade.

Rex seemed not as concerned about Ruby. Said he was under watch by the FBI, but that he would call them about the map. He believed they may already know. Rex quickly revealed that Natalie had told him about the map. It was the first time her name had been mentioned by either of them.

"I want some breakfast and then I need to start hunting," Rex said.

They went into Lucas B&B restaurant. The food was fair, always served in sizable portions. There were only a few people in the all-night restaurant. The black topped tables shined as they do only after the restaurant's main meal rush was over and the table tops and their aluminum pedestals have been thoroughly rubbed down.

Joe had never understood why they had painted the walls a bright green. They used to be white. When the traffic light outside, in the middle of a block where a side street dead-ended at Commerce, turned green, it cast a glow that bounced off the walls. The patrons — even Rex, who he had started to think of as "Flash" — took on a sickly green hue. Maybe no one else noticed.

The place was almost deserted at 4 a.m. Just two lawyers yawing at a table in the corner. Joe pointed to a booth along a deserted wall. They sank into it.

Once Rex's order of ham and eggs was on the way, Joe watched the detective push back against the padded seat, and grow limp. Joe envied the ability of some active people to seize a few minutes and completely tune out their surroundings.

Joe was more restless than Rex. When Rex sat upright, Joe grabbed the chance to talk about Ruby. "I suppose I sound like Johnny one note, but Ruby concerns me," he said.

"How so?" Rex commented without much interest.

Joe played with a ballpoint pen, tapping it against his teeth.

"He clearly lied to Natalie. God, was that today?" Joe said, shaking his head. "Anyway, that's not like him. He usually talks when he should be listening. He claimed he didn't have a map, and that there was no one in his office. She flew at him like a wet hen, but he didn't give an inch."

Rex grunted, "Then why don't you keep an eye on him while I chase the Cubans?"

"I could," Joe said noncommittally. "By the way, have you heard from Tucker?" The missing officer had been the reason that Rex had first contacted him.

"He's recovering," Rex said. "But he didn't have anything new."

"Why did you decide to work with me?" Joe asked, changing the subject.

Rex shrugged. "I was told in Chicago not to trust any police, not that I needed the hint. You know. Good cops, bad cops. FBI guys said to check you out. They said you were reliable. I don't always work with a partner. But in a new city, it's a good idea."

Looking at Rex, he realized he had known him for less than one week. He admired his tenacity. Rex was the only officer, intelligence or regular, in Dallas, who didn't stop when he hit a brick wall. But then he wasn't from Dallas.

"Are you going to stay in Dallas?" Joe asked casually, avoiding Natalie's name.

"Not if things work out right. They may move me around, following Kennedy until this stuff dies down."

"Do you think it will?"

"No," Rex said flatly, "Not while he is President. Maybe not ever. He's made too many people mad. Him and Bobby."

Eyeing his cup and saucer, Joe nodded in agreement.

"How was your dinner? Did Natalie show you a good restaurant?" So he was fishing. So what.

Rex nodded, "Yeah. Best steak I've had in months. We shared information. She knows this town inside out."

Joe's feelings were mixed. Natalie didn't know how he felt about her. Probably never would. She didn't owe him anything. "Yeah,"

he said slowly, "I've known her for years. She's a straight arrow. "

The subject died as Joe tried to shift the conversation. He watched Hammond finish his food, eating rapidly, obviously anxious to be on his way.

Rex picked up the check and stood, "Take your time. Another hour and it'll be daylight. I'll call you later."

"Sure," Joe said. He sat, letting the fifth cup of coffee he'd had in three hours grow cold. He didn't really want coffee. He wanted to call Natalie. She wasn't at the hotel. He was pretty sure she was at Hammond's apartment. But he couldn't call. Had to wait until she contacted him. He didn't like it. He didn't like it at all. But there was nothing he could do.

He watched the traffic light turn the lawyers' faces green.

14

Wednesday, November 20, 1963

Natalie woke slowly in the dark apartment, changing positions with the languid movements of a woman who has been well loved. She stretched and rolled to her side.

Only dim light came through the small window at the rear of the room. Hammond's place. The window opened onto a narrow alley with the back of another building just behind it. She looked at shallow light inside a dark curtain which turned back the sun.

An old green sofa signified the living part of the room about six feet from the bed. White walls, or they had been. A narrow wood frame around a landscape scene, green trees, pale bluish green water and a peek at a muted blue sky between the leaves. Standard furnished apartment decor.

Her mother once had a sofa like that, the upholstery made of forest green nylon, prickly and uncomfortable. But at least the darn material never wore out.

She picked up her watch from the bedside table. God, after nine.

With a yawn, she allowed herself a few minutes feeling the ripe,

complete feeling which she had not felt in so long. Men did not call it love. They kept it separate. Sex and love. Two different things.

Too soon to think love, she thought. But it had been an act of giving that she only did when she felt a strong connection to a man...a beginning. There would be more. She felt happy. She stretched, then pushed the sheets back with self indulgent reluctance. Sitting upright, she leaned her head against her knees and felt her hair fall over her legs. Oh, get up, get up.

From a bare nozzle at the end of an old shower pipe running up the green wall, water splashed over her body. Actually a good shower. Plenty of hot water. She washed her hair with shampoo she found in the bathroom. His shampoo.

She quickly dressed in the same clothes she had worn the day before, dashed down to the car for her suitcase and returned to the apartment.

Shedding underwear, she donned fresh nylon hose, panties and blouse. Making up her face was a quick process of applying smooth makeup, eye liner and mascara. The same rose lipstick she had worn the day before.

She took her address book and a steno pad from her briefcase and sat on the sagging sofa beside the black phone. She needed to make up the bed, but decided to make some calls first. First, her mother, who answered on the second ring. She felt a twinge of guilt. Why couldn't an independent, grown woman be honest with her mother, especially a mother like hers, who was her best friend? She didn't know the answer.

Her mother's voice assumed a "worried mother" sound. Where was she? Staying downtown with a friend from the *Sentinel*. She crossed her fingers. She gave her mother the telephone number hand printed in the circle in the center of the dial. Yes, Natalie would see her before she left. Yes, she had a lot to do.

Had she talked to her brother lately? No, Mother. But she would. She had thought about Nels and the kids yesterday. The holidays were coming. Was she coming home for Christmas? Sure, Mother, she said, and crossing her fingers again. I'll call again. I love you,

Mother. It was like most of their conversations, full of compassionate sameness.

Abruptly, she opened the address book to names of business acquaintances. Rex banished from her mind, she turned to business. She needed several interviews and needed them fast. Within minutes she had set up appointments with Lyle Dunn, an FBI agent she had once actually worked with on a story, and Robert Cole, head of the local Demo party. Cole's secretary said she might want to talk to Betty Haley, chairwoman of the host committee. Another call, and Haley made the third appointment of the morning.

The receptionist at the Secret Service office said all agents were booked for the morning. Call back this afternoon.

Next, she called Joe's office. He sounded strange. She suggested they meet for lunch, and asked if she could use a typewriter at his office afterward. He agreed. Damn. Why did it have to be this way? He must suspect where she was. When he carefully explained that he had worked with Rex Hammond for several hours at the station, she was sure of it.

Joe probably thought she jumped into the sack with just any guy now. And she couldn't explain it. She could have told her dead friend, Jim Lowe. But not Joe. Jim and Joe were so different. Damn men, anyway.

Tight lipped, she hung up the phone and prepared for the morning's work.

Dunn had suggested they meet for coffee at a restaurant near the federal building. She made sure that she was the first to arrive and took a small booth to the rear. He was less than five minutes late.

Natalie dusted the doughnut's white powdered sugar from her fingers with a paper napkin. Dunn ordered coffee. "How do you like Washington?" he said by way of easing into conversation. She admitted she loved it.

Removing his mouth from the cup, Dunn raised his eyes to meet hers, asked, "What's on your mind?'

The agent never disobeyed regulations and gossiped, but what he did say could be depended on. Natalie made it brief. "I'm in town to cover the President's visit, from the political angle. But while I was in Washington, I became concerned about security while he is in Texas." She briefly described the scrap of a map she had received in the mail, and turned over to the FBI.

He set the coffee cup, with the red rim around its top, back on the saucer. He shrugged. "Well.." he began.

Natalie broke in. "Oh, I know. We get crank mail fairly frequently. I didn't think it was that important. But it started me thinking about security, especially when I heard that the motorcade may go through Dealey Plaza."

She watched him gather his thoughts. His thin, dark skinned face turned into a scowl. He looked at her suspiciously. "How did you hear that? It won't be announced until tonight's paper."

How she would love to pretend that she had heard it from the Secret Service. But better play it straight. "Jack Ruby has had a map of the route for over a week, or so I hear."

"And you believe him?" Dunn challenged.

She smiled, "Not usually. But a fellow I know at DPD confirmed the route." She was not about to give Dunn her source.

He sighed and shook his head, "I wish I knew who leaks stuff every damn time."

Natalie smiled. "Information isn't always leaked. Several times, I've been in the dark about police, especially about FBI operations."

It was his turn to smile. Dunn knew her father. Matthew Andersen's closed-mouth attitude was well known inside the bureau.

She threw in a question that she thought he might answer. Dunn worked on subversive activities. She asked about the Minute Men. He shook his head, "Truthfully, they may join here, and a lot do. But then they go out of state, we forward reports, and usually I never hear any more from them. I file report after report but never hear any more. It's frustrating. They play soldier more than anything."

Natalie nodded sympathetically. Paperwork was the bane of any FBI agent's existence. Even Jim Lowe, who had concentrated on the deepest operations before he got cancer, complained about tracking stolen cars from state to state.

"Seriously. What do you hear from my father?" she asked to stretch her time with Dunn.

"Very little," he answered. "I don't even see him much any more."

Was this a complete strike out? She stepped up the pace. "What do you think about the motorcade making the sharp right from Houston onto Elm? It's bound to slow them down."

Dunn mimicked another person's voice, possibly his supervisor. "It was good enough for Roosevelt. So it's good enough for Kennedy." He dismissed the subject with sarcasm in his voice. "I think it's stupid, but that's not for publication."

She nodded again, "I thought you would think so. Who's doing the advance work?"

"Winston Lawson. With Forrest Sorrels, Dallas' SAIC."

"Has anybody brought it up with them?"

Dunn seemed to be thinking about how much he could say. He said, "No. The FBI's been cut out of the loop. The FBI and the Secret Service still compete for top billing. This time the Secret Service won. I think we should be working together. But I sure better not read that in the newspaper."

She murmured her agreement sympathetically, "Secret Service is busy. I can't get an interview. At least not yet."

He muttered a few words that almost meant something, but didn't. Natalie knew when to let him "off the stand." She wrote the phone number where she was staying on a piece of napkin and asked him to keep in touch. Dunn nodded. They shook hands and she left before him.

Damn this story. It was right here, she could almost touch it, but no one wanted to admit it. Her frustration built. It was getting to her. She reminded herself that the easiest stories are those you follow and write. The hardest are ones you know are there, but

have to build them first, then write afterward.

She headed for Demo headquarters and her appointment with Cole. County Democratic headquarters were in a house on a broad old avenue with a grass median sprouting live oak trees. Meeting Cole there meant he wanted her to see the show. Normally they would meet at the Press Club, in the Baker Hotel, or at a restaurant.

Robert Cole had been county chairman for over twelve years. Meaning he was probably crooked as hell. At least when he had to be. The same applied to the Republican chief.

Politics was just dirty — anytime you collected money for hidden purposes, twists and turns were involved. Natalie resented seeing Cole. It was a non-story, but proprieties demanded that she pay the visit.

She parked in front of the red brick colonial mansion, converted, like many of the homes on the boulevard, to white collar businesses. The sign in the yard was small, only about three by three feet, and the lettering simple. Democratic County Headquarters. Someone had wrapped red, white and blue crepe paper streamers around a post. There were no pictures or signs of the President. They knew that any posters erected would be desecrated overnight, or pulled up by their stakes.

Any major election in Dallas spurred strong emotions. Yards were littered with signs, which were soon either tossed in the street by the opposition, or marked with swastikas. When the candidate was politically moderate, his face could be hidden by a hammer and sickle. For one considered left wing, the word "Commie" would be scrawled.

Kennedy had been called a dictator by a right wing U.S. Congressman just a few weeks ago. Natalie had received the press release from Congressman Bruce Alger, from Dallas, that said Kennedy was "in effect, assuming the role of dictator." Hilton had run the entire story, front page, one column top of the page on the left. Natalie had not been surprised. She just wished she could get as prominent a display for political stories of real signifi-

cance.

The ringing of telephones was heard from all angles as she sat in the entry on a small upholstered bench in the entry hall, opposite a framed formal portrait of President John F. Kennedy.

She took her steno pad out of her purse, showing she was all business. She had to ask the question. But Cole didn't have to answer it. Couldn't, in fact. Could Kennedy unite Texans? Would he make gains in Texas for '64? He had barely carried the state in '60 with Lyndon as his running mate. And it was too soon to tell.

Not to be asked was the real question. If Kennedy made a significant impact on Texans, what did that do to the Vice President?

While waiting, Natalie decided that Cole would not likely admit that the Vice President was the fly in the ointment in the coalescence of politics in the Lone Star State. Still, she had to start here. Protocol demanded it.

The tall, white haired county "pol" was said to be on the telephone, but didn't keep her waiting long. Emerging from an office with French doors, he extended his hand to shake hers. "The big day is coming up," he said jovially. Natalie smiled in agreement, knowing that Cole had a minor role in the arrangements. He wasn't even on the host committee.

Once Cole had sat behind his desk, his hands linked over his broad chest, Natalie flipped open her steno pad. She told him about her assignment, managed to ignore the important question and asked instead, "Do you think the disagreements between Senator Yarborough and the Governor could pose a problem to the Democratic Party in 1964?"

Cole was hardly surprised at the question. He gave her the straight party line. Oh, no, no, was the meat of it. A solid ticket with Lyndon Johnson a key player in 1964. A done deal. All over but the shouting.

When she asked if he was aware of Senator John Williams' investigation into Bobby Baker's shady financial investments, many made for other politicians, Cole only admitted that he had read something in the papers about it. Yeah, she thought, probably her

own story. He feigned complete surprise that Baker might be linked to Lyndon Johnson and be causing deep problems for the Vice President.

Natalie asked a few questions about the coming festivities in Dallas, thanked Cole, and left.

She had an appointment in an hour with Betty Haley, but needed some feedback on where Dallas stood politically. Dunn was no help, not that she expected it, so she made a quick decision to swing by the university and she if she could run into John Forbes. She had taken a summer seminar course under him, and though he was a quick quick-witted showman, he also knew his stuff. And wasn't afraid to say it. Students loved Forbes' outrageous statements in his seminars but, of course, when they could vote, they swayed back to the Texas party line.

Within eight minutes, Natalie reached the political science building among the red brick Georgian buildings. She parked in an alleyway, snug against the side of the building. John Forbes was a respectable analyst of the politics of any party or program.

She surprised the short, dark haired bespeckled professor standing in the hallway and talked him into a ten minute interview. Forbes was more likely to tell it straight than anyone.

It only took him less than a minute to tell his secretary to hold his calls. He said with a bemused smile that he had read her stories about the Vice President's problems. She commented on Bruce Alger's claim that the President was a dictator. "Alger's a publicity hound," Forbes said with derision. "Dallas women are his biggest supporters. Quote me if you dare."

Natalie left her notebook in her purse. "Just tell me how you think things are for the Democrats. No story, just the truth."

He laughed, "There is a difference, right?"

Natalie sat back in the oak side chair with a smile. She expected to be entertained, and Forbes knew it. She quickly mentioned the story Clarence Hilton wanted.

Forbes snorted. He then turned toward her in compete seriousness. "Test the waters yourself. You know what you'll find.

Kennedy's trip will increase his popularity. But that's not the real story."

Natalie suspected what was coming.

"The real story is who will be the Vice Presidential nominee in '64. And if you can answer that one, you're another Houdini." Forbes speech was so rapid the words seemed to rattle.

Trying to slow him down, Natalie probed, "So you don't think it will be Lyndon?"

He laughed in his manic, hyperactive way, "Hell, no, he'll be in jail."

Natalie smiled. She had needed this. Politics like it really was. She goaded Forbes. "You don't really believe that," she said.

Forbes countered instantly. "There are two people who could put him there. Bobby Baker and another guy, Billy Sol Estes in Pecos. And Bobby Kennedy already has the information—"

Natalie cut him off. "Senator Williams from Delaware has sicked the dogs on Baker and he'll pick up plenty on Johnson and Baker. Bobby Kennedy won't have to say anything publicly. All of Washington knows that."

Forbes screwed up his face into a fake scowl. "So, you just now helped me put Lyndon in jail. After you said I didn't mean it."

Natalie's counterattack was as swift as Forbes had been. "But he won't go to jail. He'll resign first."

Her interviewee had her where he wanted her. "Exactly, my dear. And Lyndon will hire lawyers for both Baker and Estes and keep them under control. They won't know what hit them. And by George, he'll deliver Texas again for Kennedy." He sat back and smiled.

It could happen just that way, Natalie knew. Even Kennedy would deny it to hell and back. "So, Kennedy's got a year to get another Southerner to run with him," she said quietly.

Forbes agreed. "My bet is the Senator from Florida."

Natalie knew that was anybody's guess this early. Forbes thanked her for coming and stood, walking her to the door. He smirked as he let her out. She looked at him and said with a faint smile, "Thank

you, Dr. Forbes. I wish I could print what you said."

He waved good-bye and headed down the hall away from her. Over his shoulder, he called, "Don't worry. No one can print it." She waved and headed for her car. It had been good just to confirm that someone else believed things were as bad as she believed.

She had a brief fifteen minutes to get to Betty Haley's house and get the Dallas' administration side of the story. She was a thorough reporter and printed all sides. No editorializing, all gleaned from the people in charge.

When she had the car in gear, she thought of a way to print the story Forbes had given her, without using his name. A few phone calls would do it. After she met Joe for lunch.

But, like any reporter, she filed it away in her mind and shifted her concentration to the other story. The one she wanted most: security measures for the President in Dallas. All it took was to think of the map of Dealey Plaza with the strange X. And to remember what Agent Dunn had said about the motorcade route, "It's stupid."

Betty Haley, the wife of the owner of the Dallas department store second in standing to Neiman-Marcus, lived in a long, one-story painted white brick house behind "the wall" as they called the beige-painted serpentine barrier in near north Dallas.

The shutters on the house and a large "H" built into the fireplace brick were all painted a sedate blue-gray. The wide lawn, sloping down to the street, was artificially bright green. The shrubbery and a magnolia tree were glistening darker green. Betty Haley was a perfectionist, and it showed.

A maid dressed in a black nylon dress and pristine white rubber soled shoes answered the door. Thank God she wasn't wearing a white ruffled apron, or she'd be a candidate for a French maid in some movie.

The maid led the way to the living room. Natalie managed to smile at the scene rather than gag.

The carpet was white and plush, the furniture French provincial, a style in vogue at the time. The pale blue satin upholstery

was "accented," as the decorators would say, by curved white and gold wooden trim. Betty Haley sat stiffly on a matching chair, drinking from a dainty tea cup. She was fifty if she was a day, Natalie thought. But she probably thought she had it all. All the money she could spend, a pussy-whipped husband, a well-married daughter, and Dallas society to fill her every waking hour.

Haley remained seated. She waved Natalie to a seat. Her hair, bleached platinum blonde, was piled high on her head ending in a Frenchtwist in the back. She wore a blue dress slightly deeper in tone than the upholstery on which she and Natalie sat. Her lipstick, fingernails, and Natalie would bet her bottom dollar, even her toenails, were painted a matching pale pink which might better suit a younger woman. But hey, give her E for effort. It was the most lavish display Natalie had seen since some Jackie had staged at the White House, though lacking in taste.

Natalie opened the interview by playing the poor reporter, out of the loop. Haley fell right into the trap, and babbled a story. Haley gushed that it was such a thrill to work with all those distinguished people, the Secret Service men, and the Chief of Police. She quickly amended the latter to say that Chief Murray had delegated his assistant chief to work with the host committee, but the department had been so accommodating. It was all going to be just like a gala. The White House representative had helped immensely.

When Natalie could get in a word, she asked who was the White House representative? Pierre Salinger? Kenny O'Donnell?

Betty blinked at the question, but recovered hastily. "No, Jack Puckett. Do you know him?"

No, she didn't.

Betty thought that was a shame because he was such a doll. Sure he was, Natalie thought, but who the hell was Jack Puckett? Haley tried to appear that she knew the man's background, but Natalie bet Haley didn't. Natalie would wager that before the day was over, she would know.

As Haley babbled, Natalie considered how to get a statement

she could use. She knew the city council had passed an ordinance allowing peaceful assembly of spectators, and permitting arrest of anyone judged to be not so peaceful. She decided on that approach.

"Is there an overall city stance on security while the President is in town?"

Betty hesitated. "Well," she said thoughtfully, her voice slipping into a soft Texas drawl, "It's just that we don't want to act like we have to have armored cars escorting him. Dallas is more sophisticated than that. So the security will just be normal. "

"But what does that mean?" Natalie asked in feigned confusion.

"Whatever the Secret Service says," Haley quickly countered.

So there had been discussion, and minimal measures agreed upon. She was almost there. More phone calls.

Natalie didn't need her notebook to know where she stood on both stories. Haley had confirmed that security was lax. Cole predicted that "happy days were here again."

If she had brought up the ordinance passed at the city council meeting, it would have thrown Haley off, made her more cautious. Natalie wanted the ordinance presented in another light. So, she simply hadn't mentioned it.

At times, a reporter worked on multiple stories, some just beginning, others ready for reporting, and several in the last stages of development. She was eager to begin the second stage on both issues. She quickly ended the interview with Haley and rushed downtown to meet Joe at the Hilton hotel for lunch. At noon it was no more expensive than other restaurants and the food was usually good. She asked for a small two-person booth to the rear of the dining room and was led to the table covered in white linen, the seats burgundy against pale rose walls. She enjoyed the atmosphere, waiting patiently, drinking iced tea. Joe was never late unless he was held up by work.

Natalie spotted Joe in the midst of assembling diners. He was wearing a tan suit and light blue shirt and blue-gray tie. His horn-rimmed glasses, a light brown in color, gave him a studious look.

He was a good friend, but something he said yesterday bothered her. She needed to get it out in the open. But not here.

Joe glanced at Natalie, then wove around others until he neared the booth. He had the same warm and connected feeling for her that he had felt for years. In high school they had been friends, the same during college when they went separate ways. But when they both were new reporters at the *Sentinel*, when he was on the police beat and she joined him in fighting the editors, the feeling grew stronger. To the point that he hadn't wanted to date others, just to be with her.

But he was no dummy, he could tell she didn't feel the same.

He thought of Rex Hammond, out somewhere ready to kill a man who he said would kill him if he could. Was that the kind of man she wanted? Macho? He didn't stand a chance.

Natalie didn't seem as lively as usual. Late night. She had ordered a club sandwich and chips for them both. In their years as reporters at the *Sentinel* they had worked together as a team on enough major stories that it had become second nature. Neither of them wasted a single second. They ate the sandwiches as they talked. She wanted to work out of his office while she finished her stories. Okay with him. He could keep an eye on her that way.

She seemed nervous. Maybe she felt uncomfortable being with him. Tough. Her incredibly dark eyes had small soft shadows beneath them. He listened as she told him about Betty Haley and the professor, admitting that she needed more on the political story, but hadn't wanted it all from Haley. Haley shouldn't have any influence with the city council, although she did, Natalie said.

Joe was curious about Johnson's problems, but not as sure as Natalie was that the links with Baker and Estes would be his downfall.

To him, Johnson had always seemed remarkably self-confident. When the press swirled around him like piranhas in the old Ballot

Box 13 days, Johnson seemed to pay no attention. His first election to Congress, when a ballot box disappeared and a number of votes had been challenged, didn't phase him. Johnson and his pals had been guilty as sin, but weathered the objections cast by his opponent.

"What single thing do you believe could bring him down?" he asked her.

Natalie instantly replied, "Not a thing. A who. Bobby Kennedy. He's got investigators collaborating with Senator Williams. He'll have enough for an indictment by spring. Then the Vice President from Texas will be old news."

Joe was more interested in her political story than her security worries. He had met Johnson several times and considered him the most complex and competent politician he had ever met.

They needed to get out of the restaurant. He said, "Let's go to my office where we can really talk."

15

Walking to his office with Natalie beside him made Joe feel that things were right again. She talked a mile a minute, turning sideways to command his attention, then back again. Don't try so hard, he thought. Working together seemed as natural as breathing.

They braced against a strong Texas wind, whistling through corridors formed by skyscrapers. Texans took the first signs of winter as an assault. Many wore jackets, or like Joe, raincoats. He asked Natalie, "Didn't you bring a coat?" She stopped mid-sentence, said only, "Yeah, I'll get it later," and continued her attack on Dallas politicians.

Halfway listening, Joe considered how she could best approach her two subjects.

He stopped before a Neiman-Marcus show window with male and female mannequins wearing fur coats. Their flesh colored plastic limbs were naked beneath the lush fur. Both had hats atop their featureless heads, their bare legs stuck into dress shoes. It was a new technique, supposed to heighten interest in the clothing. To Joe it seemed bizarre. "Do they do this in DC?"

She blinked as she turned her thoughts, "Nope. Just Dallas."

Joe kept up with her as they turned on Ervay, less than a block away from his office. She grinned at him and said, "I have to get used to wide streets again."

Joe looked around. The brick and few plate glass fronted buildings had been there all his life, and he walked among them every day without actually seeing them. Only one had been renovated. A large one story building on the corner now had two large glass display windows set between framework of pallid green metal sheeting. Tall metal letters announced the big Skillerns drugstore. Now there was a Skillerns in every middle class residential area of Dallas.

The street was like many others on the fringes of "downtown." Business buildings had once been banks and grocery stores. Now their upper second or third floor windows had block black or gold letters, "Hanson, Trent and Carson," read one. Either law offices or other businesses — insurance, small brokerage firms — they all made money.

Joe's small office was in an unnamed three story red brick building. The rent was cheap. Garland Investigations was on the second floor. His office was small, with a reception area, and a second larger office. Each floor had a restroom used by men and women. One toilet, a latch on the door from inside.

They walked up the stairs, suddenly silent. Natalie appeared to be lost in thought. Joe reached for his keys and let them in. She moved ahead and sat at a desk against a side wall which he used for work space. He interviewed people at the large oak desk near the front. The only addition he had made since she was here last year was two more metal four-drawer file cabinets. He doubted that she noticed.

She fiddled with the old typewriter in the well of the wooden desk, drawers at desk height on each side. After he had hung his raincoat on a hall tree, he sat in the chair at her side. He couldn't help but watch her as she swung around in the metal swivel chair and stretched her legs out to the side, her navy skirt inching up as

she relaxed. Joe wondered if she realized how beautiful and sexy her legs were. They were long and strong, perfectly shaped, in his opinion. He knew other men noticed.

She looked directly into his eyes.

"Joe, we need to talk."

He looked into her dark eyes. Quickly, she stood and whirled until they were standing less than two feet apart. "You know I want you to work with me on this stuff...make sure I don't miss anything. But you don't have to, you know."

He understood where she was coming from. That crack of his about reporting yesterday. She never forgot anything. He didn't even try to avoid her gaze. "I know. I was in a lousy mood. Sure, I want to work with you. And it's not your reporting. I've just been watching the newspapers, not just the *Sentinel*. There's less and less good investigative work."

"Don't I know it?" she said, twisting her face in distaste. "But it's not the reporters."

"The publishers," he said.

Natalie nodded in agreement, "So I just have to work harder. My stories can't be my opinions, but give the reader choices."

She knew he agreed with her approach and went over it quickly. She mentioned the ordinance passed Monday night. "Why pass an ordinance for health and safety if the people don't need it?"

Joe thought for a second. "You might interview Eddie Green." "Okay, but Eddie's a walking cliché. I know in advance what he'll say. I need to get an interview with someone on the Citizens Council, the guys that really run Dallas, and contrast it with Haley and Eddie," she said, turning away in thought.

Joe considered, "For the security story?"

She nodded.

Wondering how she would get the story past Hilton, Joe suggested, "Why not someone like Ethan Marshman with StreakAir? He's respected by all the civic leaders."

Natalie agreed that Marshman was a good subject. She would call his office, while Joe set up an interview for her with Eddie.

Natalie grinned, "Good old 'Mad Eddie'."

"Yeah," he said, "That way you'd have the host committee's opinion, Eddie's inflammatory remarks, and the man at the top. I'm sure they will all disagree."

After nodding in agreement, Natalie explained her thoughts about the political story that Hilton wanted. "I talked to Forbes at SMU. He's right on target but didn't give me a story that could be supported. What do you think about a straw poll in San Antonio and Houston before and after the President visits there tomorrow? Would they vote for or against John F. Kennedy if the election were held today? That type of thing. If they want, we can share credit. I don't care."

"It's a good gimmick," Joe agreed. "I can call Houston. You call the *Sun*."

Natalie was lost in thought, "Yeah, if you'd help set up the polls and pick up the results, I can concentrate on Eddie and Marshman about security. But when you talk to Houston, ask them how security is shaping up there in Houston. I need to work quick."

Starting to whirl around to the telephone, Natalie stopped sharply. "Are you sure you have time for this?"

Joe reminded her that he had promised himself a few quiet days. And he would be setting up next week's schedule while they worked together.

"Okay, I appreciate it. But now," she said with emphasis, "I can't put off calling my good old boss, Ray, any longer."

"He'll demand the political story first," Joe said flatly. "While you talk to Ray, I'll call Eddie and set that up. I need to thank him for a favor."

Natalie again turned toward the typewriter and said, "I'll call the desk and then San Antonio. What line?"

"Two," he said, and searched his desk for a yellow pad with phone numbers.

Joe could hear Natalie asking for the city editor while he dialed Green Motors and asked for Eddie. He was sure Eddie would agree to an interview. He had been a councilman for the low income

residents of Mesquite, a suburb, for over ten years. Green was an honest guy, but it helped him with the blue collar constituency to battle it out with the administration. Joe sincerely wanted Natalie's stories to appear in print, but he had his doubts. Editorials recently were more right wing than they had ever been.

One way Green assured his repeated elections was to put a gripe a month on his billboard inside his car lot. He would feature a constituent's complaint, then above his picture have a blurb about how the constituent was right and in big black letters the words, "That makes me damn mad." Below his picture were the words, "Mad Eddie Green."

Eddie was quick to take Joe's call. Joe laughed at a joke Eddie told, although he had heard it before, then broached the subject of an interview. Natalie's voice was rising in irritation. He looked at her and motioned to keep it low. She rolled her eyes back at him.

"Look Eddie, Natalie will come to see you at either three or four. Can you be flexible? She's really in a squeeze." Joe was not surprised when Eddie said he would be at the car lot all afternoon and would wait for her. He always wanted publicity.

Joe was having a hard time hearing Eddie over Natalie's voice, which was growing in volume. She was still arguing with Pell. "I know I've been here since yesterday. But I'm setting up two stores, one of them that Hilton wants." She paused. Then, "That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard! I don't do outlines. No one does. When I have the story, you'll get it."

He smiled. He knew Pell wasn't her problem. Hilton was. He watched her impatiently brush her hair away from her face. Glancing at the round clock on the wall, she said, "You're wasting my time," she said curtly. "I'll be in at five and talk to Hilton. All right! Five thirty." She hung up the phone without a good-bye.

As he expected, Natalie whirled toward Joe, her mouth open, ready to argue. He cut her off, "Look Natalie, you're on thin ice with both stories. Hilton probably knows it. You'll be lucky if he prints half of what you write." She shut her mouth. He quickly

said, "You've got a flexible appointment this afternoon with Eddie Green."

"Good," she said. "Let me call San Antonio and you listen. Let's see how this goes."

After she had the *Sun* city desk on the line, Joe listened mindfully as she outlined the information she wanted, how they could share Thursday's publication. She explained that she and Joe were working together. He would call for the poll results. Not scientific, she agreed, just a short boxed story. Yeah, how many readers would vote for the President today and how many after he had appeared.

She went on. Yes, she knew the political reporter was too busy to do it himself. Natalie came up with the logistics, "Maybe you could have one of the 'scissors' in the morgue make a hundred calls. They can do it while they cut stories and stuff those little envelopes. Kennedy will be there by two, gone by four thirty. Yeah, get the same group after he leaves, but substitute if someone doesn't answer. You pick the hundred names and numbers. From the phone book in various exchanges." She nodded at Joe, signaling him that it was arranged.

Joe dialed Houston as Natalie continued talking on the second line. The Houston political reporter was harder to convince. He protested that he was covered up. Joe knew it was true. He agreed to the poll after Joe suggested that the morgue do the work. He would check on security and have something for Joe later in the afternoon.

By the time he was finished, Natalie was on the telephone with Marshman's private secretary. "Please tell Mr. Marshman that I had two stories from people in Dallas that security will be light, with no building surveillance. Tell him I don't want to print that if these people are wrong. I'll share names in an interview. Ten minutes max. Three p.m.? I'll be there."

She spun around in the chair. They compared notes. He would call both newspapers to get their first results of the straw poll. She would interview Eddie Green and Marshman, return by four, write both stories, and see Hilton at five thirty. She put her hands be-

hind her head and stretched.

"I'm out of here," she said as she rose. Her fingers touched Joe's shoulder as she passed. "Come back to DC with me. I need you."

It was a casual comment, nothing serious behind it. Joe felt the touch of her slender fingers like feathers, sending sexual tension through his body. It was better she was in DC. He didn't think he could take it, seeing her date other men, maybe get married. He looked at her as she braced her shoulders, threw her hair back over her shoulders with a toss of her head, then abruptly stopped and glanced at him with a thumbs up sign and a wide happy grin.

Joe wished he could love anything or anyone but Natalie with the same intensity that she loved reporting.

16

Headed for Mesquite, the home of the honest, blue collar class of Dallas, Natalie again blessed the wide four lanes of Northwest Highway, Loop 12 they called it now, with its many left hand turn signals and large signs.

Flat and spotted with thousands of pint-sized homes, which the builders managed to squeeze in three bedrooms needed for growing families, the suburb of Mesquite was an inexpensive place for Dallas' working class to live and raise children.

Mad Eddie gave it political clout. His car dealership was as unusual as his firm grip on the people he lived and worked among. Flashy, often the sponsor of radio contests, buzzing with eager young car salesmen, Green Motors didn't even pretend to be upper class.

Natalie thought that she could have taken Eddie's story by telephone, but there were reasons to make personal contact. She wouldn't dare speak to Marshman by phone — it would be beneath him — and she should afford the same dignity to Eddie Green. And it was always good to touch base with Dallas' working class.

After a fast thirty minute drive, she walked into the automobile sales and service showroom, glass all the way across the front. The facade was similar to most other dealerships, but was the place where more Dallas citizens bought Chevrolets than any other in the city limits.

She made it a point to look at Eddie's current billboard set in the corner of the lot. It was wedge-shaped with the same message on both sides so traffic approaching from both directions could read it. This month it featured a complaint from a constituent about the need for a traffic light at a grade school crossing.

Eddie's response was that woman was right, a traffic light needed to be installed. The standard statement, "That makes me mad." Beneath it, a head shot of Eddie, and the title, "Mad Eddie Green." Natalie bet that Eddie would get the traffic signal at the next city council meeting.

She said hello to several young salesmen, dressed in shiny suits, white shirts and ties. Natalie noticed that almost all of their collars seemed slightly too large for their scrawny necks. Most abruptly turned in other directions when she said she was there to see Eddie. But one young man took the time to lead her to Eddie's office. He knocked on the closed door, then left.

Eddie boomed out a greeting from the inner recesses. Natalie walked in and extended her hand for the expected hearty handshake. Eddie, a short dark brown haired man with swarthy skin and square shoulders, made every working class man feel that he was one of them. Only an income of several hundred thousand dollars a year separated them.

Rearing back in his leather chair, Natalie couldn't help but notice that Eddie's girth was significantly wider than when she last saw him. Three years ago? Natalie watched his face. In the years when she was a cub reporter, Natalie had been given a guided tour of the many pictures of Eddie and his cars from the year the dealership opened, all matted and proudly displayed on the walls. Eddie's expression looked pleasant. Green Motors must be having a good day.

"Are you going to see the President?" she asked by way of openers.

"They asked me to that luncheon, but I told them I was taking my salesman of the month with me, and we'd stand on Main Street just like everybody else. I'll never be part of the Dallas elite. I don't want to be."

Natalie didn't doubt that it was true. The "man on the street" approach suited him and the people he represented. "That's what I want to talk to you about. The Council passed one small ordinance allowing greater protection against picketers. What was that about?"

He closed his eyes, then opened them wide. "Nothing, really. Just supposed to look like they will clamp down on drunk women hitting on somebody. And they might," Eddie conceded. "If it's not Mr. Gotrock's wife. You know how it is."

"What about the motorcade route?" She drew an approximation of the route on a scratch pad on Eddie's desk. "This area here — Dealey Plaza — you've got the jail over here, garment companies here and the school book building. And an overpass. What kind of security is going to be put there?"

Eddie stood and started to pace the floor, now in his element. He could display the "mad Eddie" side. "They brought Chief Murray down to see us," his head nodding as if the Council had commanded the chief to report, causing Murray to scurry to them. He jabbed a finger in a demanding way.

"That was a big thing. You know Jesse doesn't answer to us." Natalie nodded in agreement.

"We gave him the third degree. But he wouldn't budge. Said he had lots of motorcycle cops in the parade, he's going to ride in it too. Right at the front. And we asked about the buildings, all those on Main Street. He acted like the feds are going to take care of them. How? we asked. And he just said," Eddie paused for effect and sensationalized Jesse Murray's low, mild voice, "He said 'they'd do it like they always do.' And I asked, how the hell is that? But he didn't seemed to know."

Natalie had been writing swiftly in her notebook. Eddie walked back to his desk and sat down, waiting for her to catch up. When she hesitated, he said, "Guess ol' Jess is going to direct traffic as always. He does a good job of that," he smirked.

She knew he was waiting for the right question. "Then any nut could fire a rifle at the President from a high building?"

"Sure," Eddie said, "and probably will. Or maybe H.P. Hewitt will do it. Guess I'd better not say that about him. Not that he does anything for Dallas. Makes money, spends it. Have you seen his flyers?"

She shook her head in the negative.

"Take a look at them," Eddie commanded. "They say 'wanted for treason'. I saw a mock up."

Natalie made a note to try to see H.P. when she could, then asked Eddie if there was anything else he wanted to say.

Eddie straightened his body. "Yeah. Write it down. Say Mad Eddie said President Jack won't get out of Dallas alive. They'll carry him out feet first. And I wish I could do something to stop it."

"What do you think could be done?" Natalie asked. She managed not to glance at her watch.

"Oh, some of us talked about it. Lock the building doors. Close the windows, put deputies on the rooftops with guns. "

Natalie asked, "Why deputies?"

Eddie grinned broadly, "Everybody knows they can shoot better than the police."

Secretly Natalie agreed, not that she would write it. They briefly discussed the political nature of the Sheriff's department, which Eddie naturally supported. He showed her his honorary Deputy Sheriff's badge, which most of Sheriff Decker's friends sported.

Sticking her notebook back in her purse, Natalie left Mad Eddie's showroom wishing she would have as easy a time at StreakAir, but knowing she wouldn't.

The security story was shaping up. Haley, Eddie, and if Marshman would cap it, she'd have the three interviews she needed for good news balance. The political story was turning out to be harder. So

far, just Cole's party line. The straw poll could only be a sidebar.

Driving as fast as she could to Lemmon Avenue, which ran along Love Field to the east, she remembered that the Secret Service receptionist suggested she call back this afternoon. She hoped she would have time.

Glancing at her watch, she saw she had twenty minutes before she was due at Marshman's office. It might take ten to get through security. She stepped on the gas and wove her way through traffic. Thank God it wasn't rush hour.

She screeched to a halt in a visitor's slot near the entrance to the five story glass building with the StreakAir sign on a concrete base in front.

Not bothering to lock the car, she ran to the entrance and straight to the reception counter. The semi-circular shaped mahogany counter ran from wall to wall. Only after a visitor had signed the log and received a badge would a button would be pressed. Then a section of the counter would slide open and allow entrance to the main building. Security was tight here.

Ethan Marshman's reception area continued the theme of mahogany from the lobby, contrasted with several off-white overstuffed chairs and sofas. A flying horse painting done in the flat one dimensional style of American Indian artists loomed over a sofa against the entrance to his private office. The colors, blues, rose and greens, that they called "earth tones," established the color scheme.

One wall was entirely glass. While she waited, she walked over and watched automobile traffic pushing farther and farther northward. The entire city was growing in that direction.

Marshman's private secretary finally emerged from her own office, and showed Natalie into the inner sanctum. Their steps were silent as they walked on the deep off-white plush carpet.

After being in Eddie Green's office, Natalie was struck by the difference. The smell of motor oil contrasted with soft leather. Marshman finished a phone call as Natalie sat in a chair at his desk. She looked at the face of Dallas success personified.

Marshman, probably in his fifties, had a long, unlined face, streaks of gray at his temples, the soft shrine of a silk suit. Every movement was measured and smooth.

Having replaced the receiver, their eyes met. They both halfway rose and shook hands across his desk, designed in a free form. His expression was bland, secure.

Natalie glanced at a massive conference table near the glass wall, which continued from the outer reception area. She had to manage this interview just right or Marshman would be in charge.

Ethan Marshman's handshake was firm. Oddly enough, Marshman had lived in Dallas less than ten years, but after establishing StreakAir as a constantly growing business with thousands of jobs, was accepted into the Citizens Council and rose in status each year.

Natalie was sure he had checked with Betty Haley about her comments. In fact, he said so, without a smile. This guy was all business. First came flattery for Betty Haley, commending her civic leadership. He attempted to temper Haley's remarks, claiming she had understated the extensive work done on security.

Natalie only nodded, making no notes, hoping he noticed. She was sticking with Haley's direct comments. After Marshman halted, she read Eddie Green's comments to him.

Marshman listened passively. He then carefully gave her his own statement, never referring to Green, as she had expected.

He went into details of the luncheon — how the steaks had been selected and approved by the White House. His plate would be one of hundreds. If the President were to be poisoned, everyone would have to have poisonous substances in their food. Natalie had already heard that and dismissed it as garbage, but she made notes because Marshman was making that his statement.

Oh sure, Natalie thought. But she wrote his statements exactly as stated. He spoke slowly, to be certain he was quoted correctly.

Afterward she read to him the measures Eddie Green said should be employed to assure safety in the city, closed windows and close surveillance.

Marshman snapped, "That's crap. He's as safe here as anywhere." Quickly recovering, he said, "That's off the record."

Damn him, Natalie thought. She hated that. Statements made, then put off the record after the speaker regretted them. Usually she would ignore the demand, because it had not been requested before the statement. But she needed Marshman and he knew it.

"Who is Joe Puckett?" she asked.

He blinked in surprise. "He has helped with plans at the request of the White House." Natalie sat in silence, and Marshman, knowing he had not answered the question, relented.

"He's with the Department of Agriculture," Marshman added. "He's acting for the White House and Democratic National Committee."

Natalie didn't doubt that Puckett and the DNC were linked but asked, "Isn't the Department of Agriculture where Lyndon Johnson places most of his political appointees?"

"I have no knowledge of that," Marshman said icily.

Shifting her weight, Natalie tried again. "Would Mr. Puckett's involvement indicate that the Vice President had played a large part in planning the President's trip?"

Marshman was angry at the inference of unauthorized Vice Presidential influence, but said smoothly, "I don't see the connection."

Before he could gather his thoughts, she asked, "Are you aware of any other representatives of the White House who have been active in the planning?"

"Only the Secret Service — those stationed here and in Washington," he said.

Glancing at her watch, she saw that she had been in Marshman's office eight minutes. She glanced up at him and smiled, "Thank you for your time, Mr. Marshman. That's all I need, unless you have any other comments."

He seemed surprised that she wasn't giving him a harder time. There was no way Marshman could know that he fell right into her hands. He had said just what she needed.

"No," he said, "Just that Dallas is honored to receive the Presi-

dent. I am sure he will be pleased with his reception."

Natalie dutifully wrote down his last comments and left.

Seated in the rental car, she allowed herself to think. Is Lyndon Johnson the leader of this band? She was sure Puckett was his man. She wished there was more time. Where was Puckett? In Washington? At the ranch?

She headed straight for the Secret Service office. Someone had to be minding the store.

17

Irritated that she couldn't find a parking space near the U.S. Court House, Natalie parked between a car and a bus stop. Let the *Sentinel* take care of the ticket. She knew where the unmarked Secret Service office was.

After showing a guard that her purse was free of weapons, she was allowed to find her way to the rear of the fourth floor. Impenetrable glass, black letters 436. She opened it to find a plain looking secretary, also serving as receptionist.

The middle aged woman whose brown hair was streaked with gray examined her credentials. "I'll see if anyone can talk to you," she said in a bored voice. Several intercom calls later, an agent came out. The secretary resumed her typing. The agent appeared irritated. She knew that the press was a thorn in their side, and almost anyone else for that matter. The Secret Service was not known for its collaborative methods. Aloof and secretive, it stood alone.

Natalie reported a few comments from Haley and Marshman, and asked the agent if he was specifically aware of building surveillance. He couldn't reveal such details, he said.

When asked who is Jack Puckett, he said "Who?"

Who designed the motorcade route? He looked bored. All he knew was the involvement of SAIC Forrest Sorrels and advance man Winston Lawson. No, he had not met Lawson. Sorrels, who was somewhere at a meeting, had already given a press release to the *Sentinel* describing the motorcade route. A map would be published tomorrow. But he hadn't seen it yet.

Natalie asked if it was SOP, standing operating procedure, for an agent to get his information from the newspaper. Exasperated, he said "No comment."

Did he believe the dog-leg in the route was dangerous? he didn't answer. He hadn't seen the route. "I know," she said, and stopped him with one hand held up between them, "You haven't read the newspaper yet." By now, he was clearly ready to get rid of her.

She slapped her steno pad shut and spat the words, "By the way, if you are curious about the route, ask Jack Ruby. He's got the map."

The agent, a colorless man with thinning hair and a green tie clashing with his blue shirt, said he had no comment.

Natalie turned to go but couldn't resist a last shot. "Jack Ruby is owner of the Carousel Club." She was sure he knew who Ruby was. As she expected, he quickly walked toward the inner offices.

Standing on the street, Natalie looked up at the tall bank building. Might as well do it now. Hewitt couldn't be less cooperative than the Secret Service. And he could give one side of the political story.

Entering Hewitt Oil was no problem. It occupied the entire third floor.

At a receptionist's request, Hewitt agreed to see her. He must be bored, Natalie believed.

H.P. Hewitt was bigger than life. Overweight, it would seem that his clothing would fit tightly. Instead, his shirt collar was too big

for his neck and he hiked up his pants before he stuck out a broad paw to heartily shake her hand.

The office was large and cluttered with papers. It clearly did not have the decorator's touch. A few photographs of oil wells were framed in black and nailed willy nilly to the walls. Hewitt was an eccentric and, Natalie believed, proud of it.

Avoiding a discussion of Hewitt's latest project, a novel he had written about a politically conservative utopia, Natalie told H.P. she had heard about flyers he had printed for the President's visit, and asked in an even tone if she could see them.

He only hesitated for a moment, then bawled his secretary's name through the open door, "Bring in the flyers. The ones for Friday."

Carrying a hefty plastic wrapped package, the secretary put it on his desk without a word. H.P. Hewitt took out a small pen knife and made a display of cutting a slit near the top of the foot high package. He slipped out a flyer and looked at it with satisfaction. "Here, this one's for you," he said to Natalie and handed her the flyer.

Only the greatest amount of reserve that a reporter could marshal kept Natalie from gasping from surprise and distaste.

Kennedy's face was shown full face and in profile. The letters claimed, "Wanted for TREASON." The paragraphs beneath began, "THIS MAN is wanted for treasonous activities against the United States." Among the acts listed were turning over the U.S. to the "communist-controlled United Nations."

Keeping her head down, Natalie asked, "Aren't you concerned that the police might confiscate these flyers?"

She looked at Hewitt as he beamed broadly and said, "I'm the richest man in the United States. I can do what I want."

Natalie thanked him for the handbill, agreed not to "distribute it" before Friday, and left.

18

Johnny De Guelle took shallow breaths while riding the bus from the school book depository to a stop on Harry Hines Boulevard. Windows on the bus were lowered about a quarter down, creating a direct channel for acrid fumes to mix with city heat and sear his lungs. He rode the same bus every day to and from work.

This was a different bus, but they were all the same. Hot and crowded until after Christmas time. This was the first time he had ridden the San Jacinto route, because tonight he was not going home. And he always went straight home. But not tonight.

Didi had complained. The baby was too young. She couldn't take care of the infant all day and all night, too. Didi complained a lot, even before the baby came. And before she was pregnant. If he had known! But he didn't. She was all sweetness and light then, like they all were until the wedding. Oh, then it changed. The other men complained of the same thing. Some of the men he worked with had a lot more little ones at home than he did.

But they didn't live in a rented frame house in Little Mexico. He was the only one who lived there. They didn't understand the noise that blasted through the air from other open windows in

houses just like the one the De Guelles rented. Music, screams of women, men shouting at the women, and wailing children. Sometimes it was good, when he and the other men played poker and drank beer. Sometimes win a few dollars, but never tell the women when they won or lost. That was the pact. And the shouts coming from other houses drowned their own, maybe.

So, when Jack Ruby offered a hundred dollars if he would do this, he had finally agreed. He thought about it while concentrating on shallow breaths. At first he said no. No reason, just because Jack popped up like that kid thing — a Jack in the box — just when he thought he would never hear from him again.

When he first came to town, when he first left New Mexico and his mother's town and all the relatives, to get a real job and make something good for him, only him, he had no way to know that Dallas was this way. Busy, no quiet places to lie down, no churches that would feed a man who was getting on his feet. If there were, he didn't find them. And when he was looking at the girls' posters outside, and the man Ruby said he needed help fixing his back steps, sure he said yes. A place to sleep and food for a couple of weeks. Why shouldn't he? But he found out why Jack couldn't get help, he sure did. Once you helped Jack and he helped you, you never got out of his grip. Two years now he had this job, first he filled orders and now he checked whether the other guys did theirs right. A promotion. And he was a family man, too. But Jack found him and offered the hundred dollars.

So, Didi would get her washing machine and maybe she would stop complaining for a few minutes. And he wouldn't have to take care of the baby while she carried the big basket of clothes up the street to the washateria. And there would be a little money left over for him. Didi wouldn't know. But mainly, he got Jack off his back.

The brakes on the old bus screeched like the women in labor, like it seemed they always were. A lot of them had the babies at home. But Didi had theirs at Baylor Hospital because he had saved up the two hundred dollars. And they took her somewhere and he

didn't hear her scream.

This was the stop and there was the motel. The Fiesta. Johnny swung off the step of the bus and landed on the concrete in the street. Awful the way the street was cracked with chunks of curbing lying in the street. They let that happen in Little Mexico. But not in the good neighborhoods like Garland and Grand Prairie. He had visited there and he knew. Better than west Dallas, though. He didn't have to live in west Dallas like Charles and the other negroes. They had to. There or around Fair Park where some negroes had houses. Didi wanted a house, but Johnny wasn't sure yet. Didi had to stop complaining so much first.

He checked in, paid cash and went to the room and laid down. The room was stuffy and smelled like the remains of sweaty men who slept there last. It didn't have any windows except a small one in the bathroom that was nailed shut. There was an air conditioner in the window, so he turned it on. Then Johnny took the luxury of taking off his shirt and feeling cold air dry his sweat. He must have dozed off because he woke up feeling cold. That was something new even in November, kind of nice, but he was also hungry. He had the cash, so he went across the street and ordered pork chops. They were a little hard, but it was so much better than spaghetti and stuff Didi said was all they could afford. He even ate apple pie afterward.

Back at the room, there was nothing to do. No television, not even a little one like they had at home. All there was to do was think. Why did Jack want him here? Well, to bring the gun by. Johnny knew that. And probably to make him repeat what he was to say. Johnny lay down again on the bed. They had a better one, he and Didi, but he's rather be alone. He knew what he had to say.

There would be a lot of noise, Jack said, after the President went by. And when he got there that morning, he had to stick the gun under some boxes. He had argued that would be hard, because they were moving the boxes six feet at a time after they finished laying a single sheet of plywood for the new floor. Jack had gotten real excited and jumped around yelling all that floor and no boxes

to hide just one gun and Johnny said to shut up, he'd find a place. Sure he could, they couldn't move them all. But he asked why and then Jack stuck his face in Johnny's and said, "You don't want to know." Yes, he did, but not bad enough to have Jack's face stuck in his again.

He lay there thinking that some men, with a little time in this room alone, would bring in a woman, but he didn't even want to. It was good to be alone, with all the quiet. Besides, Jack might show up. Not likely early though. So he just thought. He knew what to say, but who did he say it to? "The policemen in front. They'll be there."

Now, he really did think about that. He had to wonder why. But he knew what Jack would say, just that he didn't want to know, so he didn't even ask.

"White male, five foot ten, 165 pounds, slender build, about 30 years old," he had it memorized. Johnny was sure he knew who it was, too. But maybe he didn't want to know that either. Just say it to the policeman. A hundred dollars and Didi would get her washing machine.

19

Taking the stairs to Joe's office, Natalie felt the pressure of time. She had less than an hour to write both stories. Write fast.

His door was unlocked. He was on the telephone, talking to someone about his own business. Without a word, Natalie threw the "Wanted for Treason" handbill on Joe's desk and went straight to the smaller one. She had assembled paper with a carbon and was rolling it into the typewriter by the time he hung up. She almost wished she could put a headline on the security story — President Predicted to Leave Dallas Feet First.

As she leaned forward to straighten the paper in the typewriter, she heard Joe hang up the phone. "How about that?" she asked.

When she turned around, she saw that he was reading every word.

"Hewitt, I assume?"

She agreed.

Joe said, "Well, Madeleine Brown wasn't exaggerating, was she?"

"Nope. Did you get the results on the polls? How they would vote today on Kennedy?"

He handed her a piece of paper. The numbers on the paper

showed that the majority of those polled in both Houston and San Antonio had selected "yes," they would vote for the President if there were an election today. She was not surprised that there he pulled a larger majority in San Antonio than Houston. The Hispanic vote was far heavier there. "Did you hear anything about security?" she asked.

"Jimmy said the police are cordoning off areas where Kennedy will walk, with room for Secret Service all around. Police and men in black hats everywhere," Joe reported.

"Have you ever heard of Jack Puckett?" she asked.

"No. Who's he?" Joe asked.

"Good question," Natalie quipped. "Let's check on it later. I'd like for you to go over both of my stories after I'm finished, since Hilton's on the war path."

The typewriter clacked as she wrote first the political story, then next one on Presidential Security. "Geez, Joe, you could stand some new carbon paper," Natalie complained.

Natalie heard Joe making phone calls as she typed, but had no trouble concentrating. Reporters grew accustomed to noise while they worked in the open at most cityrooms.

Joe finished the work that he had to do and cleared his desk to give full attention to Natalie's stories. He had a particular reason. At five ten, twenty minutes before she was due to meet Hilton, Natalie whipped the last page from the typewriter, after typing what he could tell by her finger strokes was a neat -30-. The end of a story. She handed both stories to him, the security story on top.

The first story was precisely what he had expected from her. Despite her personal concerns, she had written exactly what she had been told.

The story began:

"Are security measures in Dallas sufficient to protect President John F. Kennedy during his Friday visit? Some say yes,

some say no."

She managed to portray Betty Haley as a concerned middle-of-the road Dallas civic leader, backed by Ethan Marshman. Deftly, she quoted Eddie Green as a predictable nay-sayer, but at the same time a dedicated, concerned public servant.

No one quoted could openly oppose the story, Joe thought, but it raised dozens of questions.

He flipped to the political story. His eyes slid over the slug — "politics\Andersen." Then her byline. Natalie held the status to type her own byline on stories. Rank and file reporters waited for an editor to decide if the story deserved a byline or not.

> "President John F. Kennedy will travel to Texas Thursday to meet politicians who don't want to be seen with him or each other."

In following paragraphs, Natalie reported that Governor Connally had apologized to his followers that they must show support for the President during the appearances. Senator Ralph Yarborough, Connally's arch political enemy, had not been invited to the black tie event scheduled for Austin Friday night.

She concluded that Johnson's non-committal attitude suited his Vice Presidential status. But she added comments from political pundits throughout Texas who claimed his silence was most likely due to legal problems. His problems, directly related to monetary kickbacks, had given rise to rumbles of impeachment or, in the least, retirement.

Joe admired the style in which the stories were written. Both were impeccably written from a journalistic standpoint. Neither lead exceeded thirty words. The second and third "graffs" contained the "who." In succeeding paragraphs the persons were referred to by their last names only. When a subject's viewpoint was described, it was immediately followed by a direct quote.

Details of lesser importance were described last, in the event the story was "cut." If Natalie's stories were ever cut, which was seldom, all the essentials were there. She was a born reporter.

She was also, Joe mused, the eternal optimist. He could see Hilton's red pencil cutting Johnson out of the story on politics. And there wasn't a chance in hell he'd print anything about security except what the Secret Service fed the newspaper.

Joe could sincerely see Natalie as a nationally syndicated columnist, as they had discussed. In fact, contrasting their styles of writing helped him realize it was the investigation that interested him most, not the writing. But she still insisted that she wanted to be a foreign correspondent. That would mean leaving the *Sentinel*. The newspaper was simply too cheap to pay a foreign correspondent. It relied on Associated Press stories.

After reading the stories, he handed them back and said, "Good luck on politics. Hilton won't want that reference to Lyndon."

After stacking the pages neatly, placing the carbon copies beneath the originals, Natalie put them in a manila folder Joe handed her. She shrugged, "The *Sentinel* will look pretty stupid if Johnson resigns and they haven't reported that he might."

Joe leaned back and locked his hands behind his head. "It wouldn't be the first time Lyndon's pulled a rabbit out of a hat."

Natalie grinned and stood up. She acted as if he weren't in the room as she absently adjusted her clothing. Sucking in her breath, she tucked two fingers between her skirt and slip and straightened her blouse beneath the blue suit skirt. She touched her blouse collar and first button, as well as the side zipper on her skirt.

"Do you want me to help plan the motorcade coverage?" Joe managed to say.

"Sure," she answered. She put her notebook in her purse. As Natalie walked to the door, Joe felt the familiar flush cover his body. The words to a song ran through his mind, "I've got you under my skin." Sinatra, wasn't it?

20

The afternoon sun was blocked by the buildings as Natalie parked in the lot behind the newspaper plant. Few cars were there. The evening paper had been "put to bed" hours earlier. In the early morning hours, the lot would be full.

She saw Hilton's long, black Lincoln in a marked space close to the building. Ray Pell's Buick was in the second row. Natalie parked in an unmarked spot, and locked her rented Buick, a smaller version than Pell's car. A fairly good car, but she preferred her Valiant with its air conditioning. Not that she needed it now. The weather was fairly cool.

Taking the staff elevator at the rear of the building, Natalie stopped at the fourth floor newsroom. Ray Pell was sunk in paper. She just waved the file folder at him and indicated that she was headed upstairs. He seemed a little relieved, she thought.

Actually, her adrenaline pumped a little harder. Anticipating Hilton's resistance, she had to acknowledge that she almost enjoyed their frequent sparring matches. Not that she would ever be openly rude to the editor-in-chief. He was next to the publishers she seldom saw, except at annual meetings, when top reporters

were condescendingly invited to the banquet and keynote address.

On the fifth floor, she walked toward Hilton's office at the end, but stopped first in the doorway of Charlie's tiny office. He, like Ray, was buried in paper. He looked up and immediately said, "Thank God, you're here."

Natalie frowned, "What's up?"

The editorial writer's perpetual scowl deepened. "Hilton's been champing at the bit."

"This is getting old," Natalie responded without a smile. She held up the file folder. "Two stories here, three tomorrow. What more can the man want?"

Charlie seemed to be actually considering. "Blood," he said.

Natalie knew how unhappy Charlie was. He was the oldest looking thirty-year-old man she knew. "Why don't you come to Washington?" she asked half-seriously. He blushed faintly and didn't respond. So Charlie was looking around. Like at least half the staff of the *Sentinel*. She was probably the only reporter with a decent beat.

She waved Charlie good-bye and braced herself for the meeting.

Clarence Hilton sat behind a walnut desk of average size. The decor was conservative, with the walls distinguished only by casts of prize-winning newspaper pages. Hilton was an ordinary looking man, except for a knot above his right eyebrow that somehow added to a studious appearance.

He wasn't a bad newsman. Natalie had read several of his editorials from years back. Now he was immersed in the business side. She had heard that he liked reminding others at staff payroll adjustment time that he was not related to Conrad Hilton and did not share in his millions. Now he was busy reading the New York Times and ignoring her. So, today it would be the silent treatment.

Natalie looked around as if she hadn't a care in the world until he looked directly at her. She handed him the file folder without any comment.

Hilton read both stories rapidly. His ability at speed reading was

well known, but she knew that he absorbed every word. She said, "and I'm taking a popularity straw poll before and after the President's visit. The *San Antonio Sun* and the *Houston Post* are participating. Readers like that sort of thing."

He grunted, then sighed deeply, as though she could not imagine the weight of his problems. Natalie checked herself. She thought she knew what was coming.

The Executive Editor placed the political story on his desk blotter and took a pencil from a metal holder on his desk. He drew the broad pencil lead through the paragraph about Johnson's problems and ended it with a loop in the margin. The proofreader's symbol for "delete."

Natalie bristled. "You know that's all true. You printed some of the stories."

Hilton looked at her as if he were surprised that she was still sitting in his office. Natalie hated the put-down. Hilton said mildly, "The President is coming to town. Why not write something positive?"

"Because," she began in a reasonable tone, "there's nothing positive about it. When there is, I'll write it. Lyndon's between a rock and a hard place. You know it!"

Hilton actually smirked, "We run a responsible newspaper, not a tabloid. Leave the Vice President alone."

Natalie brushed her hair back from her temple in frustration. "Mr. Hilton," she said in artificial deference, "the *Sentinel*, in the Vice President's home state, has printed less about the question of whether he will be on the ticket in '64 than the *New York Times*. And if you want the exact column inches, I can give them to you."

He placed the story, cut from four pages to three, in a wire mesh basket on a credenza behind him. Next, he half rose from his chair and, gripping the security story with both hands, ripped it in two pieces and ceremoniously dumped it in the large waste basket beside his desk. His eyes stayed on hers, cold and threatening. But he wouldn't say a damn thing.

Natalie stood before she had a conscious thought about mov-

ing.

"I knew you would have questions about it, but I just don't get it. I handled that as delicately as I could. The President will be in real danger here Friday!" Her voice was as controlled as she could make it.

Hilton looked at her silently.

"Do you realize how many people have advised him against making the trip?"

He only mumbled about reporters giving conservative voters a raw deal by calling them right-wing. Natalie said she had never used the term, and Hilton damn well knew it. Natalie persisted by saying that was not the issue she had reported.

Hilton finally said, "Look. We're not printing the story and that's that."

Natalie felt like a scolded child. Hilton had disagreed with her before, and she had revised or toned down some stories. Even added comments from others he had suggested. But he had never outright refused to run a story she had written.

"What are you afraid of?" she asked, with her hands open in an imploring gesture. "If things don't go well, I'm the one that will take the rap. Not you. And if they add security at the last minute, we all benefit. It's a win-win situation."

He stood and adjusted his suit. He turned to look out his window, his back to her. "Your story makes Dallas look bad. Get back to your assignment and forget security."

Natalie retorted, "My job is to report news or feature stories that come from Washington. That's exactly what I'm doing and I'll keep on doing it. I'll see if anyone else wants the story."

Hilton turned to glare at her.

Natalie slammed his door on her way out.

As she walked down the corridor, she noticed Charlie's office door was closed. "Good time Charlie." Once the going gets rough, run. She cautioned herself not to over-react, he might not be avoiding her, though it seemed that way. He could have heard through the heating vent. The truth was that Natalie Andersen had be-

come persona non grata.

She took the elevator to the newsroom, holding the file folder. She didn't hesitate at the city desk where Ray Pell was still at work. Instead she walked through the wide opening to the Dallas office of the Associated Press.

A night editor was on the job. He asked if he could help her, and looked startled when Natalie said, "Here's a story the *Sentinel* won't print. See if you can use it, or toss it."

Before he could answer, Natalie tossed the carbon of the story on the editor's desk and left AP and then left the *Sentinel.*

After putting the key into the ignition of the Chevrolet, she leaned her head against the wheel. If she were in Washington right now, she would drive past McLean along the Potomac and find one of her favorite overlooks along the shore to think things out. Places like that didn't exist in Dallas. Slowly she eased the car from the parking space and headed for White Rock Lake.

Near the dinner hour there was more traffic than usual and twenty five minutes passed before she parked in a blacktopped area near the broadest point of the lake. She left the car and sat on a rock planted decoratively between the parking spot and the lake. The sky had turned gray late in the afternoon, and the wind had picked up. As a fine spray hit her face, she involuntarily turned away from the water and glanced up the hill behind her.

H.P. Hewitt's flag pole on his estate was high above her as if watching over her. She had parked directly below it. Mount Vernon was ablaze with lights.

The sight of the American flag filled her with irony. It meant something totally different to her than to the oilman. H.P. used it to further his cause, which in his case was simply the right of the people to bear arms. At this moment, Natalie felt the flag represented so much more, especially freedom from tyranny.

Her mind returned to the *Sentinel.* Two days ago, even today, she was sure she had the best job anyone could ask for. She had fought to get it and fought to keep it. When she had argued with Hilton, an argument on principles, she realized she may have shot

herself in the foot. Hilton did hold grudges, just as Joe had said. And she knew she was guilty of insubordination.

Was it worth losing the best job she ever had because of her personal concern for the safety of the President? After all this, he would probably come to town and Dallas would fall at his feet. Just my luck, she mused.

Still, nothing had convinced her that Kennedy was safe, and she was certainly willing to be convinced. She thought of Dealey Plaza. The area itself was open, but surrounded by high buildings. It would be possible to order the windows closed and station police or military men on the roof tops. They needn't stand up like sentries. They needn't be visible to the onlookers.

And what about Love Field? Kennedy would surely be meeting and greeting. Working the crowd was his style. Something could happen there. The Trade Mart seemed to be fairly safe since security was concentrated there.

Let it go, Andersen, she told herself. Stay with the party line. Don't get in a position that is in direct conflict with the city fathers. It makes no sense. No one else is worried. Why should I?

She left the lake to find a cafe, grab a sandwich, and then go to Rex's apartment. She wanted to see him again, but why? Even that seemed senseless. He would go his way; she back to DC. It was unlikely that she would see him again after the week was over.

You're just down in the dumps, she told herself. Natalie seldom felt depressed, but when she did, it affected her whole life. She wanted Rex to kiss her again and make it better. But not like mommy did, she thought. A smile began at the corners of her mouth, then paled.

21

A maid answered the front doorbell of the grand home in far north Dallas. She had been in the pantry taking the best china down from the shelves for the party tonight. There was so much to do. And Mr. Markham had not hired any additional help. Not that she and Lucy expected it. He seldom did. But she ran to answer the ring, as she was supposed to do.

Matthew Andersen was dressed in a standard Southwestern Bell coverall and soft cap. He was in disguise, perhaps needlessly, because he had never met Griffin Markham, and it was unlikely Markham had ever seen him. The low profile he always maintained was convenient at times.

Matthew watched the maid, observing her thin body and harried look. Something was going on here, as Matthew had suspected. For the moment, he felt justified in intending to tap Markham's phone, even though it could mean the loss of his job, and perhaps a federal criminal indictment, if he were caught.

He delivered a rehearsed statement, "There is a line out of service in this area, Miss. I just wanted to let you know that we will be working on a pole in the rear of the property. You might want

to advise the owner."

The colorless, almost frightened face tightened, "Oh dear, I can't interrupt him. They're having tea and..."

Matthew adopted a sympathetic look, "We will work as quickly as possible. We want to assure your continued phone service. If we don't check it, you could lose service, too. We should be finished in thirty minutes." He stood his ground as the maid argued with herself about what to do.

He watched her glance at the wristwatch hanging loosely from her wrist. "All right, I'll turn off the alarm for thirty minutes. But get it done quick. I'll be setting the table for the guests as soon as they finish their snack."

Standing there dressed as a telephone repairman, he thought of the FBI office, usually a beehive of activity before any VIP's visit. Not this week. It was quiet. No extra briefings, no flurry of memos. Nothing. He wondered if he would have believed such a sense of normalcy if he and the other "secret six" had not locked hands several years ago.

There were other issues then. An agent from Chicago and another from New Orleans had told him that they were breaking the code of silence, and asked him to join with them. He had agreed after months of soul-searching, and never regretted it. The information they shared was important.

Often there would be months between contacts — almost always telephone calls to their homes — but there had been several lately. First the news from El Paso, never mentioned at the office, that a fellow shot up a bank and was jailed. He told a police officer he didn't want to be in Dallas. T-he papers on him were secret agent stuff for sure.

The maid scurried away and Matthew walked back to the telephone company truck. He had told the group about activities in Dallas, but emphasized that nothing definite was underway. Not that he knew.

The right wing in Dallas was in gear, for sure. And they were his current assignment. They were raising money for at least one news-

paper ad and rumbling that Kennedy had to be stopped. Wanted for Treason flyers had been printed. Then the story from Chicago.

The agents there were helping the Secret Service tail men who had threatened the President. His trip had been canceled. Their office was saying nothing. Top Secret - Eyes Only, Matthew thought the reports probably read. He put the truck in gear, and left his parking spot.

The best reporter anywhere was in Dallas, and if anything could be picked up, she would do it. He was definitely prejudiced about his daughter, but so be it. A father's right. And if anything big was underway, a reporter could get hurt. They had before. Natalie never understood that he wasn't against her work, just worried that she would get shot like others had, or be killed from a car bomb.

Three years ago, when she wrote a drug series that touched on the cartel's Mafia connections, he had taken a leave of absence to protect her. She never knew that he was there. He couldn't tell her.

Natalie may have heard the talk. She may know about Chicago. He hoped she didn't know about the Cubans. Where did Markham fit in with it all? No where with the Cubans, Matthew thought, but if there was to be any action in Texas, he would know about it.

Markham had connections all over the country, and outside it. His connections with the Mafia were solid.

No one else in the Dallas bureau was interested. Matthew had to know.

Matthew realized he had to work quickly. He then drove the borrowed phone company truck to the back of the Markham estate. He entered on a county line section road for several hundred yards, then drove along the Markham fence on a neighbor's scruffy land, spotted with a few cows. When he reached the telephone pole on the Markham land, he parked and left the truck. Parting two wires, he easily slipped between strands of the barbed wire fence.

The sky had clouded over. That would give him some protection, but he couldn't take any chances. He tapped into the pole line quickly enough and then stood beside it tracing the line to

the house with his eyes. There, he had to place another connection.

Matthew took all the necessary tools, most in a leather tool belt around his hip. He walked openly, and with as much confidence as he could muster, toward the house. When he reached the phone box, he attached the tap and secured it with a screw driver.

Glancing at his wristwatch, he saw that he had seventeen minutes remaining before the alarm system would again be active.

The acreage had clumps of sturdy trees, not as wooded as most rural property because the undesirable, ugly Mesquite trees had been cut away. Remaining were handsome oaks, some pine and fruit trees. The heaviest cover was in an arbor which held a gazebo and hanging swing and lawn chairs. Matthew moved among the trees as often as he could until he was within twenty feet of the gazebo, but hidden in the trees.

His acute hearing picked up two voices, one low and gruff, the other strident, coming from a path leading to the gazebo. Matthew froze, then carefully moved into dense cover. As two men came into sight, he was genuinely surprised to see that the man with Griffin Markham was his boss, J. Edgar Hoover.

Matthew had seen the Director in person only once, when he had graduated the academy as a young agent. Hoover had paid him absolutely no attention that day.

Should he be seen today, it would be the end of a twenty year career. But he wouldn't be here if J. Edgar Hoover were doing the work he was appointed to do.

Hoover and Markham were discussing the wine served inside. Tea, it seemed, was a twenty-year-old Bordeaux. It appeared the two men were alone, but from the maid's comments, others were expected later in the evening.

Matthew listened intently as Markham led Hoover through the difficulties he had experienced rounding up the party guests. "George Brown was no problem of course, and Dick Nixon said he was glad to get away from the bottling convention for awhile. John McCloy agreed pretty quick, kinda surprised me," the aging man

related. Hoover just grunted.

The men entered the gazebo, blocking Matthew's view. He listened carefully. Hoover's every tone was familiar as he had heard it on the radio and television.

Griffin Markham continued. From the sound of it, he wasn't as interested in the planned affair as Hoover was. He even said so. "Since I've had my stroke, Lillian doesn't me like to throw parties. Says it's bad for my blood. So I hope it's worth it."

Hoover said in a low tone, "Oh, it will be. I promise you that."

Markham argued. "But you're not even sure—"

Hoover interrupted, "I said yesterday I couldn't be sure. Now it's a certainty."

Markham asked, "You mean..."

Hoover's tone was sharp. "The king is dead. Long live the king."

Markham was silent for a few seconds, "Well, maybe you want to talk to Lyndon. He didn't seem too interested in stopping by. He'll be in Fort Worth..."

Hoover's voice grew sharper, irritable. "Have you had any trouble with the others I said we needed here?"

Matthew was confused. They didn't seem to be talking about tonight, but a later day. Kennedy wouldn't be in Texas until Friday.

Hoover settled the question, "I'll be pleased to meet with your personal friends tonight. But they can't know. It's tomorrow night that has to go just right. Probably it's good that I came early. When history is changed, those of us who gain from it must be prepared. Can you reach Lyndon? He must be here."

As they stepped on the path, and Matthew could see them again, they ground out their cigars beneath their feet.

Good, he thought, get on the phone. I'll be listening.

Matthew returned to the truck and moved it about a hundred yards from the pole, still on the adjoining farm, but to a spot where trees separated him from the Markham estate. As the hours passed, he was glad he had brought a thermos of coffee and a sack of sandwiches. Most of the conversation was boring. The maids talked

to caterers and a few people confirmed the time of tonight's party.

Then he heard what he had feared since the moment he saw Hoover with Griffin Markham. Hoover's voice talking to Lyndon Johnson. "Lyndon, don't give me any trouble. I know you'll be with the President. But be here Thursday night at 8 or 8:30. Cover your steps. Don't you want to know what you have to do when you're President?"

Johnson was speechless. Hoover uttered a muffled, long, meaningful chuckle.

Matthew stared at the starless sky. No wonder his own agency wasn't doing anything to protect the President. Hoover had seen to it that the FBI would "stand down."

Matthew Andersen had few bad habits. He did not curse. He didn't drink except a small amount of wine when it was required. As the deepest anger he had ever felt welled inside him, it had no outlet. His stomach gripped tightly and he hit the dashboard of the truck with his fist.

What could he do, he wondered as he sat in the blue and green phone company truck parked among grazing Texas cattle. The only answer was to share what he had heard with his supervisor, the head of the Dallas FBI office. He rehearsed how to disguise the way the information got to him. He was certain that Leonard Sams would not do anything with the information, but his conscience simply would not allow him to keep it to himself.

Matthew's stomach felt coldly unsettled as he planned the confrontation. His career was suddenly secondary.

22

Returning to Rex's apartment almost felt natural. Natalie hesitated at the door and knocked, though she held the key in her hand. She clearly heard the click of a gun being cocked inside.

"It's Natalie," she said, and slowly cracked the door.

Rex was sitting up in bed, the sheet covering his waist. His eyes, tired looking behind sleep-swollen eyelids, focused on her. His gun was pointed at the door, but he lowered it when he saw her.

"Don't you trust me?" she asked in bewilderment.

He flopped back on the bed in exhaustion. "Sure, you're alone. No one's holding you hostage. I didn't think they would be. But right now, I wouldn't place a bet on anything."

Natalie looked at his long arm dangling from the bed, his fingers working the trigger slowly until the hammer snapped back in uncocked position. Rex seemed as depressed as she was.

He mumbled something about getting dressed. She asked him not to, to let her lie with him.

Natalie removed her suit coat, and outer clothing, hanging them over the back of a straight chair. She planned to shower and change, too. But not now. Standing in her slip, she asked Rex to move

over. She slid beneath the sheets beside him, not touching.

"Where are we headed, Rex?" Natalie asked.

He propped up his body on one arm, his head in his right hand. His left hand ran through her hair down to her shoulder. He hesitated, "I wish I knew where I am headed," he said. "But you're right, we should talk about us."

She turned to her side and looked at his face and eyes. His hair, lightest in color on top, needed a cut, showing light brown beneath the blond. As tired as he seemed, he gave her his full attention. "I guess it pretty much depends on what happens Friday. If I get an arrest, they'll surely scoot Kennedy back to Washington. Then maybe we can take a few days off before I go back to Chicago. Is there a vacation spot around here?"

She thought. "Maybe Corpus," she said.

He rushed on. "The FBI guys I've been working with want to raise funds to keep me traveling with Kennedy. Do what I'm doing here. I certainly won't be hurting for money. So I can fly to Washington and see you when I can."

She couldn't resist a question, "Would it be an official project?"

He seemed startled, "Hell, no. Hoover would never approve. Instead, they would have to divert funds. A covert operation."

She understood. "I don't make many trips when Congress is in session and when the President is in town. Legislation takes up most of my time. Cuts down on my social life," she said.

They were both silent for several moments. Natalie decided that they had to be honest, or at least she did. "Is it too early for a bargain?"

Rex lay back on his back and said hesitantly, "Just depends, I guess."

Natalie phrased her words carefully. "I like you...a lot."

He grinned, and said "I hope so."

"No, really, Rex. What I mean is that we won't see each other much, very often. There will be others we'll see. But if we feel what they call love with someone else we should tell each other. At least, that's what I hope." She almost squirmed in embarrass-

ment as she waited to hear what he would say.

Natalie had never talked so openly to a man. She wished she knew an easier way to say it.

He was quiet for too many minutes. She was sure her face was red as he finally sat up and looked down at her.

Rex's face was serious. "Natalie. Listen, I'm no better at this stuff than anyone else. We've known each other two days. But I know I care for you. There's something in us that just fits. Sex is just part of it. I'm five years older than you are, but it doesn't mean I know any more about love than you do.

"What I'm trying to say is that I don't want to place any cap on where we will go. Sure I agree to what you said. Right now, you're enough for me."

He lay down again and she saw that he was smiling. The smile almost became a grin. "Do you think you could feel as much for me as I do for you?" he asked.

Natalie knew his smile was pleasure at what they were sharing. She was truly surprised by the depth of feelings he had expressed.

"I think I already do," she said.

As he put his arms around her and began to kiss her, Natalie responded instantly. The love-making they experienced was unrestrained and highlighted by murmurs of great tenderness. Natalie found there were so many words — devotion, warmth, pleasures of lips, skin, and their inner selves. Love was just one feeling they told each other that they felt.

She warned him that when she committed herself to anything, it was hard to let go. He understood.

He told her that when he was away from her he would still see her eyes, her long legs and want to kiss her breasts.

She would never forget his mouth, his hair, his strong hands. The looks of him filled a need in her that she hadn't even known was there. His mind, she was just beginning to explore. But she knew the first requirement was there. He was honest. So simple, but so rare.

When they were emptied, she lay with her head on his chest.

Now she knew what it was like to be fully content. And it didn't need to be said aloud.

Natalie lay quietly as Rex dozed off. She wanted to watch the release of sleep on his face. It was there only for a few minutes, then a furrow grew between his eyebrows above his closed eyes. He turned over restlessly and uttered a low groan. Natalie knew he was troubled. He woke before an hour passed, although she had been careful not to move in the bed. She wanted more time to watch him as he slept, and study his body. But it was not to be.

They were quiet for a few minutes. He looked at his watch. It was dark outside. She knew he would be going out soon.

She asked if they could meet after the President had left town.

"Yes. And I need for you to do something else. It isn't safe here. For either one of us. When I leave, I want you to check into the Grand." He yawned, and shook his head, shaking away the vestiges of sleep. "And save room for me," he said.

He added, "When I see you after the President leaves, I want a long bath, the biggest steak you can find, and french fries. A bottle of Bourbon, I think. Not necessarily in that order. Sleep too, over two hours at a time."

They talked a little longer, the things lovers say. Work was secondary for a few minutes. Then Rex pushed his way out of the bed and stood up. "I forgot something," he said.

Walking to her side of the bed in complete, confident nudity, he pushed her hips over and sat beside her.

"Something I haven't said. You need to know this, and at times you seem like you don't."

She wondered what he would say.

"You're a very beautiful woman, Natalie Andersen." He put his finger on the tip of her nose. When she started to speak, he said, "Shhh."

Natalie flushed. There was nothing she could say. But she muttered, "You don't see men standing in line asking..."

Rex put his index finger on her lips, silencing her. "You're a hard-nosed reporter. You scare the hell out of most guys." He then

grinned in delight. "That makes me the lucky one. You don't scare me one bit."

Natalie lay on her side, watching him lay fresh clothes on the sofa and leave for the bathroom. She knew a smile was on her lips.

Instead of taking a shower after Rex left the bathroom, she waited in bed. He was leaving, and she wanted to hear whatever he might say.

Neither of them spoke of the President coming to Dallas in the morning. But she could tell there was a lot on his mind. Would he have told her if he had found either of the men he was searching for? She didn't know.

Standing near the door, keys in hand, he faced her. "You know, Natalie, I may not be able to stop them from killing the President. But if they do, the blood that runs will be mine, too."

Natalie hugged her knees and ducked her head. Her eyes were locked on his. She understood the meaning of his words. He looked at her as he was standing in the hall, and slowly pulled the door shut. The keys turned in the lock once more.

23

Rays from the western sun hit Mancos' eyes without refection by buildings or trees. He stood in the Trinity River bottom, yards away from the ditchful of water, and from the bridge from which he had descended. The raw dirt bank rose shoulder high, affording the backdrop for a target. For that, he chose a small tree limb jutting from the bank. By moving to his right, he cut the glare of the sun and saw the simple target with clarity.

There were too many footprints, beer and soda pop cans, spent hulls and other indications of target practice in the area beneath the bridge. He wanted a clean site, with nothing to distract him. The rifle was one of those found at the church. He was surprised that he didn't see any police. Ranger had predicted it. He said others used it for harmless target practice.

Ranger would return within a half hour after picking up some food to take to the church.

Mancos had decided to take the rifle as well as his handgun to the plaza. After he found out how well it performed. He would dry fire it first, while keeping the limb in his sights. He lined the limb up in his sights, then squeezed the trigger, which worked smoothly

after a thorough oiling. His only use of the weapon would be in self-defense, or for Ranger's safety. Or, if he had to deliver a shot to the target, which he doubted. He never questioned Ranger's skill.

He lowered the rifle. The limb, once part of a living tree, split into a V.

Next, Mancos would try for accuracy. He loaded a single shell, one of those in the basement, that they would not dare take to Dealey Plaza. Tomorrow, they would buy new ammo.

He aimed carefully, then fired. The V in the twig widened as the shell sliced it even more widely open. He lowered the gun beside him, and wiped sweat off his brow.

"Mancos," he heard a man say behind him.

He stood still, his back to whoever spoke. This was not a totally unwelcome turn of events. He was to be contacted sometime, and he had begun to worry that Artero might have cut off his lifeline. But it had to be the right man, a high-up agent. He been given three names as possibilities by Corbett. Two were CIA, one was military.

"Case?" he asked.

"No. Guess again." The man chuckled deep in his belly.

It was not a young man. He would not turn. If none of the three names matched, the rifle would not be held so casually at his side when he turned. He had deliberately placed himself totally without cover.

He could hear a soft rustle in the dirt near where the man stood, but could not identify what caused the sounds. This man had to be one of the three contacts named by Corbet. "Chloroform?" he asked.

"Could be," the fellow answered and Mancos took a chance and turned. If it had been any one of the other two Corbet had shown him photographs of, identification might have been difficult. But this guy, they called Chloroform, was unmistakable. He was definitely Indian, brown skinned, with strong features and black hair cut conservatively. He didn't only resemble the photograph Corbet had shown him, but could be said to match it. Military and CIA at

the same time. A guy with plenty of muscle.

The operation Chloroform headed was covert, and so highly placed, that Mancos never expected to be contacted directly by him. Corbet said that if he saw this man, he would be looking one of the top operations man. An Army General and veteran CIA.

Mancos immediately saw what he had heard as the soft sound of objects falling to the ground. From a bulging pocket, Chloroform drew a peanut, peeled away the shell and let it fall to the ground. He chewed the peanut while he gazed at Mancos, not even blinking.

Mancos kept the rifle down and advanced a few yards so he could talk easily. After the guessing game, he thought the man should open the conversation, but that didn't happen.

"Have you got transportation yet?" Mancos asked.

"Not so fast," the man said.

Mancos waited silently.

"Transportation," he repeated.

"Friday or Sunday. Red Bird."

Mancos watched him stiffen after saying it. He looked like he was expecting an argument. He was going to get one.

"Friday was the arrangement," Mancos protested.

"But Corbet was alive then," Chloroform explained.

Mancos walked closer to the man so he could study his eyes. He demanded a more detailed explanation.

The man said, without expression, "That's the trouble with some of you freelancers. You never think of contingencies."

Chloroform began a lengthy explanation of the operation. There would be shooters in the book building and Ranger at the place behind the fence. Mancos wondered how he knew where Ranger planned to be. Leave the Dal-Tex alone. A few things had changed. Watch for the umbrella man. Mancos admitted that he had heard that before. Chloroform said it wasn't the umbrella that was so important but the man with him.

"Will I know him?" he asked.

Chloroform ducked his head and moved his foot around in the

peanut hulls. Judging from the number of peanut shells, he had been watching him for some time. "You may not like him, but leave him alone."

Artero. He didn't need an explanation for that.

The man squatted down on muscular legs. Here's the kill zone, he explained, and drew it in the dirt. Mancos asked where Artero would be, and he marked a spot near the street.

"Watch him signal for shots," Chloroform said.

"He'll be in our way," Mancos protested.

"Shoot between him and the man with him. Time it right," he said flatly.

It was Mancos' turn to complain, "Why make it harder? Ranger has to take his best shot. He's not going to be watching the curb. You know better than that."

Chloroform sighed, "You're a smart guy. Take the changes and run with them. You'll never know everything." His right foot shifted loose dirt over the peanut hulls.

"Right now, I don't think I know enough," Mancos remarked.

The face chuckled. The guy was strange. Smiling or frowning, his eyes stared. He only blinked when they weren't talking. Mancos felt that he was being stared at constantly.

"Well, anyway, either Friday night at nineteen hundred hours, or Saturday night, not sure of the time. May be late afternoon. Wait for Artero."

Mancos kicked at the dirt, too. "Where's it going?'

"Same as arranged. You get off in Miami."

And then a flight to Mexico City, and finally Nicaragua, he thought. He glanced away from the man, attracted by movement at the edge of the bridge. Ranger signaled with a wave. Mancos picked up his rifle cover and prepared to leave.

"Hold it," Chloroform said. "I have another message. Do you want to step up? Take Corbet's job?"

"Be a controller?" he asked unnecessarily.

"That's the picture," Chloroform said and squinted his eyes, studying Mancos.

Mancos didn't change expressions. "I'll think about it," he said.

"That's not the answer I was told to get, but I'm not surprised," he said sarcastically.

Maybe they were onto him, Mancos thought. Traced that money out of the country. Could be.

"If you decide yes, call Bishop," the man said, obviously passing along a message.

"Now that's really high up," Mancos said.

Chloroform snapped, "That's why I wouldn't wait too long." His eyes were steel gray.

Mancos thanked him rather formally and then started up the bank. He looked back. The broad back was bent slightly, as if he were looking at the water in the ditch. He obviously didn't want them to be seen together. It was all right by Mancos, too. Something about the man disturbed him. He had the feeling that he would shoot someone in the back and not think twice. Mancos didn't trust him. He didn't know why. Go with instincts, he thought.

Once in the brown Ford, Mancos rolled down the window and let the force of air hit his face. No wind today.

Mancos told Ranger about the man and the message.

Ranger glanced at his face, "You gonna do it?"

"The job? I don't want to."

Ranger wasn't very interested. "Then don't take it," he said.

"It's not quite that easy," Mancos said. "You don't just walk away from the CIA."

"With 'em or agin' 'em," Ranger commented.

"Yeah," Ranger said. "And I think I just tipped them off where I stand." He stared into space and wondered whether to change his flight arrangements out of Miami. It didn't take long to wonder. The answer was yes.

24

Thursday, November 21, 1963

The telephone by her bed rang, waking Natalie from a deep sleep. "Shit," she protested. On the second ring, she picked up her wristwatch and glanced at the time. Eight thirty. She grabbed the receiver.

"Did I wake you?" Joe asked with some surprise. "Rex said you were moving to the Grand. Frankly, I wanted to be sure you had."

Natalie pushed herself up on the pillows and moved the telephone to the empty bed beside her. Now wide awake, she told Joe she had reached her room late and had slept harder than usual.

At least they weren't pussy-footing around the subject of Rex any longer. And why should they? She and Joe were just friends. He was kind of like a brother. She would be just as slow to reveal to her brother, Nels, that she had a new lover.

They agreed to have a coffee and doughnut breakfast in her room in a half hour. Joe would bring the doughnuts.

After taking a quick shower, Natalie called room service for a pot of coffee and two cups. She took her time dressing for the first

time since she had arrived. She pawed through the tangle of clothing items in her suitcase. Sometime she was going to pack like her mother had taught her. Underwear together. Nylons rolled neatly and all that. But there never seemed to be enough time. Or she just didn't want to take the time.

One by one she tossed items from the suitcase to the bed. Brown corduroy slacks, a beige Oxford cloth shirt styled like a man's shirt but made for women, tan socks and her brown loafers. It felt good to dress casually, not fight with hose, garter belts and all the trappings women wore. She didn't want to be a man, not really, but she wouldn't mind dressing like one. Except those neckties. Men had it right except for the nooses they wore around their necks.

Natalie combed her hair, applied lipstick but skipped foundation and the rest. She had just taken the first sips of coffee when Joe knocked at the door. He had the *Dallas Morning News* and the *New York Times* in one hand and a sack of doughnuts in the other. She asked for the local paper. He only nodded and sat at the small circular table by the window. Soon he was deep into the *Times* as she perused her competition.

She champed on a chocolate covered doughnut, her favorite, as Joe knew, after so many times when they ate when and what they could while they worked. He ate at the table as she indulged herself by sitting on the casually spread bed, leaning against the pillows. Once she had left her mother's usually immaculate home for college, Natalie had lapsed into comfortable messiness. Her apartment had papers everywhere, cast off clothes on a chair. The hotel room was quickly getting the same look.

After yawning wide, Natalie said, "Feels like Sunday. I don't even want to think about work. Not for a little while anyway."

"Your new friend, 'Flash,' tire you out?" Joe asked, then flushed at the double meaning. Natalie glanced at him quickly. He sounded jealous. She smiled to herself, feeling pleased. Just as quickly, she felt guilty. Joe was the last person whose feelings she wanted to hurt.

She sipped her coffee, thoughtfully.

"How did it go with Hilton?" Joe asked quickly, changing the subject.

"Not good," she admitted.

Joe continued reading the *Times*. After a moment, he sighed, "You're not going to like this."

Carefully he slipped an inside page out of the thick newspaper, folded it and left his chair to hand it to her. Natalie quickly found a small four inch story buried on an inside page of the news section. The headline read, "Security Questioned." Her name jumped out at her. "Natalie Andersen, Washington Bureau Chief for the *Dallas Sentinel Newspaper*, Wednesday questioned the adequacy of security planned for President John F. Kennedy on his scheduled visit to Dallas."

"Oh damn, why the hell did they personalize the story?" Natalie knew the answer. Because they didn't want to take responsibility for it. If she was in trouble with Hilton before, now she was really up shit creek. She jumped from the bed and gave the paper back to Joe. He looked up at her questioningly, "How did they get the story?"

Downcast, Natalie admitted that she had been so angry when Hilton tore up her story that she had dropped the carbon on the AP night editor's desk.

Joe didn't say anything for a minute. Then he folded the *Times* and laid it aside. He turned the straight backed arm chair toward her as she again sat on the bed.

"Where are you headed, Natalie? What good are you doing?" he asked seriously.

"I don't know," she admitted with a sigh. "I guess I thought I could change something by challenging the right people."

Joe nodded, "I agree in principle. But maybe things aren't as bad as you think."

After listening to Joe, Natalie agreed that they should go to his office and check out everything possible. Not for publication, but so she could find out if other measures were in place that she hadn't discovered. Then they would set up the steps for coverage of the

motorcade, with Joe helping. She was relieved to start doing something that made sense.

Natalie unbuttoned her shirtsleeves at the cuff and rolled them above her elbows. While she scrounged around in her suitcase for a sweater, Joe put the coffee pot and doughnut sack outside the door for the hotel maids. He was as neat as she was messy. Nice, sometimes.

Joe had walked over from his office, some four blocks away but they drove her rental car on return so that she would have it handy. "Do you have any idea how I can square things with Hilton?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe write one hell of a political story as a follow up. That might do it. Although it didn't work for me. He holds grudges."

"I know," she said. The best job around could be out the window. But she should do what Joe suggested. It made sense.

On the way upstairs, Natalie complained that it was hard to come up with a good story when all the boss wanted was something right-wing. As Joe turned the key to his office, he turned to her and frowned, "Just get the story Natalie. You know you can."

Joe's rebuke was also a challenge. She knew she had spent enough time defying Hilton. She had a deadline. Today was it.

While Joe called Eddie Green and apologized for her, saying the *Sentinel* had thought Natalie's story might compromise national security, she tapped her pencil against her teeth. She needed to get the political story early and leave time to collect the San Antonio poll results. Today she wanted to turn in her stories to Ray Pell by noon, at least an hour before deadline, wait for approval, then waltz off. Fuck 'em.

Joe hung up his phone and suggested, "Do you have an advance on Kennedy's speech? Could you write something as a sidebar?"

She shook her head no. "I sent that to Ray and he's letting Keith Shelton cover it locally. That leaves me free to see if Kennedy cures Texas' troubles."

"What will Kennedy say?"

"Just conciliatory stuff. Let's all act together for the betterment of the country. Usual thing. Not one of his best."

It was Joe's turn to look at the ceiling, "Trying to think..."

Natalie interrupted him. "Don't. I may have it. Some rumbling I picked up in Washington. I'm going to call Lyndon."

Joe asked to listen in while she tried to reach Lyndon. She failed to see why the Vice President interested him so much. True, Johnson was the consummate politician, but that was the only way he interested Natalie.

With Joe listening in, she quickly reached the ranch switchboard. She identified herself and asked to speak to the Vice President. She waited at least two minutes by the clock before his low, resounding voice rumbled, "Darlin', how are you?"

Lyndon sounded upbeat, almost happy. There was always a positive difference in the VEEP's voice when he was in his own kingdom. But when he was captive in the Executive Building, he was prone to depressive comments. He seldom made good copy then. This might be her chance.

"I'm fine, Mister Vice President. We're anxious to see you Friday."

"Well... I don't know that you'll see much of me. But anyway... And it's Lyndon to you. You remember that, Darlin'."

"Lyndon, then. I meant it. Dallas always swings when you're in town."

The Vice President began to grumble in his deepest unhappy voice. Natalie regretted inferring that he could act in anything but the subservient, Vice Presidential role. She quickly changed the subject. "Before I left Washington, I heard that you might be sponsoring a new bill or program. I would be delighted to announce it from Dallas."

She could almost hear the cogs meshing. He was considering whether to give her the story or release it from Austin, the state capital. He knew full well he'd reach a wider audience in Dallas. And others would pick it up. She maintained her silence.

A breathy expression of air followed. He was thinking it out,

she knew.

"Well, now, I'll tell you what's weighing on my chest besides these heart pains that scare the shit out of me too Goddamn often. It's somethin' I can't do anything about, not anymore." He spoke slowly, dropping the "g"s from something and other words, affecting the old Texan speech.

"You know that you still make your influence felt, Lyndon," she said. "Maybe I can help a little."

"I appreciate that. You know how it is in Washington, the President hears everything the way the Harvards tell it. And they can't see the forest for the trees. You have to get outta there to really see the way things are. And me, I'm a graduate from poor little San Marcos, so when the little people talk, I sit up and listen."

"And what is the problem, Lyndon?" She prepared to receive more self-serving dialogue about what was wrong with the Harvards, the term he used to indicate the intellectuals and by inference, the President himself. Instead, he got to the point.

"Well, they show me their paycheck stubs down here. Those that have jobs, that is. And the little bit they earn disappears before they ever take the check to the bank. The government gets most of it."

His voice ended on a rising tone as if he'd just made a great discovery. Natalie went along with it. Hopefully he would say something printable.

"You mean the income tax?"

"Yes-s-s-s," he said in a semi-roar. "Their money disappears like crap down a commode."

"Please, Lyndon," Natalie pretended distress, "you know I have to use words for the family newspaper."

He put on a contrite tone. "Well, you're the writer, not me. I'm just telling it like it is. You fancy it up."

Then he rolled into his message of the moment. "You see, the Harvards don't worry about income tax. Hell, they don't see paychecks. If they earn 'em, they go to their accountants. Then they just watch the interest rollin' in. They've never had the experi-

ence of making ends meet.

"They're just like a pack of nuns who've convinced themselves that sex is dirty and ugly and low-down and forced because they can never have it. And because they can never have it, they see it all as rape." He paused for effect.

Natalie grimaced silently at LBJ's sloppy metaphor. She glanced at Joe. He was grinning, naturally.

"Lyndon, you feel the President is far removed from the common man, is that it?"

"Oh, I know it," Johnson said in a emphatic tone. "And I've decided I need to remind him of the problem. He can't help it that he's one of the Harvards. So I'm gonna ask him to lower the income tax. It's somethin' he's gotta do before the common man starves to death."

Now he was getting somewhere. "When do you plan to bring up the subject, Lyndon?"

The Vice President tried to sound worried, troubled, but didn't actually pull it off. "Well, maybe when he visits here at the ranch after we finish up in Austin. Everybody around here's polishing the silver and shoveling shit out of the outhouses in the woods to *im*press him. I want to take him into town to talk to the people. Maybe to Old Glory — that's a place, darlin'. The President can't get away from the men in Peggy's Cafe, and he'll hear the way it is." He paused to see if Natalie was keeping up with the discourse.

In the midst of making notes, Natalie managed to ask, "What will you recommend to the President? What do you think he should do?"

"Well, lower the income tax, that's what."

Bingo, she thought. LBJ was taking the chance of angering the President while he was in the middle of a fight to keep the career he had held all his adult life. What nerve.

Natalie decided to see how far she could carry it. "Mister Vice President," she said, reverting to the formal title, "As you know more than anyone, getting such a measure through the Congress is the hardest part. For instance, how would you go about con-

vincing your friend, Senator Russell from Georgia, that he should support an income tax reduction?"

Johnson knew that he had made his point and now could play with it. He spluttered indignantly, "Dick Russell's like the Harvards in some ways. He's sippin' too many mint juleps on the porch of his plantation. I'd tell him that he needs to start paying those niggers who work for him with a real paycheck, not just giving them his worn out clothes and leftovers from his dinner table. He's got to see a paycheck before he can understand the problem. But I can educate him," he concluded with unbridled pomp.

Natalie could see that Johnson wasn't going to get specific, he just wanted the story in the papers.

"I think I have it, Lyndon. I'll write it right away. You understand I have to use other words at times."

"Yeah, well, like I said, pretty it up. I gotta plane to catch."

As quickly as it had begun, the conversation ended. Johnson just hung up the telephone. It was a friendly dismissal. Lyndon never spent more time on a subject than it required. He always had other fish to fry.

She turned around to face Joe, who was shaking his head, "The gawl of that man..."

In Natalie's opinion, Joe took Lyndon far too seriously. She slipped worn carbon paper between two sheets and cautioned Joe, "Don't give what he says too much attention. He takes insults from the Kennedys. Maybe not as many as he thinks, but he's just sending one back to the President."

Joe looked at her earnestly, "What do you think Kennedy will say when he reads the story?"

"Nothing," she said flatly. "There's nothing to say. And he won't go to Peggy's Cafe either. But it's still a good story. The Vice President telling the President he doesn't know what he's talking about, while the President visits the Johnson ranch for the first time."

She began to type rapidly, stopping for a few seconds to ask Joe to call Houston after two p.m. to get the post poll results. She'd call him at the office from the *Sentinel*.

Joe turned toward her and asked, "Are you going to wait out Hilton this time?"

"You're damn right. I want to see this story go down the tube to the composing room before I leave. I'll call San Antonio from the *Sentinel* before I leave and write that post poll story. If you get Houston results late in the afternoon I can write that tonight or first thing tomorrow."

They agreed that Joe would do more security checks and they would talk later. He said he wanted to make arrangements for their coverage.

"I can do some checking on security while you're at the paper. Do you agree that Love Field and Dealey Plaza are the two hot spots?"

Natalie blinked. She was totally absorbed in the tax story. For the moment, she wasn't thinking about security. The ability to compartmentalize. A necessity for a reporter. She quickly agreed. She would get back to that later.

Joe went out for sack lunches while she wrote. There wouldn't be time for lunch later. They ate the sandwiches while pretending to see President Kennedy reading Johnson's story. "My goodness, look at this. What an idea! What would I do without Lyndon?" Natalie mimicked, and shook her head.

Joe admitted that he was still concerned that the President might take it seriously. Natalie shook her head, "Bobby might tell Jack to make Lyndon clear his press releases. Probably already has. Then that will make Lyndon angry at Bobby. He never sees that Bobby's just Jack's hatchet man. Lyndon has his own. Carter, Jenkins, Kellum, the Ag guys."

Joe was deep in thought as Natalie left his office. Whatever the reason, she was sure he would tell her when he was ready.

The click of the teletypes in the alcove where the Associated Press office was located could be heard all over the high ceilinged city room. The pattern of the four machines set against AP's north wall set the pattern for the ambiance of the day. Thursday, the clicking was steady and controlled, without lulls. Preparations were

underway. Every reporter, editor or copyboy moved in a purposeful pattern. No bullshitting today.

Natalie took the side seat at the city desk. City Editor Ray Pell sat with his profile to her, in the manner that went with the relationship of reporters to their editor. They waited for his attention. Natalie, as Bureau Chief, could have sat anywhere, but chose to display some deference. Ray wasn't really her problem, but she had become one of his.

Ray didn't keep her waiting any longer than he had to. He swiveled in the oak chair and faced her, a side table between them. "Got a story?"

She handed him the tax story, preferring that he didn't notice the carbon copy. Most reporters didn't usually make copies. Doing so implied they didn't trust the editor, and were protecting themselves in the event their stories were botched. But Natalie did care, especially now that she worked in Washington. The danger of libel charges was greater than in Dallas. She made copies to protect the newspaper as well as herself.

Ray read the first page, saw that she had quoted Johnson directly only about three times, and obviously put his words in better English. The rest of the story was a recap of Vice Presidential influence on the Presidency. The rare instances when it had been important.

The city editor nodded. The story had his approval. "I need to send it upstairs. Are you going to wait around? Yesterday you left me with a hole on the front page." His voice was quiet, reserved, not damning, just stating a fact.

"I'll wait. I have to get the San Antonio straw poll results and give you a box on that. Tomorrow I'll pick up civic leaders' reaction to Kennedy's speech here, but it'll be after deadline. I can have it ready for the financial edition."

Ray nodded, "Take a desk. Any desk." He smiled. Few reporters were around. Most were out preparing for tomorrow's coverage or setting up sources who would help them get a story.

She called Jimmy Potak at the Sun. A nice guy, he was one of

the few political reporters in his sixties who was still enthusiastically reporting politics from a cityroom desk. As she had expected, the "yes for Kennedy" votes had risen in the mock poll.

She expected to roll the figures into a statewide story Friday afternoon. President takes State by Storm or something like that.

Jimmy kept talking, "Hey, I got a good security story for you. I just got a call from a Waggoner Carr aide."

Natalie listened as he recounted the story from San Antonio. Carr was Texas' attorney general. An affable, easy going guy. Seldom had any hot news. Never went against the flow.

Carr had been among the Texas delegation greeting the President, as well as Johnson arriving on Air Force Two. His aide had reported on the pomp and circumstance but added an anecdote. Jimmy explained that a business friend of Carr's had been watching Kennedy tour a historic church. The man was using binoculars to watch the President. Secret Service pushed open the door and pinned the startled businessman to the wall. Carr's aide told Jimmy that he had to convince them he was merely an interested spectator....not a potential sniper.

Natalie made the notes for the poll, and sat back and thought about San Antonio. Of course, it was a relatively small city, but it sounded like Secret Service was on the ball. And they must have been agents from Washington, because they obviously didn't know the businessman personally. The way it should be done. Maybe she had been overly edgy.

Natalie quickly typed a two paragraph box story relating the significant increase in the popularity of the President after his brief visit to San Antonio. And she didn't make a carbon.

She looked at Ray. He noticed her glance, and beckoned with his index finger. She walked to his long table, tossed the poll brief in the wire mesh "In" basket, then took a seat beside him. No one else was sitting in the assistant's slot.

He showed her the tax story with Hilton's initials, "CH" at the top right and the notation, "P.1."

With a nod, she admitted, "Yeah, I see. He's not always on my

back."

It was late in the day and Ray Pell, still a young man in his early thirties, took the occasion to deliver a short lecture. He was a somber, methodical and fair city editor. Natalie listened dutifully.

"You are a darned good political writer and you're learning to be a good editor, too. You get better at separating the wheat from the chaff all the time. I see it. But stick to what you know. You're still young and have more to learn."

Damn that young stuff. But Ray wasn't being vindictive. Natalie knew there was merit to his general message. She walked back to another vacant desk to call Joe. Intuitively, she put more distance between her and Pell.

Joe answered quickly, but she could hear his second line ringing. He asked her to hold on, and she waited as he handled another call. "Natalie, can you call that Secret Service agent you talked to in Washington and get the general order of most motorcades, who's on first and all that?"

"I can try," she said, "but it's late. I called San Antonio so that's taken care of."

"Good," he answered, "I haven't called Houston yet. Want to meet me at Tamales for dinner? We'll plan the coverage. I'm getting us walkie talkies."

Natalie chuckled, "Sounds like fun. I'm ready."

She took out her address book and kept it in her lap. She disliked phoning the White House switchboard from the paper. A clerk in accounting wouldn't recognize the number. But Hilton would. Her luck held. Luther Holmes was in and took the call.

The Secret Service agent was abrupt and rushed. She apologized and made up a tale that word in Dallas was that it would be the longest motorcade ever, with more dignitaries than at any other time. Could he tell her the general order? Not exactly, she knew it differed, etc.

He rattled it off, emphasizing it was just a sample order they kept, generic, not specific. That's what she wanted, she insisted.

Local police first, communications car, camera truck for White

House and VIP photographers, the President's limo, with three to six police motorcycles surrounding it. Secret Service agents either on the runningboard of the limo or walking beside it. Overpass clear, police or military lining the route facing the crowd, etc. Police often on rooftops, sometimes a police helicopter overhead.

Natalie took notes as fast as Holmes talked.

She had something solid, or as solid as it ever was in politics. She knew the security was sloppy. But being able to quote Holmes, she could compare what she saw with what it should be. And she hoped with all her heart that her deep concerns would prove invalid.

After the call, she had an hour to kill before meeting Joe. And she didn't kill time well. She wanted something interesting to do or watch. On an impulse she dialed the press room in the depths of the cavernous building, and found that a press run would begin in a few minutes.

Sticking her notebook in her purse, Natalie left the newsroom. She took the stairs down to the basement, her hand sliding along the round metal handrail as she skip-stepped down to the basement.

The press room was quiet as men made adjustments to the gears and other mechanical parts.

Natalie saw two bundles of yesterday's returned newspapers stacked against the wall a safe distance from the giant presses. She had missed watching a press run since she had been in Washington, now that her stories came in by mail or were phoned in.

Sitting on the stack of newspapers, Natalie propped her hands on her knees and watched the last minute preparations, ignoring the danger that her slacks might be smudged by ink. It was an occupational hazard.

She had no idea what would come off the presses, since the last paper of the day had been printed. Probably some Sunday supplement.

Smiling to herself, she remembered her long love of newspaper presses. When she and her brother Nels were children, Nels had

developed a fascination for fire trucks. After Natalie had visited the Minneapolis News on a school field trip, she felt just as strongly about newspaper press rooms. Her mother had complained that it was easy enough to find other neighborhood fire stations where Nels could look at the trucks, but she had to range far and wide to locate presses Natalie could inspect and watch in operation.

Her worries far in the distance, Natalie breathed in the heavy smell of printers' ink. One pressman standing on the lip of the concrete close to the well where the base of the press was anchored was a friendly man she had known for years. Jim Windsor waved and grinned, recognizing her as a press devotee.

Slowly, the press ground into motion, like an elephant which laboriously places one foot ahead of the other, pulling its bulk along until the sheer weight of its body sets its entire body in motion. As the press built into a full roll, the roar grew in volume. Natalie watched the pressmen gesture to each other, pantomiming directions in the midst of the din of machinery.

Everyone in the basement, absorbed in their tasks, ignored Natalie as she stepped forward and slipped a supplement from the belt. She sat back on the newspaper stack and looked at the red and green Christmas tree and ribbons on the front page. She flipped through a few pages, looking at winter coats, shoes, washing machines and diamond necklaces suggested as just the present for Christmas, 1963.

One after the other, the sections, alive in Christmas colors, hit the conveyor belt carrying them to the waiting hands of production helpers, who removed them from the belt with precise movements.

Natalie looked at the great press, listened to the slap, slap, slap of the newspaper sections. Ignoring the content of the supplement, she closed her eyes and in an instant thought of the words that always came to mind whenever she heard the presses roll. "Let the people know" — a litany to her chosen profession.

25

Matthew Andersen felt uncharacteristically nervous as he took a seat in front of the Dallas Special Agent in Charge, Leonard Sams', desk. He knew why, of course. He seldom distorted the truth. It was common enough to withhold certain facts to assure protection of national security, but he wasn't a liar. Working for the FBI required walking the thin line between giving the public the protection it deserved and being guilty of bureaucratic secrecy.

He waited while Sams lit a fresh cigarette from the smoldering tip of the last one. Sams was known to be a chain-smoker, but as the day drew to a close without extraordinary problems, he seemed more relaxed than usual. He was a relatively new supervisor to the Dallas office, having transferred in from the west coast by preference. Or so they had heard.

Andersen and several other longtime veterans of the Dallas FBI office had been passed over when the opening occurred. Matthew, a loner and admittedly by-the-book agent, had not been surprised that he was passed over, but he had thought that one of his fellow agents might be chosen.

Sams' mind usually seemed somewhere else. He seldom asked

opinions of the men who knew Dallas well. In the last year, they volunteered less, and morale was decidedly lower than before.

Matthew hoped that the chief's typical preoccupation would keep his boss from noticing that he might be phrasing the story he would tell differently than it had happened. There was absolutely no official reason or assignment that would have put him on Griffin Markham's estate.

The life of one of the country's most superficiously famous, but actually reclusive, men was sacrosanct from even the FBI. Markham took comfort in the company of the Duke of Wales and J. Edgar Hoover, but did not allow secretaries and servants to say hello.

He owned all five taxicab companies in Dallas, a little known fact, and delighted in taking a taxi on occasion but telling the driver he didn't have to pay for the ride because he owned the company. Stories about his company with members of the Mafia were even less well known.

When Sams' pale brown eyes met his, Matthew held himself steady.

"Now, what's so important that you wanted an end-of-day conference?" Sam asked. He displayed absolutely no interest.

Matthew cleared his throat, "No hard facts. Just a conversation I overheard which concerns me. I need to bring it to your attention."

He composed the words carefully. He had to talk to Markham about a man in his employ who had joined the Minute Men. A complete fabrication. One telephone call to Markham and Matthew was dead. He went on. Markham was busy and his secretary suggested he have coffee inside or enjoy the sun and wait outdoors. He had chosen the latter and a maid had brought him coffee. Another lie.

The further Matthew went into the fabrication, the easier it became. He told everything he had heard, claiming that he had been so surprised at seeing the Director that he had moved from his seat and considered walking to the house in order to leave, but lacked the time.

Yes, Hoover was in town, and there was to be a meeting tonight. He named the dignitaries who were to attend, including the Vice President. Hoover had said, the king is dead, long live the king, and that Lyndon Johnson needed to know what to do after he became President. No, there were no dates given, no actual events that would occur. No, Markham didn't appear to be an instigator in anything, in fact, he seemed reluctant to be a part of it, whatever it was.

Sams swiveled his chair to one side and looked at the venetian blind covered window.

While Matthew waited, he looked around the office. It was not much different than his own, except larger, and with a window onto the street. The furniture was the same light gray metal with deeper gray tops. Chairs were gray metal with green vinyl padding on the backs, seats and arms. Walls bare except, in Sams' office, an out-of-place walnut framed, beige matted color photo of the Director.

Smaller versions of the same photo hung in each agent's office, along with framed newspaper stories of daring exploits of the bureau's creme de la creme agents.

A deep sigh from Sams' shallow chest was the only indication of how he felt. A small man, Sams was an aberration of an agent, neither fierce, brave or bully, more of a clerk. A bureaucrat, an administrator.

And a coward, as Matthew knew when Sams opened his mouth.

Leonard Sams cleared his throat, "Unless Griffin Markham calls us for some assistance, he's of no interest to us. And as to what you think you heard," he said strongly emphasizing the word think, "it never happened."

Matthew sat silently as Leonard Sams swiveled back to face him.

"Is that understood?" he asked.

No comment was needed. Matthew just thanked Leonard for his time and left.

He stood in the outer office indecisively for only a second or two. He was on his own.

26

Early Thursday, Mancos and Ranger had selected a gun shop from an ad in the yellow pages which announced that it carried for sale ammunition for pistols to machine guns. Ranger thought it might be the one he was looking for. He had insisted that if they found a man named Masen, they could buy anything they needed without fear.

This part of the operation belonged to Ranger. The rules of operator and hitman were unwritten but seldom bridged. He could let Ranger go out today by himself, but Mancos still felt uneasy after his talk with the military agent. Instinct told him to keep moving.

Letting Ranger drive, Mancos was surprised as they headed away from town. The long board building looked like it had once been a small warehouse that had been added onto over the years. Paint in varying degrees of whiteness. He wasn't impressed.

They spent most of an hour discussing ammunition and guns with the young man named Masen. The shop had few windows and an unpainted concrete floor, but Masen dressed and acted as if his occupation was a lucrative one.

The temperature outside was just over seventy five degrees. The interior of the building was hot, only faintly cooled by evaporative water coolers. Mancos had removed his jacket and listened to the chatter without much interest. As time wore on, he felt less concerned that his accent might be questioned. The man seemed to expect men from any part of the world to seek him out.

Mancos bought some steel jacketed shells for his thirty eight, as well as ample ammo for the rifle he had in the case. He bought a silencer for the rifle. Ranger was using his own rifle, equipped with silencer and scope. Masen appeared to be curious about the age of Mancos' weapon, so he just stayed quiet. Let him wonder. Ranger insisted that Masen was reliable. Wouldn't dare talk to the police. He was up to his ears in gun running, Ranger insisted.

Their next stop was a cafe outside town. Mancos ordered a burger and fries. Ranger ordered a "chicken fried steak," claiming he would eat lightly Friday if at all.

"You eat that stuff?" Mancos asked. He had seen the strange fried beef covered with heavy pasty gravy before, and it always looked unappetizing. He would rather eat dry sandwiches than the gluey concoction.

They agreed to take food back to the church building later in the day, and eat it while planning. Mancos had developed a liking for milkshakes, and wanted to stop at one of those drive-ins where cute young girls on roller skates zipped back and forth with orders. He wondered if he would miss milkshakes in Nicaragua.

After leaving the Ford in a parking lot, they began their walk through downtown Dallas with rifles in soft cases. Mancos had suggested that they break down the weapons, but Ranger had insisted they use the zip-up covers. He expected to get some hard looks once they were downtown, but so far there had been none. Ranger had laughed at his concern, "It's better to have a gun in Texas than not to."

Mancos didn't know the city. He decided to let Ranger be his guide.

Before leaving the car, they consulted their maps to find certain

streets and the famous Dealey Plaza that Corbet had described to him. At least Mancos had thought it must be famous. It had columns like Greece, and fountains. It was named for a man with great wealth, who owned much goods and property in the city.

Ranger had laughed at Mancos' respect for Dealey Plaza. As they walked farther away from the brown Ford, Ranger pretended to be lost. His face was blank with bewilderment. He stopped a man with a newspaper and asked, "Excuse me, sir, can you direct me to Dealey Plaza?"

The man seemed puzzled, then he seemed to have some sort of memory. "Oh, that place with the water, on Houston Street. Go down three blocks, turn right, and it'll be across the street."

Ranger walked on, looked at Mancos, and grinned.

"Don't these people know their own history?" Mancos had asked. Ranger just said, "Nope. Dallas doesn't have history. It's still new. Not like New Orleans or Chicago." Ranger seemed to have heard about the Chicago operation, but Mancos didn't want to speak of it again.

The buildings were tall, and people hustled in and out of them. They all seemed in a hurry, although the cars didn't honk continually like in Chicago and New York. Many of the women were pretty and blonde and wore colorful, nice clothes. Most were in high heels, at least those Mancos paid attention to.

Ranger said they made a lot of women's clothes here and sold them in wholesale lots at the Trade Mart where Kennedy was supposed to speak. Where he would never reach, Mancos thought. Not after Entierra de necio.

In some ways he could see how new the city was. There had not been time for the planting of trees anywhere downtown. The plaza which they could now see backed up to railroad yards. Union Station was practically next door.

He stopped to look above his head at the flying red horse, the small part of it he could see from below, and then down at the street below. Everything was all concrete or glass.

Mancos had actually looked forward to visiting the Plaza streets

and locating the best hiding places, and seeing where the visitors watching the parade would be.

Yet Dealey Plaza, on close inspection, was disappointing. It was small, and almost seemed out of place. He had imagined it would be a place where people lingered and lay in the sun, or read on park benches. There were no benches. There was a small pond on Houston Street, grassy areas and two concrete semi-circular structures called pergolas, Corbet had said. The trellis-like forms could be walked along in the center but ended in small, boxy shelters. There were no benches. It seemed to be a place to look at. Not to visit.

There was a low concrete wall around the place where it met the street called Elm. Mancos would not want to live in this city. It had no character to investigate and learn. At least none that he could see.

Ranger stood between the concrete wall and the Elm Street curb, looking at the railroad trestle which crossed at a point where Elm dipped downward toward a large expressway. "What a place for an ambush," Ranger said in awe.

Mancos began to agree, but changed his mind. "They could line up police or military men along the street here," he said pointing to both sides of Elm Street. "They could close off that Elm Street and have policemen holding people back. But you're right about one thing. Kennedy's car will have a hell of a time making this turn," he said, pointing directly ahead.

Ranger suggested they check out the buildings on toward downtown at the corners of Elm and Houston where Artero's men might be. They took the elevator to the top of the Dal-Tex building, on the corner of Elm and Houston, and then back down again. Ranger claimed this would be a better spot.

Mancos said he didn't agree. He said a shooter here would be surrounded by people and have a hard time getting out. On the second floor, Ranger crooked his finger, motioning for Mancos to follow him. He stood looking out a window. "A beaut of a spot," he said.

Mancos shrugged, "Artero may have this covered."

Once standing on the sidewalk next to Elm Street, Ranger looked across the street at the courthouse. "There's the jail," he said and laughed. "Do not pass go, go directly to jail," he humorously quoted the card that people drew in the game of Monopoly. "Oh sure, I'd stand on top of the jail. I don't think so," he concluded sarcastically.

Turning around quickly, Ranger pointed out the building called the Texas School Book Depository. "There's a good place."

Mancos sighed, "Off limits."

"Yeah, I heard," Ranger said. "Texans, about as crazy as Artero."

Mancos suggested they survey the trestle, train and parking lots, sites which Corbet had suggested. At that time, the selection was open, but after hearing from Artero, things may have changed...maybe.

Ranger leaned against the wall of the book warehouse, obviously not ready to move. "Something about this operation bothers me. I've been on a lot of jobs. Why are they letting so many people get involved? I'd rather handle it myself."

Mancos looked around, making sure no one was listening. For once, he had an answer for Ranger. Corbet had made it clear. It was simple. He quoted what his handler had said, "So nobody can claim full responsibility."

Ranger frowned, "If I get a hit, I'll know." He looked quizzically at Mancos.

"But you won't be the only one," Mancos insisted.

"I don't like it very much," Ranger added as he began to walk.

"No choice," Mancos said and stepped up the pace.

They carried their gun cases loosely, not giving the baggage undue attention. For a minute or so, Mancos looked at the book building. In the mild weather, several windows were open, and they could hear the banging of hammers. The sound of boxes hitting the floor came to them in muffled tones.

"You could get caught up there real easy," Ranger said. Mancos nodded in agreement and jerked his head toward the railroad yards.

They walked along what had been a street, probably once the old Elm Street. It led into a parking lot extending from the book building to a fenced off place several hundred yards beyond. Railroad tracks laced throughout the dirt area. A signal tower was elevated on the lot.

Looking at the trestle over the overpass, they saw another parking lot on the other side of the street. Mancos said, "Jesus, you'd think there would be some trees or something."

Ranger pointed to a few straggly small trees outside the open area. Only two or three were perched on the sharp slope to the street. "This is Dallas and that's the best you get," Ranger said.

"We're out in the open," Mancos complained.

"Right," Ranger said. "That means we have to blend in with all the people. They'll be all over the place. Time for one shot, maybe two. Afterward, there'll be so much commotion that no one will see us if we move quickly enough."

"I got a little more on the man with the umbrella. He will be right down there," he pointed.

Ranger looked carefully over the fence. "Why the hell?..."

"Makes no sense to me. We're to time our shots." Mancos realized he thought of themselves as working in tandem. "And I'll only shoot if I think it's needed," Mancos added.

Ranger was silent for seconds, "I'm wondering about Artero. What do you think of this? He coordinates shots from the building over there, and signals. And say, what if everybody screws up. What does he do?"

Mancos thought, "Shoot him point blank, standing right in front of him."

"Suicide mission," Ranger said somberly.

"Maybe that's what drove him over the edge," Mancos said.

"Who knows?" Ranger said, looking at him soberly. "When it's over, we split."

"Yeah," Mancos said absentmindedly. "You know how you'll get out?"

"All set up. Don't worry about me. You'll hear from me again."

Mancos looked at his shoes, "Maybe."

Ranger looked again at the trestle. "They never let people stand there."

Mancos smiled, "Well, take another look tomorrow. Those will be grandstand seats."

"Then somebody got to somebody," Ranger muttered.

"Oh, yes, they did," Mancos said. He leaned on a wooden fence with some bushes around him. On the other side of the fence, the grass was manicured with the pergola to his left. He looked downward to the street, some fifty feet ahead. "Look at this."

Ranger walked to his side and stopped. He quickly said, "Oh yes, yes. I can handle this." Mancos knew Ranger had found his position. Once selected, Mancos had to work around it. The hit man had first choice.

Mancos gestured to an area across the overpass, said he wanted to look it over. He set his gun against the fence, near Ranger's. The hitman was engrossed in watching the street with cars passing underneath. He squinted his eyes, sighting.

Mancos walked casually across the trestle. There were trains in the yard behind him but none visible ahead until the tracks followed a slope dipping downward to the major railroad yards. There it was a beehive of activity, with workers in striped caps, and dark, heavy men in undershirts, driving spikes into railroad ties.

The place where he stood was a parking lot. Cars were parked neatly, close together, separated from the plaza by another stockade fence like the one on the other side of the trestle.

There was a small amount of foliage, but not as much as on the other side. He could easily see Ranger from where he stood. Looking over the fence, about six feet high, he had the same view as Ranger, except the west-bound divided lane where the limousine would be was farther away and curving away from him. Plus, if things went as usual, Kennedy would be on the other side of the car. He dismissed the position.

Returning to Ranger, he explained that he wasn't happy with the position he had just investigated, and wanted to walk back

toward downtown. Being able to see Ranger was as critical as having a good shooting position.

They agreed that in five minutes Ranger would take his rifle from the case and point it over the fence. Held straight, not pointed downward at people or cars.

"After you hold up the rifle thirty seconds, pack it up. Take both rifles and meet me back at the car. You'd better circle around the back of that book building and then walk down Houston Street. I'll meet you at the parking lot."

Ranger agreed, and lit a cigarette, ready to wait.

It went against Mancos' training to stand in the open. He understood how Ranger might be able to handle it, being from Texas, but he needed cover to work calmly. He sought another possibility. Artero be damned.

He strode purposely up the street, wanting another look at that Dal-Tex building. He went inside and checked signs on the doors. Most were dressmaking businesses. He even heard the hum of sewing machines behind the frosted glass in one door. People, mostly women, dressed plainly, wandered through the halls. He found a stairwell from the top floor to the bottom, looked at each floor, then returned to the second floor.

He walked to the end of the hall, checked his watch and saw that four minutes had elapsed. The end of the hall was not fully open. A small cleaning closet had been wedged into a corner, making the hall window not a particularly good area for viewing by several people. Most likely, they would go outside.

A metal fire escape was in front of the window, but several feet away. He could easily see the wooden fence.

At exactly five minutes, Ranger stuck the rifle barrel over the fence. He was a dark silhouette because of the sun falling on the trees, but the metal barrel could be seen clearly.

Mancos quickly looked at the street. He envisioned the limo, estimated the angle he would shoot from. He would not be much higher than the limo, an excellent trajectory. Not nearly as high as where Ranger stood.

If another shooter intruded, he would back into the store room or a sewing room opposite. If he was there first, it would be unlikely that he would be challenged. But something gnawed at him. He didn't know what. He remembered the Secret Service ID card Corbet had given him. In an instant, Mancos rejected all other possibilities. He would dress in a suit and hat, carry the card and his own handgun.

His mind made up, Mancos left the building with a sure step.

27

Rex stood impatiently next to the pergola on Houston Street. Where was that Lieutenant? They had agreed on 4 p.m. sharp. Three minutes more and he'd leave. He had thought one more opinion was good, from a man who really knew Dallas. The one he picked — Goodsell — had done downtown surveillance for years. He should know if Dealey Plaza was a hot spot. Maybe he was just worried because of Natalie's concern.

He looked up at the Texas School Book Depository. A few people came and went, but for the most part seemed to stay at their work inside. Not a building with varied visitors like a bank or even the offices along Main Street. A sniper in that building could easily be caught.

But damn that change in the motorcade route. It had been totally unnecessary. First the Presidential limousine would travel straight on Main until it reached Industrial, then turn right and go straight to the Trade Mart.

He had checked it out himself. Industrial was a cruddy street. As unsightly as it sounded. But he'd watched city crews make streets in Chicago suitable for movie crews in less than a week. Once the

movie people left, the fake fronts came down, potted trees removed, and ugliness returned.

Shifting from one foot to the other impatiently, Rex waited for the Lieutenant, who said he was bringing another officer. Rex didn't care who it was, just bring another someone else and meet him at four at the south pergola at Elm and Houston.

At last a cruiser parked in an empty space on Houston. The uniformed Lieutenant and a much younger officer looked for a break in traffic and then joined him.

Rex shook hands with the officer. He didn't catch the young cop's name. He looked like a rookie, young and round faced, reminding Rex of the cop he had watched lose his life outside the safehouse.

He explained his general concern. The young cop stood looking around nervously as if he had never seen the area before. Probably had walked through it dozens of times.

All Rex knew about the man was that he was an experienced officer who knew every corner of downtown Dallas. The veteran officer looked to be in his fifties. His face might be deceptive because of the cracks and lines caused by years of standing in the bright Texas sun.

Rex asked, "Would you think this whole area could be a problem for the President's car?"

Goodsell rubbed the sides of his chin with both hands, "Depends," he said predictably. "In a big crowd yes, but we think the crowd will have thinned out by this point."

"They shouldn't," Rex said sharply. "They'll have a longer look at the President than anybody else. If he's in the limo, as I expect, the damn thing is close to twenty feet long." The young cop whistled and looked intently at the nearly 90 degree turn the car would have to make.

Goodsell sighed, "Look, we didn't have anything to do with the change."

"Do you know who did?" Rex asked.

"No. Somebody from Washington, from what I hear."

Rex glanced at the overpass, "That trestle will be clear, right?"

Goodsell shifted his weight and avoided Rex's eyes, "Except for a few VIPs with the railroad, I heard."

Rex glared at the officer incredulously. They were making it worse at every step. "And who checks the IDs of the VIPs?"

"A member of the department." Goodsell's voice was harsh, with more than a trace of anger.

Rex didn't say anything else about the overpass. He suspected that if he asked what type of ID the railroad employees would carry, he'd be told the cops would know them personally.

They talked in generalities about the area, making virtually no progress. Rex knew he was rubbing the officer the wrong way and tried to temper his statements. He finally concluded, "Well, I can't say I like it."

Goodsell whirled and faced him off, "Look. No one asked him to come here. Dallas isn't the place for him. He should have stayed in Washington. He'll get what he deserves."

The rookie's mouth dropped open. He obviously couldn't believe what he had heard. Rex did.

One attempt to talk to a Dallas cop, and I pick a bad one. It was a fruitless use of his time.

He looked once again at the opposite side of the plaza and the stockade fence separating it from the railroad yards and a parking lot. He clearly saw the gleam of a rifle barrel pointing over the fence. Not at anyone, particularly. Just stuck over by a guy behind the fence. Apparently the foliage of trees around the man, and the mostly closed structure a few feet away, shielded them from the man's sight.

Instinctively, Rex yelled, "Hey, Goodsell, do you permit target practice here?"

The officer shielded his eyes with his right hand and followed Rex's outthrust arm. He chuckled, "That's Dallas."

After the rifle was drawn back, Rex glanced at the young cop. His face was filled with amazement and disbelief. Believe it, kid, Rex thought in a split second.

"You guys file a report. I want to talk to that man," Rex said.

He took off in a fast trot toward his car. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the rookie scamper toward the cruiser, with Goodsell sauntering behind.

He hoped that the youth and inexperience of the young cop would lead to a report on the incident.

His own problem was more difficult. How to chase a man he hadn't seen.

28

Jerking the wheel of his car sharply to the right, Rex entered the stream of Houston Street traffic just as Goodsell's squad car disappeared from view, turning left on Elm. He hoped the guy with the rifle hadn't been spooked at the sight of the police.

The only thing he could do, Rex decided, was to drive north between the book depository and the Dal-Tex building in the hope that the man had parked his car in that area. It should take him a few minutes to store the rifle away, start his car and head out. Rex glanced at his watch, noticing he had lost three minutes since he had seen the rifle barrel.

Shifting in the seat of the car to sit squarely behind the steering wheel, Rex wondered if the character was a wacko, or an employee of the book company showing off his rifle to another person Rex couldn't see. Either way, the whole thing was crazy.

He had Mancos on his mind, and was bothered by the distraction. He couldn't see Mancos being that cocky. Even though Mancos had been just a kid when he trained in Miami, he was one of the smartest of the foreign troops in his command. It had to be someone else.

Held up by a red light at Elm, Rex drummed his fingers on the steering wheel. Watching the area between the two buildings, judging the width of the space between the two buildings, he saw someone walk behind the book warehouse toward the Dal-Tex building next to it.

The person directly ahead of him carried two rifles in soft cases, both slung over his right shoulder. My God, he was on foot. Fifty feet more and he would run over the guy!

Incredulous over what he was seeing, he could only wait impatiently until the light turned green. Rex eased the unmarked black sedan across Elm and into the alleyway. At the rear of the book warehouse, he looked to his right and saw no one. The subject he needed to talk to had disappeared.

Quickly Rex turned up the alley in the direction the man must have headed, snaking along the alley behind buildings on Elm Street. The buildings were the same as they had been when they were built, of differing depths and spaced varying distances between one and the other. Consequently, the alley took sharp turns along the backs of the buildings.

He realized that he was wasting time. When he reached a side street, Rex drove down it back to Elm Street.

The guy was brown haired, stocky, a real "muscle man." If he saw him he would recognize him, with or without the weapons. That meant finding him before he got to a car. He watched both the right and left side of Elm, seeing nothing. Then he thought the guy could be headed for a car in a parking lot.

He wove around traffic, turned left in the cruiser and headed back up Main, seeing no one he recognized. There were several parking lots on Jackson, one street south of Commerce. He could check them out, then come back to the city streets. But by then, he was sure to have lost the guy.

At the largest lot on the right of Jackson, still a fairly easy walk from Dealey Plaza, he edged the car toward the curb before the entrance. A brown sedan leaving the lot caught his eye. At the wheel was the man he wanted, with a dark haired passenger to his

right.

Slowly, the car pulled out and turned with the traffic, about five cars ahead of Rex's cruiser. Settling back in his seat, Rex watched the passenger look around and bend toward the seat of the back seat, as if checking something.

Seemingly satisfied, he raised his head. Mancos!

Rex let up on the gas slightly, thinking. Better follow them quietly as long as he could, and hope they didn't spot him. Surely they would not go back to the church. He had checked it during the morning before he met Goodsell, and there wasn't a trace of them. If they were headed for another place to spend the night, he wanted to be right there. He would arrest them, with or without cause.

He almost wished Mancos were driving. Back in training, Rex hated giving him any assignment involving driving in city traffic. Mancos, or Manuel as he knew him then, had little experience with American cars or traffic, and was a menace to himself and the rest of the drivers. He knew jeeps, hills and ruts, not city streets.

But muscle man was driving. He looked American. The car, a Ford that he had spotted twice at different locations near the old yellow church, proceeded at a normal speed, but soon was almost out of the downtown area. It would be entering the near-downtown apartment district.

The Ford increased its speed. Maybe they realized by now they were being tailed. Mancos could have seen him. Still, he had no choice but to get closer before trying to pull them over. The Ford accelerated briskly to well over forty miles an hour. It bumped over a railroad track, its rear end momentarily bouncing high above the tires.

It was headed into the area that Natalie had wanted to show him, Highland Park. Right now he wished he had listened closer.

Within minutes they were in a real chase, crazily up, down and over side streets. Where were those lazy Highland Park cops when you needed them? He would welcome the Ford getting pulled over anytime now.

If the driver knew the area, he might find a broad alley, or a street in a direction he hadn't seen, and shake him. Why hadn't they headed out of town on Stemmons? Stupid thought! They knew he could overtake them there. The police car could easily beat their speed.

In this area, he was having to watch side streets and pedestrians as carefully as he could. They didn't give a damn.

He swerved when they did, both cars' wheels screeching. They reached such high speeds that the wind blew through trees into the half open window in a heavy drone. He never took his eyes from the car in front of him. His hands held the steering wheel in a vice grip.

A few residents stopped as they walked dogs or strolled on the sidewalks to eye him. He couldn't see their faces, only a blur of colors from clothing.

This escapade had better end soon. Reluctantly, he grabbed his microphone and transmitted, "128." The radio sputtered, then, "Go ahead 128."

"I've got a signal 13 ahead of me. I'm in Highland Park, Amherst street. Somebody's going to get hurt. Better send backup." He ended the transmission. It didn't make any difference whether he was after a 13, code for a drunk driver, or not. No time for explanations.

He heard sirens. Damn, bet they were Highland Park Police, driving within the speed limit. They'd take forever.

Looking carefully ahead, Rex saw that the street was slightly broader for two blocks, with almost no cars parked at the curbs. He decided he could pass the Ford, then swerve sideways, forcing the Ford into the side of the cruiser. If they didn't have handguns, he would take them in. If they did, well, a stand-off was coming anyway.

He floorboarded the old cruiser. Grinding in protest, it accelerated. He pulled alongside the Ford. The occupants were ignored — it was a black unmarked cruiser against a brown Ford. Driving was his job of the moment.

Rex thought he had almost pulled it off. He was ahead of the Ford, when, out of the corner of his eye, he saw a woman step off the curb to his left. Her head was bent, absorbed in talk with a tow-headed boy who she held by the hand. Something about her, the old fashioned way her brown hair was twisted in a bun at the back of her head, brought a split second of memory.

It could have been Aunt Mary walking him to school, listening to his six-year-old chatter. Even the way she held the kid's hand with her right, and protectively covered their closed fists with her left. Fuck his luck, he could hit them.

Swerving back to his right, he narrowly missed the pair, just as an ambulance took a wide turn around a corner. The silent ambulance and he were headed straight for each other, both squarely in the center of the street.

Rex did the only thing he could. He swerved sharply to his extreme left onto a grassy area. The cruiser, hitting over fifty miles an hour, bounced over a sidewalk and slid down a sharp bank.

He gripped the steering wheel with all his strength. The car teetered on two wheels and began a quick roll over. Leaves in his face. Shattered glass. His elbow banged against metal. Plastic against his cheek. Upside down. Knees hit the steering wheel, back against the windshield. The floorboard in front of his face. Dizzy. On the right side. The wheel on the left.

Hanging, hanging. Fuck.

Still upside down, the top of his head touched water in the hood of the car. Searing pain in his right foot, pinned beneath a brake pedal, twisted and jammed against the floor above him. His left hand grasped something metal, but the pressure on his foot was steady. He felt himself start to pass out. He should tell Natalie that he had seen Turtle Creek in an entirely new light.

Quickly conscious, he saw two Highland Park officers' faces upside down beside the open car window near his head. There was no longer any window glass. He must have groaned, because they stopped gawking at the upside down car and yanked at the door until it opened.

One seemed to be stepping from one spot to the other, trying not to get his feet wet. He looked squarely at the officer, his chin within a foot of the other's hair. Crazily, their eyes met.

"Rex Hammond, DPD. If you don't mind, get me out of here."

One went to the other side of the car. This was getting old. They locked their arms together and motioned for him to let go. He pointed to his trapped foot. They snapped upright and changed positions. A red haired officer with freckles reached across his legs and yanked the gas pedal upward.

Rex would never forget the surprise on the cop's face as Rex's body, suddenly free, dropped into the water. By the way, Natalie, it stinks like any other creek.

Without muddying their uniforms, the cops pulled him from the car. He noticed that the ambulance, which had parked in the street, was empty. Apparently it had been returning from a run. Rex asked for a ride to Baylor Hospital.

The red headed officer said, "You need to file a report at our station. The chief will want Dallas to pay for damage to the trees and creek."

Hopping on his left foot toward the ambulance, Rex looked back and said, "Fuck you."

The brown Ford was gone, of course.

As the ambulance attendants began to close the ambulance door, he looked into the eyes of the yellow haired kid. Scared, blue eyes, his round mouth open. His brown haired nanny was plainly terrified. Rex tried to force his muddy mouth into something of a smile.

Oh, what the fuck. It goes that way sometimes.

29

Rex lay on an emergency room table, looking at his bare foot and ankle. His back hurt some, but he wasn't about to tell them that. He wanted out of here. The thing hadn't looked so bad when he got here. Now that he had waited for close to an hour it was beginning to bulge ominously.

Where were the damn x-rays? And a doctor, who he had yet to see. He damn well knew what it was. He had sprained or torn a tendon in his ankle and foot. The trick would be talking the doctor into applying an Ace bandage or at the most a walking cast.

A nurse had peeked in several minutes ago with a "you still here?" look. Rex had insisted that she give him a hand. No one had seemed to realize that his height caused both legs to hang off the end of the table, increasing the pain. The problem had at first appeared to the nurse to be insolvable. She fussed and looked around, finally pulling a metal stool to the end of the table, cranking it as high as it would go, and placing two pillows on top.

Now he hung onto the sides of the table so his unbalanced weight would not toss him off of his precarious position.

With a flourish, a doctor — surely he was — threw open the

white curtain on a ring surrounding his designated area. He held an x-ray in his hand, and insisted on shaking hands before he presented the verdict.

"You've done a pretty good job of stretching your tendon. Here...", he appeared to be pointing to some gray area of the x-ray which he must know Rex couldn't see because the x-ray box and light was on a wall behind him, "and it may have separated from the bone. We should be able to determine that within a few days.

"We best admit you and after observing you for 24 hours, have an orthopedist look at the x-rays. Hopefully, he'll rule out surgery. I'm sure Dallas wants us to take good care of you guys in blue."

Rex sighed loudly. Oh hell. He said it aloud, "Listen, Doctor, I'm a detective and I've got to get back to work. Put a bandage or a soft cast on it. Let me borrow a crutch or something. Just get me out of here."

The ensuing argument quickly turned into a lecture from the intern or whatever he was, depicting the horrors of what most likely awaited Rex — from a lifetime injury to gangrene or loss of his foot. At its most heated point, a nurse popped into the area holding two crutches and beamed at him.

Rex didn't listen carefully. Would he have to call a cab? Where was Natalie and her fancy car when he needed her? He mumbled something about needing a ride, and the nurse pealed, "Your friends are all here. It's so wonderful the way you men stick together."

What friends? Rex wondered. He had to get out of here.

In a rising voice, Rex threatened to walk out if not given what he wanted, which had the intended effect.

After pulling his pants on over enough Ace bandage to make him think that the seam in his pant leg would split, he managed to prop himself on the crutches, hold his useless right shoe by his thumb and index finger, and shove his way out of the cubicle.

A line of blue uniformed officers were standing stiffly against the emergency room wall. As he limped in the direction of the door, they approached him in a reluctant group. "Detective

Hammond?" one said. Obviously, Rex thought. The rest formed a sort of ragged line behind him.

"May we escort you to your home?" he asked, holding his cap over his chest.

"My God, you look like you've got a 'man down.' I'm not dead, and besides the guy got away," Rex said before turning in the other direction.

A young cop pushed forward. It was the rookie Goodsell had brought along. "I'll be glad to give you a ride." Rex took him up on the offer and they left the group.

Once he had managed to get inside the passenger side along with his paraphernalia, the rookie slowly started the car. It may have been the first squad car the kid had ever driven. He seemed to be in something close to a state of grace.

Turning his head, Rex saw that the kid was full faced, clean shaven with a fresh haircut. "Did you file that report?' Rex snapped.

The young officer looked straight ahead and said, "I typed it and Lt. Goodsell took it over. I'm sure he filed it."

Rex wasn't at all sure.

"I just graduated last week," the young officer said. Lt. Goodsell taught our surveillance class." He took a deep breath, as if ready to jump off a cliff into ice cold waves hundreds of feet below. "I hope you won't repeat this, but I don't share the Lieutenant's feeling about the President."

Rex grumbled, wanting to get a glass of water and take one of the pain pulls the doc had given him. "That's good. Then maybe you can watch some windows tomorrow."

The officer shook his head and admitted that he was on nights for the next month, that he wouldn't see any of the show. But by his manner Rex could see that he was as sincere and good-hearted as any young cop — just the boy next door determined to save people's lives. As Rex started to inch his way out of the car, he found himself telling the kid that his father had been a cop.

As the words left his mouth, Rex was embarrassed at sharing a personal experience with a kid he didn't know.

"Thank you, Detective. And good luck. If I can help you in any way, please call the station." Rex thought that if the new cop knew of any official reason, he would have saluted. God, Rex wondered, had he ever been that young?

While pedestrians seemed to be paying inordinate attention, Rex left the squad car and limped to his apartment. He took two of the pills and a shot of Bourbon, then collapsed on the bed. An hour elapsed. He must have slept.

His throbbing foot woke him. Sitting up, he unwound the bandage which had caused depressions in his rapidly swelling flesh. He limped to the kitchen drawer and got scissors and cut the bandage in two lengths. He wrapped the shorter one around his ankle and foot. The sock didn't work, but he found he could pull on his other shoes — a pair of soft loafers.

There was no other way but to call Chicago. And jeopardize the standing of an FBI agent he desperately needed to talk to. One bit of good luck. The agent was available and could speak to Agent Brewster, the code name they agreed to use weeks ago. Rex managed to get across that he was on the trail of someone, but was out of action.

"You can't be," the voice answered.

"Well, what do you suggest?" There was a long silence.

"Call Matthew Andersen. We talked about him when you were here."

And so they had. But it was not the advice Rex had wanted to hear. What to say? Glad to meet you, Agent Andersen. By the way, I've been screwing your daughter. How about driving me around town?

He headed for the pills on the table and the bottle of Bourbon.

30

Smack in the middle of Little Mexico, a living quarter of near-downtown Dallas where Mexican families had staked their claim many years ago, was a place called Tamales. To call it a restaurant was stretching it a bit too far.

Natalie and Joe met in a parking lot at the edge of the district. If they had been asked, they would have had to admit they parked there rather than on the street in the hope that their cars would not be broken into and radios stolen.

They walked as evenly as possible on a path where sprigs of weeds grew between widening breaks in the pavement. Businesses were all old one story brick buildings. Porous Dallas soil didn't easily support multi-story buildings, and few shop owners lived above their stores as in eastern cities. Doors to a shoe repair shop and a tiny grocery store were closed for the day.

Without stopping to look at the inexpensive wares in a shop with a show window filled with colorful shawls and sombreros, they kept up a purposeful pace. Little Mexico was not a neighborhood of thugs or murderers, but many of the teens and young men who lived there were poor, a state of life that occasionally

accompanied stealing and rowdiness. And most of the residents, didn't, for the most part, like Gringos.

Mexican families ate at Tamales when they could afford an evening out. The square building served as a tamale factory first, and as an afterthought, a restaurant. Next door was a tortilla factory. Both supplied the most expensive Tex-Mex restaurants in Dallas with the best fresh tamales and tortillas available.

Gringos only came there to eat if they enjoyed fresh tamales and tortillas and were immune to treatment as uninvited foreigners.

Natalie was in a good mood, Joe could tell, as she linked her right arm in his left and matched his stride. When he asked her if she was sure she didn't want to go to an upscale restaurant, she laughed and said, "Hell, no. I'll try not to embarrass you by ordering in English."

He smiled and said, "They all speak English. They just want to make us uncomfortable."

Pushing open an old wooden door with black wrought iron in a center panel as its only ornament, Joe stepped aside and let Natalie inside. She looked around. A Thursday night. The only patrons were a Mexican family with two small children and small groups of men drinking Mexican beer.

Tamales hadn't changed since she had been here last. The floor was unadorned concrete, the walls concrete block that had been painted bright pink sometime in the past.

Most of the tables were covered by newspaper, ready for serious tamale eaters. Uncovered ones revealed a mixed collection of cast-off restaurant tables, no two matching. Joe and Natalie knew better than to wait for a waitress and took a center table in hopes they would be noticed. There were no menus.

After a few minutes a woman from the kitchen came to their side, wiping her hands on a smeared apron. "What do you want?" she asked.

Joe ordered two Mexican beers. Then he looked at Natalie. She struggled, "Two beers, eight tamales, four tortillas, some beans if

you have any tonight."

Joe smiled. His Spanish was more fluent as he ordered a half dozen tamales, with rice. The woman wrote something on a pad, and left, She soon brought the bottles of beer. They didn't ask for glasses.

"I never was any good at Spanish," she admitted.

"You never tried," Joe said, falling into their old palship.

Prepared to wait for their order until the woman decided to take a break from her real work of wrapping tamales in corn husks, they started to talk.

"About tomorrow," Joe said after several long swigs of beer. "Before I forget it, you may be glad to know that men from the 112th Intelligence Division will be there."

"Really, where?" Then, "How'd you find out?"

"Just from a member I know. He'll be in civilian clothes but he'll be in Dealey Plaza."

"Good, " Natalie said attentively.

"If we can switch cars tonight, I'll set up a radio in yours temporarily and drive it to Love Field," Joe said. "You can meet me there or later at Dealey Plaza."

"I may be wrong," she said, "But I don't think anything will happen at Love Field. Too many people around. I think I'll wait around Lemmon, or some side street until you radio me. Then I'll go downtown and park somewhere around the Texas School Book Depository. After I leave your car, I'll wait for you to contact me on the walkie-talkie."

Joe leaned down and picked up a canvas duffel bag. He unzipped it and started rummaging around. "And here they are. State of the art."

Natalie picked up one of the black metal devices from the table. She fingered it gingerly. "What do I push to talk?" He motioned to a button. Natalie was beginning to feel the strong beer. She pushed the button and spoke into the metal grid.

"Now that you're comfortable with a walkie-talkie, I'd better find out if you know how to use a police radio", Joe asked.

Looking at him blankly, she admitted, "No, I've never had one. You better show me."

Seeing the waitress laden with a tray of tamales headed for their table, Natalie said happily, "Food at starboard."

Natalie stared happily at the sight of tamales in husks piled high. They accepted their plates. Joe ordered two more beers and water.

Natalie' s plate had six tamales and rice. Joe's had six and beans. They exchanged plates and he gave her two of his tamales. "But I ordered eight," she protested.

"See if you can eat what you have. I can get you more."

"You treat me like a kid sometimes."

"You act like one sometimes." His smile was appealing.

They were soon absorbed in unwrapping the steaming tamales and spreading hot salsa over the open packages. Natalie put butter and salsa on the hot corn tortillas. They took satisfying bites, washed down with Mexican beer.

Natalie shook her head after a few minutes into the meal. "I'm getting drunk and my mouth's on fire."

Joe looked around and then rose and went to a table set to one side of the room. He poured water for them both.

"Self-service," he noted. "The water is free."

Joe told her not to put the walkie-talkie in her purse.

"Where will I put it? In my breast pocket?"

"Cut it out, Natalie. Wear a jacket with a pocket."

They grew silent, stuffing themselves with the corn covering and flavored pork.

Finally satisfied, Natalie still had one uneaten tamale on her plate.

"See?" Joe commented.

Natalie was going over the motorcade in her mind. "Where are you going to stand?" she asked.

He thought. "Dealey Plaza, I think. Probably the South side of Elm before the limousine goes under the overpass. What about you?"

Suddenly completely serious, she said, "I want to get on the

overpass, if possible. On the other side probably. Radio me and I'll give you my location."

"Why so secretive?" he asked.

"Because there's a big difference. You want to watch the President. I see him all the time. I want to watch the people who are watching him."

Settling into the bed in her room at the Grand, Natalie felt more hopeful, almost like it would be an ordinary assignment. It was partly the beer, partly other comforting things Joe had mentioned as he showed her how to work his car radio.

Knowing she would be tempted to listen to the police channel, Joe had demanded that she not move the dial. Keep it where it was so he could radio her.

She had memorized both frequencies. You never knew.

31

Friday, November 22, 1963

Obeying Joe's instructions, Natalie left his car radio tuned to the frequency he had set the night before. She was parked on Mockingbird just west of Love Field where they had met on cue. Surely he was at Love Field by now. She felt anxious. Get this thing over with.

She had been dreading this day. Now she felt a faint measure of relief that at least it had begun. Surely it would go as planned. The President would make points in Texas, and she could get back to the Washington bureau.

Maybe there could be time for a brief get away with Rex. Staying at one of the large hotels on the beach at Corpus Christi would be wonderful, even in the winter. They could walk the shore in jackets, watch the gulls, collect shells.

"Natalie," she heard her name amid static on the radio.

"Joe?" she answered.

"I'm at Love Field. Lots of traffic here. Air Force One just touched down. I'm going to leave the car and see how the motorcade shapes

up. I should be able to get back to you in about twenty minutes. I don't think they'll let him stay on the ground long."

By straining, she made out most of the words. The rest she could fill in. "Did you write down the order of things the agent gave me?"

"Yes," he answered. "I'll get back to you." He sounded almost excited, probably influenced by the commotion of the crowd.

She glanced at her watch and noted the time. She drove parallel to the motorcade route toward town. Police officers were setting yellow painted saw horses in the street next to the curb. They were no more interested in their task than at any other parade, Natalie thought.

Seeing two nuns with a bunch of school children, she pulled onto a side street and parked the car. She walked back and stood near the children. They were clearly happy. The President. A Catholic like them. The Nuns had all they could do to keep them in check.

Sixteen minutes passed. The police were ready. Most clearly disinterested. Time to return to the car, and hopefully hear from Joe. Then she would have the order of vehicles in the motorcade and be able to check it with the normal arrangement given her by the Secret Service Agent in Washington.

The radio was crackling when she slid in the front seat. Geez, Joe, take it easy.

She tried to transmit, but he was doing the same. She gave up and put her ear to the radio mounted under the dashboard.

"Where in heck have you been?" he sputtered.

"Take it easy, Joe. Just watching the crowd."

"I need to get out of here. The motorcade's already on its way."

"Could you see the configuration?" she asked quickly.

"Yeah. Nothing like you said, except at the front. First are the motorcycles. Then there's a police car, then one with one of the local military brass, Murray and Decker in one car. Then the limousine with the President, Jackie, Governor Connally and Nellie. Motorcycle cops behind them."

She wanted to interrupt, but Joe, being as thorough as always, continued to transmit.

"Secret Service next, Lyndon's car with a very unhappy Yarborough riding with him, Lyndon's Secret Service, VIPs, eventually the press."

Natalie quickly transmitted, "No police alongside the limo, agents on the running board? Where's the camera car?

"Uh," Joe hesitated. "Pretty far back. There's no flat bed truck. Most photographers at least six cars back. I don't see how they'll have Kennedy in sight on the way. What do you think?"

Natalie felt like she had a bad stomach ache. Everything that she had worried about was happening. "I think security just 'stepped down.' Could you tell who was giving the orders?"

"No," Joe said flatly. "Winston Lawson and Forrest Sorrels are in one of the first cars, and there's another guy with them. I haven't seen him before. They seem to be talking to the Secret Service men a lot. But they're all gone now. I need to head out."

"Okay," Natalie transmitted. "When you get to Dealey Plaza see if you can contact me. I hope I'll be on the overpass. Or the north side of Elm."

He said something unintelligible, then the radio was silent. Bet your bottom dollar the guy with Sorrels, head of Dallas Secret Service, was Puckett. And Puckett was Lyndon's man. She couldn't avoid that feeling.

She left the car to join the nuns.

There was something touching about school children seeing the President, at the White House or on the street. Even if Jack Kennedy had not been so charismatic, Natalie believed that just knowing they were seeing their Commander-in-Chief, alive and a real person, could transform their thrill into reverence.

Natalie patiently waited with them. She saw that a young strawberry blonde girl held a placard with the printed words, "Please shake our hand, Mister President." The chances were slim that the President would see it. Motorcades went so quickly, a blink and the observer's chance to see him would be over. She understood

why they traveled so quickly. It spelled real security measures in place.

Sirens screaming several blocks away set the crowd pushing against the yellow barriers. The school children implored. "Is he coming, is he coming?"

As Dallas Police officers passed in formation, Natalie had to admit they were dressed perfectly and rode their Harleys with precision. Always interesting to watch. The lead cars came abreast of the young people and some asked, "Is that him? Where is he?"

The nuns couldn't be heard over the sirens.

Once the midnight blue limousine came into view, the American flags mounted on each side of the open convertible windshield, the children stopped their chatter. The young girl with the placard was in awe, but a nun put one hand on the child's shoulder and she held the sign high.

Natalie was looking at Jackie's pink wool suit, trimmed in navy, and thought, "God she must be hot," when the huge automobile drew to a stop. Jack Kennedy left the car and joined the students. He was grinning widely, obviously enjoying the children who shared his faith.

Smiling despite herself, Natalie shared in the student's adulation. It would make a nice sidebar along with the motorcade story. She would probably write it afterward and just toss it in the basket in case Ray wanted it.

Kennedy leaned down to shake the girl's hand, as well as several others, with a wide grin. Kennedy was in his element. He genuinely liked children, which Natalie thought had been a good thing, growing up in a family of nine children.

Secret Service agents were about to have a hissy fit, Natalie saw, as they simultaneously tried to protect Jack while trying not to appear concerned by a gaggle of kids accompanied by nuns. They were in a residential neighborhood, no tall buildings nearby, except the Catholic school on the corner.

Natalie grinned as the agents tried to encircle the President, but couldn't. They turned right — he turned left. Actually they were

quite close to him. She didn't think there was any danger.

The President, the big grin still on his face, returned to the car. Natalie saw that Jackie was carrying a bouquet of red roses and something else — a small white stuffed fluffy animal figure, or was it flowers? When he started to sit down beside her, she lay the flowers and toy, obviously intended for Caroline or John, on the seat between them.

As soon as most of the cars had passed, she took off her own jacket. Natalie had dressed in the only dressy pant suit she owned — charcoal pants and matching jacket. The walkie-talkie was too big to slide into a pocket, so she hooked a clip onto a lower jacket pocket. But even with a lightweight white oxford shirt beneath, she was uncomfortably warm in the sun.

With traces of moisture still in the air from an early morning rain, the air was muggy. She draped the jacket over her arm, being careful that the walkie-talkie didn't fall to the pavement. Tossing her hair back from her moist neck, she walked to Joe's car and laid her jacket on the seat.

Continuing driving on streets generally parallel to the motorcade, she could hear that it was not having many problems. At corners she looked to her left and saw pedestrians crowded in the intersections. Not a massive turnout, but not at all bad for Dallas. At one street corner, she saw a man walking back from seeing the President with a sign that read, "Kennedy go home." It didn't bother her. Dissidence was allowed. The American way.

As she drove, her hands gripped the steering wheel so hard her knuckles had turned white. Her stomach continued to churn. The bright sun mocked the darkness inside her.

As she reached the downtown area, she saw that Elm and Main were closed to traffic. Turning right on Commerce, she picked up her speed to get ahead of the first motorcade cars. Seeing cars lining both sides of the street, she headed Joe's car between the school book warehouse and the Dal-Tex dress factory. Finding a space between cars toward the rear of the Dal-Tex, she managed to back the old Chevrolet between two other cars.

Maybe he could get a new car with his commission from the Thompson murder. He needed it. Maybe a station wagon like the Ramblers with the luggage rack on top that were so popular now.

Ranger leaned against the stockade fence. He wore a blue business suit and looked odd to Mancos. But then he was dressed just as strangely, in a black suit and hat. Did they look like two men who would kill the President of the United States? Never.

They had gone over this moment and the ones to come so often that they didn't have to think. Just act.

He watched Ranger work with precision. He had a helper. One he had selected, a man in railroad clothes. Mancos had questioned that, but Ranger assured him that the man was needed in order to assure him getting away quickly. There was no place he could stash the gun afterward. Mancos left it up to him.

Not a single word passed between them. The curtain is rising, Mancos thought.

31

People crowded the intersection of Elm and Houston. Natalie saw Joe at the front of a line of people on the south side of Elm, in front of one the concrete structures in Dealey Plaza. He waved. She didn't have much time.

She put her jacket back on as she walked briskly to a point south of the overpass where she saw a police officer talking to men going past him onto the trestle above the street.

Damn the walkie-talkie. She had her camera and purse too. It made moving around awkward. But she had promised to keep it handy. When she heard static, she pulled the clip off the pocket.

"There are several people looking out of open windows in the book depository," Joe shouted.

Pressing the button to transmit, she shot back, "What did you expect?"

When she reached the officer, she waited until he finished talking to a man in striped railroad worker's clothing. He quickly waved him onto the overpass. She pulled out her press card from her purse and showed it to him. He calmly said, "only railroad people, sorry."

It was ridiculous. Some of the men already standing on the overpass wore suits and hats. A few were dressed in railroad workers' clothes. The business men kicked at the ties, and some actually bent down pretending to test spikes and general condition of the rails. It was a charade! They were VIPs getting a choice spot. Those in working clothes were no more actually making repairs than their "supervisors."

She tried to argue, but the officer was adamant that only Southern Pacific employees were allowed. He didn't even have a list. When they said they were from the railroad, he let them by.

Still arguing, she watched one worker in uniform cross, then leave the other side, heading toward trees and bushes near a stockade fence near the book warehouse. Well, two could play at that game. If the area with the fence was so good to see the President, she'd check it out.

By now, she was trotting to get in position on the north side of Elm. She took the slope back down again and crossed the street. Then she walked up concrete steps to the Elm Street pergola where a few people waited in the shade for the coming motorcade. She passed them, walked down beside the old brick book building, then turned to her left and walked along the fence through the bushes and trees.

A few of the small, but carefully pruned trees were almost attractive, their leaves a golden-brown. Bushes where Joe stood were bright red. Onlookers were dressed nicely, for the most part, anticipating a nice parade. Natalie dismissed thinking about them — they were in different worlds.

Slowing her steps, she saw that the leafy thatch made a good place to watch the on-lookers. She again noticed the suits, "Sunday clothes," that most of the people wore.

Natalie wished she could see the men in the book warehouse windows, but not from this position. She would not be able to see any demonstrators or troublemakers in that building. But Joe was directly across from the book building. They had opposite views and could compare notes.

Her eyes focused on a man sitting on the curb holding an umbrella. A dark-skinned man seemed to be with him. It had rained before dawn, but no one else had an umbrella that she saw.

Static again from her pocket, just as she was adjusting the focus on her camera. She wanted to shoot pictures of every person near the street. And those on the overpass.

Joe was transmitting, "Natalie where are you?"

She put her mouth against the speaker and said, in a low voice, "I'm behind the stockade fence. I want to take some photos. So don't transmit unless you have to."

He answered in the affirmative.

She moved closer to the fence and looked over it. Good. she could see the street and watchers on both sides of Elm, although not as many people on Joe's side. She still wanted to be in position to see persons on the fringes.

Turning with her back to the fence, she took a photo of an elevated railroad switching tower. A man was inside, dressed in railroad uniform.

She took photos of the men on the overpass and a car lot on the other side of the street. When she had worked in Dallas, the *Sentinel* had published a few of her photos, but since photographers were naturally territorial, she hadn't submitted many.

But today, if anything went wrong, she hoped to back up what she saw with photos. And there was the fact that there were often interesting details in photos that she hadn't noticed in person.

She lowered the camera and saw that she had twelve shots left on a 36-frame reel. Then she began to sense that she might not be alone in the mostly concealed position. Just a feeling. Maybe left over from seeing the worker cross into the area.

Looking behind herself, she saw cars randomly parked between her and the tracks. She could see several workers in railroad uniform. Some seemed legitimately caught up in working on switches and preparing to move empty railroad cars on sidings.

If she wanted to be pessimistically suspicious, she would think that bogus as well as actual railroad workers were in the yard. It

was hardly a secluded area, but not one which would be deliberately selected to see the President. Maybe there were police in the area, wearing disguises. But why did they need a disguise? It seemed logical to her that they would be in the area. The whole area began to take on the look of a crowd scene on stage — actors mixing with extras, those doing their jobs and others pretending.

The President would probably be a blur as the limousine sped past. It didn't matter. She had made the choice to hide and watch for trouble.

On an impulse, she walked quietly back to the end of the fence, closer to the book depository. Just to take a look. She turned in front. She walked to a point near a low pillar. A man on the heavy side was climbing on top while a woman held a movie camera with one hand and steadied him with the other.

Standing in the open, she looked at Joe, and using the walkie-talkie, gave him a signal. He looked at her. "Sure, I see you. What's up?"

Natalie phrased her words carefully. "Joe, I'm going back where I was just standing. I'll be behind the fence about half way down. If I get in the open, I can see the railroad yards. Up by the fence, I can see people on your side and mine."

"Okay," he said.

"What I want you to know is that I may not be alone back there."

"Then don't go," he said urgently. "Don't be foolish, Natalie."

"Don't worry. Several back there are just workers. But don't blow my cover."

His voice was irritated. "Natalie, quit playing cops and robbers."

"Joe," she assured him, "I'm keeping the walkie-talkie on in case I need it. But stay off unless it's important."

She could hear some mumbling as she clipped the instrument back to her pocket. She left the switch in "on" position, because she couldn't handle it and her camera at the same time. Her purse, slung over her shoulder, didn't encumber her. It was flat and light.

She gingerly walked back behind the fence and began moving inches at a time toward the corner, bending low and staying be-

side limbs and leaves.

Suddenly, she could see the arm of a man in a navy blue suit through an opening in the leaves. He was standing at the fence not more than ten feet ahead of her. Probably an undercover cop or Secret Service agent who would run her out. She quickly stopped and huddled against a tree with a large bush next to it. She looked behind the man and didn't see anyone, just a short switching post sticking out of the ground.

Sirens screamed. The motorcade wasn't far away. Soon the President would go under and on his way out. Good. Get it over with.

She moved forward until she could press her body against the fence to see the lead cars and motorcycles passing. All cars slowed as they turned the awkward corner at Houston and Elm. Motorcycles moved cautiously, their riders leaning into the curve as they rounded it. Their pace was so laggard, she feared they might fall to the pavement. But the riders, some of the best in the department, made the turn neatly. They managed to stay behind the car ahead of them. She could see the limousine nearing Elm from Houston.

She saw Jackie's pink suit. Hands waving. People calling, "Jack-i-e-e-e."

People stood motionless, waiting. The man with the umbrella made some movements, still sitting. A little girl behind Joe started running toward the curb on the other side of Elm.

Natalie felt tense. No reason, she admonished herself.

She turned away from the sight of the motorcade and looked to her right behind the fence. The man in the blue suit was looking back, away from the motorcade. What was he doing? She watched him. He moved toward a railroad worker near the switch box.

His hands were outstretched. The worker handed him something long. A rifle! He quickly returned to the fence. He pointed the rifle over the fence.

Her hands felt cold. She moved her camera viewfinder to her eye.

POP!

"A gun in the window."

Shut up, Joe.

Natalie snapped her shutter.

Crack!

"He's hit."

The rifle went off. Muffled. Of course, she could see the silencer on the end. A white hand stayed on the trigger.

Another crack, high above her. She froze.

"He's hit, he's hit," Joe shouted. Natalie heard him as if he were in another world. It was still like a play. Joe's scene was in sound. Hers was what she could see. Such shiny metal, gleaming wood. The finger began to squeeze again.

She snapped her shutter.

Crack!

"They got him in the head! Ambush! Ambush!"

Natalie watched the rifle so close to her draw carefully back. Her mouth was open. She couldn't breathe.

The hands passed the rifle out of her sight. Natalie looked over her shoulder and saw a man in railroad clothes hunched over the rifle, squatting on the ground. Twist. It came apart. A second more and it disappeared into a case. Snap. Gone.

Natalie watched the blue suit move slowly away from her. She turned to follow him.

Her shoulder almost hit a black suited man. She looked up at dark sunglasses. "Stop," he said smoothly. Not excited. "You can't."

Natalie took a second step. "I have to follow—"

Another gun, a revolver in this man's hand. "You can't." His left hand flipped open, revealing pocket credentials. White card, black letters. She couldn't read it.

"I'm sorry, I have to—"

The gun moved threateningly and swiftly toward her body.

Someone grabbed her. She stared at the sun glasses.

"No, Natalie, stop!"

Joe's arm was on hers.

"Let's get out of here."

As he tugged at her insistently, she kept trying to tell him. "You don't understand. I have to follow..."

Her body whirled and turned. She felt that she would fall. Something held her up. Joe.

They sprawled on the grass. The walkie-talkie fell from her pocket. She watched it tumble over and over in the grass. She grasped her camera intensely.

Breathing, harsh breathing. Joe's face. Fear.

She had tried so hard, so hard. Breath she had held in so tightly finally escaped, causing her ribs to ache.

Mancos had turned back everyone he could while Ranger ran through the railroad yards. More and more people were headed toward the wall. He must quickly become part of the crowd.

He pocketed the Secret Service credentials and began to walk steadily from the scene. That reporter got a good look at him. She would be able to identify him. But he would be in Nicaragua. Entierra de necio. It was done.

32

At first, lying on the ground with her head in the crook of her right arm, she watched boots and shoes. A motorcycle cop's booted feet dashed into the book warehouse. Another pair of boots leapt to the top of the concrete wall not more than fifteen feet away. The officer stopped, poised atop the wall, then jumped back down the way he came.

Natalie could imagine him seeing the man in dark glasses and hearing him say, "You can't..."

Her father, Matthew Andersen, ran into the School Book Depository. She raised an arm toward him, just by instinct. He was gone. She looked in the other direction, across the street, where a woman in red and another in black and white cowered on the ground.

A tall man ran in the direction toward the overpass. Was it Rex? As he ran, his body jerked when his right foot hit the ground. He crossed the trestle, then disappeared behind the trees.

She was certain that had been Rex. Suppressing a flash of worry, Natalie thought, he knows how to protect himself.

She became aware of other people lying on the grass — chil-

dren, men and women. A few were standing with blank looks on their faces. A Black woman stood weeping, leaning against the shoulder of a friend.

Natalie raised herself to a sitting position. Joe sat beside her, his head on arms embracing his knees, breathing heavily.

"Joe?" she said. He didn't answer.

When he finally raised his head, Natalie was shocked to see that there were tears in his eyes.

She caught herself before she asked why. Reality returned in a rush to her mind. His words that came from the radio in her pocket. She had been so caught up in the scene she witnessed that she hadn't put his words together. Ambush! Ambush!

"Did they—?" she began.

Joe finished it. "Right in the head."

"Oh, God, no," she thought, not certain if she had actually spoken the words.

"Connally, too."

Nothing seemed real to Natalie at the moment. Photographers, some of the best in the country, were in Dealey Plaza. They seemed as disoriented as she. They stood or walked on the grass, looking for something to photograph.

In her mind, the gun of the man in sunglasses seemed still pointed at her, and the man in the blue suit was running away. The scene seemed in front of her eyes, making the couple lying on the grass, covering their children, far, far away. Two photographers took pictures of the couple.

The sight of the rifle stayed in her mind even after she moved her head to watch a photographer aim his camera toward the underpass, capturing the sight of the last cars in the motorcade speeding by. She felt she was here but not at the same time.

Her arms and hands, which minutes before had tried to fight off Joe with all her strength, trembled and jerked. Perspiration stood on her forehead from the struggle, but her hands felt cold. Pulling her jacket squarely around her shoulders, Natalie forced the gun to the back of her mind. She was a reporter. She had a job to do.

"I knew he shouldn't have come," she said uselessly.

Joe kept his head down until his breathing slowed.

"Where were the damn Secret Service men?" she complained.

"One got to the car. It was too late."

"They should have been on the car, damn it. You know that."

He sighed. He acted as if he had seen something much too horrible for her to understand. An event which set him apart from her.

"I've got to go to the *Sentinel*," she said. "Do you think you can help me with the story?"

He looked at her with a blank look. Joe had not been a reporter for two years. Maybe he couldn't manage it anymore.

They both looked at the snarl of traffic in front of them, cars turned almost sideways as they tried to move ahead of vehicles that had pulled over when sirens surprised them. Some motorists had thought the motorcade had ended when police officers disappeared.

Natalie pointed to Joe's car where she had parked it. He shook his head and said it was hopeless to try to move it now.

Joe said, "Let's walk. I need the air."

Natalie agreed and they began to hike the eight blocks from Dealey Plaza to the *Sentinel*.

Putting together their information, they found there were no disagreements, but Joe had more information than she. He had seen a gun barrel in a window of the book building, He thought two shots came from the building.

The first was a pop, sounding like a firecracker. Natalie was certain two rifle shots were fired from her location behind the fence. Joe added that it sounded as if another shot came from behind him on south Elm Street, but he couldn't be certain where the shot originated. Five total, they agreed.

An image of where the shooters had stood built in Natalie's mind. She drew her breath in sharply with realization. "The map! It's like the map."

Joe stared at her. "Is it the same? The X?" He seemed almost

disinterested.

"Not exactly," she admitted, "but if one did come from behind you, it's close."

Joe's windbreaker billowed out behind him as he walked rapidly. The expression on his face was grim. "Then you did get a warning."

Natalie was unable to concentrate on the map. She was mentally composing the story she would write. "President John F. Kennedy was killed Friday in a crossfire in Dealey Plaza, Dallas, Texas." That was close. "Do you think Connally was killed?" she asked.

Joe shook his head, "He had a chance. At least he was conscious at first. Kennedy didn't have a chance in hell."

"A weird thing," Joe added. "The limousine carrying Kennedy stopped, or almost stopped, after the first two shots. That made him a sitting target for the shots in his head."

"Ambush," she said.

Joe nodded. "Maybe the driver knew he was in the middle of it, didn't know what to do, and just stopped."

Joe was an investigator, and would think of such intricacies. She hoped he would explain them to her later.

They left Elm street and walked down smaller streets toward the *Sentinel* building, some eight blocks from where the shooting had occurred. He filled her in with all the details he knew. The reporters he had seen — Jim Featherston and photographer Bob Jackson, both *Sentinel* staff members, several photographers from the News and Associated Press. They might all have information, he said.

"Was anyone covering it from my position?"

He shook his head no. "Featherston was on Houston, but he ran between the motorcade cars to pick up something then ran back. The last I saw him, he was talking to a woman who took a Polaroid snapshot."

"Good," Natalie said. "He'll have a story."

"God, Natalie, there was so much blood."

She looked sideways at his face. It seemed etched with lines

from his eyes down to his cheeks, lines she had never seen before. The scene he had witnessed had eroded his face, she thought.

Joe suggested that they take the quicker route to the front of the building. As they approached the massive five story plant, she saw a line of people in front, most standing with their backs to the building. A police officer was among them.

"Just as I thought. They've locked the building," Joe said.

Natalie and Joe had no trouble entering the newspaper after she showed her press pass and Joe showed his Investigator's ID. Two of the men were maintenance staff members who recognized them on sight.

They rode the elevator to the fourth floor and walked through the opening to the newsroom. Both stood still, looking at the setting as if they had never been there before. Natalie looked at her watch. It was 12:45.

33

The Director looked at his wristwatch and noted the time: 12:45 p.m. He had already called Bobby and told him the President had been shot. Now that the teletype was on his desk, he would deliver the final blow.

Not that he felt any emotion. He had decided even before it happened that he would not. It could interfere with his work.

He was put through to the Attorney General immediately. He said flatly, "Your brother is dead."

It was done.

He wondered what the men he had met with the night before were feeling. Some would feel like they've been hit in the head, he thought with satisfaction. When they recover, they'll remember what I warned them. *For the rest of our lives, we will remember we were here.*

Still, as prepared as he had been for this time and circumstance, he could not quell one great curiosity. What are you thinking, Lyndon? Were you prepared?

The Director knew he would never know the answer to that question.

34

The *Sentinel* was a scene of madness. Papers were everywhere, on the floor, covering desks. Wastebaskets overflowed. Phones ringing, ringing, until they became one shrill shriek. All heads were bent over as the people typed, or ran with scraps of paper, or talked on telephones.

"God, Joe, they're on deadline," Natalie said, realizing they faced an impossible task. To tell a story instantly about an event that no single person could possibly assemble. Instantaneously, their emotions were her own.

Joe quickly walked to the entertainment section, which was almost empty except for one man talking on the phone. "They shoved the deadline back to 1:30," he said.

She made an instant decision, "Let's put our stories together. It will be more complete."

Clarence Hilton had come down from the ivory tower as they called it, and sat at a tiny typewriter table facing Ray's desk. Almost where she sat the day before. Sheets of paper, with carbons between, were in his typewriter. Natalie guessed that he was writing the lead story.

Ray was sitting behind a mound of paper, his mouth clamped shut in apparent anger. Natalie understood. Pell would hate working when there was no way the stories would be up to *Sentinel* standards. Several newsroom people — secretaries and men from the press room — were around him, their mouths open and standing as still as life-sized cardboard cutouts. Copyboys ran from the large editorial desk to reporters' desks.

Ray sliced a paper in two with scissors. He cut paragraphs from various pieces of paper before him, and pasted the parts onto a long paper dangling off the desk. Natalie felt an odd hum inside her, some force she didn't recognize coming from the editor's desk to her. There was something not human — a common essence that bound them all.

Ray spoke to Clarence Hilton, his voice low. Hilton listened intently, then both simultaneously returned their faces to their tasks.

First, she had to know. She spied Peggy Denton, the educational writer. Peggy had joined the city staff as the only woman after Natalie went to Washington.

The telephone at Peggy's desk rang. She picked up her headset, but Natalie quickly reached her side, and interrupted. "Is he dead?" She wondered why she asked, because she knew. Because she still couldn't accept it, she decided.

Peggy turned her head up to Natalie. There were tears in her eyes. "Yes," she said simply.

No time for tears, Peggy, Natalie thought.

"I was in Dealey Plaza," Natalie said. "I'd better write my story."

Peggy nodded, the tears disappearing. "Ray said for us to write whatever came in and send it to his desk."

As Natalie started to turn away, after thanking Peggy, the reporter stopped her, still holding her headset. "Natalie, I talked to a doctor. He said Kennedy had a neck wound. An entrance wound."

Natalie asked, "Wasn't there a head wound?"

"Yes, but a neck wound, too."

Natalie was puzzled. She couldn't understand why that seemed confusing to Peggy Denton. "I'll get back to you later," she said.

Joe was sitting by a desk to the rear of the city room, and she slid into the typist's chair. She seized copy paper and rolled it into the typewriter. "I'll read as I type, then you dictate what you saw."

She slugged the story: "Assassination/Andersen."

She typed the lead that had formed as they had walked. "President Kennedy was killed Friday in a crossfire of gunshots in downtown Dallas.

"A witness saw a rifle poised in a window of the Texas School Book Depository. Another shooter fired shots from behind a stockade fence in Dealey Plaza, between Elm and Houston Streets and a railroad overpass.

"The motorcade carrying the President was to pass under the trestle and continue to the Dallas Trade Mart, where he was scheduled to deliver an address. Governor John Connally was wounded in the fuselage of shots."

Natalie stopped typing and looked at Joe questioningly. A copyboy instantly stood in front of her. He told her to slug her story "assassination." Natalie looked at the young man. "Who said?" she challenged. "Them," he said, jerking his finger toward the desk. "Give it to me," he demanded.

Natalie ripped the paper from the typewriter by tearing it across the paper guide. She handed him the short text. The copyboy scurried across the room back to the editors.

Throwing away the small piece left in the typewriter, she inserted a fresh sheet and slugged it, "Assassination."

She stopped typing. "Joe, this will be a nightmare for Ray. He'll be getting more than we know on the President and Connally. How will he possibly put it together?"

Joe glanced at the desk. "That what the scissors and paste are for. But you're right. It can't be accurate. We all have our own views. All we can do is put together what we have. We'll be conservative. Besides, they'll do several editions as they get more information."

She agreed. Joe related what he had seen. Natalie typed, "The President appeared to grasp his neck, then slumped to his right.

Quickly afterward he was hit in the head by one or more shots. Governor Connally shouted, 'They're going to kill us all,' then slumped into the arms of his wife, Nellie Connally."

As Natalie typed the last sentence, she said, "They'll cut that out, but I'll give them what we saw and heard."

She typed a few more words. She went over everything she saw happen behind the fence.

A reporter walked down the center aisle in front of their desk, interrupting them for a moment. He shouted, "Johnson is downtown in a locked building."

Natalie looked quizzically at Joe. They had lost their means of communication. There was no time for reporters to talk to editors, explain their stories and receive directions. They were a bunch of cattle, herded by horses, lumbering blindly, not knowing where they were going. "What difference does that make? Have they lost Johnson?" she asked. Joe shook his head in disbelief. "Keep writing," he said.

She typed and talked. "Natalie Andersen, Washington Bureau Chief for the *Dallas Sentinel*, saw a man wearing a navy blue suit fire two shots over a stockade fence in the railroad yards behind Dealey Plaza in the direction of the motorcade. The man disappeared in the railroad area."

Joe added a sentence, "A witness standing on the south side of Elm Street saw the rifle as it was withdrawn from its position above the stockade fence separating Dealey Plaza from the railroad yards."

She cautioned him, "They'll ask who. Give your name," she said, insistently.

"Later," he said. "What next?" he asked.

She leaned forward, typed, then read. "Let's try this. 'Andersen stated that when she attempted to follow the gunman behind the fence she was stopped by a man in a black suit with credentials...' " She hesitated.

"...with Secret Service credentials," Joe said. "I saw the ID."

Natalie nodded and typed "Secret Service" above the line as an insert.

As quickly as they were finished, less than fifteen minutes later, Natalie asked, "Do you think I should turn in my film?"

"Let's wait and see," Joe said. Natalie didn't want to argue.

Another reporter walked by and yelled to anyone who was listening, "Johnson's going to take the oath of office at Love Field. On Air Force One."

Natalie realized by now, that when anyone had new information, he was calling it out to them all, hoping it would help them with their stories. There wasn't any way to help. There were bound to be errors. While she continued to type, Natalie watched a man from the editorial office tap Clarence Hilton on the shoulder. Hilton frowned and slapped the hand away. For once she knew how Hilton felt.

"They'll get it right sometime," Natalie said.

Natalie stacked the papers together. "Now let's see what they do with it," she said.

She walked toward the desk, dodging reporters and editors dashing around the room. No one met the eyes of those around them, even averted glances. Get the story. Get the story, she thought. It was 2 p.m. and the *Sentinel*'s first edition hadn't yet gone to press.

A dark haired assistant editor who often took her stories when she had worked in Dallas met her eyes.

"I have a story. Joe Garland and I were witnesses."

"Give it to me," he demanded. She handed the story to him.

Her eyes watched his hand as he held it poised above the paper with a broad soft pointed copy pencil. It stayed there, still poised, while he read. Why was he waiting? Other editors were grasping papers thrust at them by copy boys and making quick copy editing marks as they read.

Something must be different about her story.

Natalie returned to the desk where Joe sat. "I don't know what's going on," she said.

There was a frown on Joe's face. "Bob Jackson just called from Parkland. I saw him in the motorcade. He saw the rifle barrel in the book building, too."

"Well, that's good for you, isn't it?" Natalie said. "All I have for corroboration is you seeing the Secret Service man, and the rifle drawn back. What if they don't believe me?" she wondered aloud.

"That's what I'm concerned about. But let's not borrow trouble," Joe cautioned. "Here comes the first edition."

They watched patiently as a copy boy held a stack of newspapers and put one on the corner of every desk where a reporter sat. He skipped the vacant desks and left a stack of newspapers near the editors.

Joe unfolded one of the papers while Natalie grasped another. "President Dead" was the huge black type on the first line. "Connally Shot," the second line read.

Joe began to scan the lead story covering the front page. The only art was a large photo of Kennedy in the crowd at Love Field. At the bottom was a strange small picture of a grinning Lyndon Johnson. Couldn't they find a more appropriate shot, one with him unsmiling, somewhere in the morgue, Natalie wondered.

Those sitting at the editor's desk didn't stop to read. They kept their pace, read, mark, snip, paste. Natalie thought that must be the way the whole country was right now. Held together by glue, ready to come apart any second at the seams.

"Read that paragraph about half way down the first column," Joe said. Natalie looked down at the newspaper.

"While the President waved to crowds near the Triple Underpass, gunfire erupted — apparently from the Schoolbook Depository at 411 Elm." She shook her head. "Isn't there anything else?" she asked in a meditative tone, continuing to read.

"No," Joe said flatly. "Just that Sheriff Decker ordered men to the railroad yards and some people said they could tell that's where the shots came from. They found the rifle," he read.

Natalie mused. "Then I have the only story..."

She was still reading when Joe said insistently, "Natalie, bring your camera. Let's get out of here."

She protested, glancing at the editorial desk. The assistant editor who had taken her story met her eyes, then quickly looked

away.

Joe stood and motioned for her to come with him impatiently.

"What if they want to talk to me," she said, then stopped. They didn't want to talk to her. Her story didn't fit, and they didn't believe her.

"He won't. I can see the way this story is going," Joe said. She nodded.

Neither of them glanced back as they left the cityroom.

35

A small photo shop and lab on Akard Street was still open. Joe explained that he used it often on his cases, because he knew the owner and trusted him. The owner had never talked about the film he developed, Joe said.

"This is funny for me. I've never had to pay to have my film developed," Natalie admitted. "Of course, the guys usually make me soup it myself," she added.

The owner, a thin man in a short sleeved shirt, came out from the lab at the counter girl's call. He greeted Joe and began to shake his head and talk about the assassination. Joe cut him short. "We've got a roll we need developed immediately."

Shortly, the three of them were in the lab. Natalie leaned against a wall while the man, who Joe called Nick, threaded her film into a metal reel in the total darkness of a windowless room. None of them moved lest they jostle each other.

Once she heard the lid being screwed on the metal can, she knew the film was in the soup. Then Nick pulled on a cloth string hanging from a ceiling light fixture, which only he could locate by feel.

They stood silently while the timer ticked off the minutes. Nick made small movements, but there was the same kind of tension here that she felt in the newsroom. Did Nick already know what the photos would show? She wanted to say something, but didn't.

She was pleased when Joe issued orders and Nick followed them. Joe was in charge, and Natalie couldn't help but notice how his mild manner changed when he was on an investigation. Is that the way he thought of it now?

Calmly and with visible confidence, Joe asked Nick to make a contact sheet before they decided which prints they wanted blown up. They looked at each other in the eerie light that colored the room red. Objects — the wooden counter, three developing trays and a sink, their human features— stood out in stark black. They didn't look human, she thought. And she didn't feel like the same person she was only a few hours before.

Within ten minutes, Nick had completed making multiple exposures of the 36 frames on a single sheet of Kodak paper. He asked Natalie to turn on the wall switch, which she did with a flick. She saw her negative coiled in the water tray.

Nick moved to a side table, crudely made of raw wood, and placed the contact sheet in the center where the three of them could see it.

Tiny black and white squares of Dealey Plaza, the railroad yards, the railroad tower. They were examining each, but Natalie's eyes moved rapidly down the page to the bottom. She held her breath.

"There, there's the hand! See the gun?"

Joe said assuredly, "You got it, Nat!"

Nick looked at them angrily. "But on the radio they said somebody saw the guy that did it. He was in the book warehouse. That's the way it is," he said, his voice rising to a squeak.

Natalie looked at Joe. He turned to Nick. "Don't tell anyone about this," Joe said. "Give us two 8 x 10s. Then dry the film."

She couldn't see Joe's face but she could see Nick's horror. Everywhere she and Joe went, they were judged wrong. For some reason, no one wanted the whole story, only the part Nick had

said. The President had only been dead for a few hours.

That's the way it is. No, Nick, you're wrong, Natalie thought. But she had already learned not to say it aloud.

She glanced at other negatives attached by clothes pins to a string hung from one wall to the other. Soon hers would hang among them.

She watched Nick's fingers tremble slightly as he gingerly took the negative from the water. They quickly had the two large prints in their hands.

While slightly out of focus, the photo clearly showed two hands on a rifle and the boards of the stockade fence. The face and lower body were hidden by leaves and twigs of a tree.

Joe turned to Nick, saying, "We can't take them wet. Let them dry while we go to the sheriff's office and give our statements. You'll stay open and wait for us?"

Nick sank to a small wooden stool, the only seat in the lab. "No, it's been too much. I'm locking up. But I'll wait for you. Just knock on the door."

Joe seemed to understand the unmistakable fear on Nick's face. "Don't worry," he assured the technician. "You never saw it. Remember that. No matter who asks."

"Just hurry," Nick said in a quaking voice.

36

Clarence Hilton zipped his fly and washed his hands. Now to clean up that damned first edition.

As he left the men's room, he felt a presence behind him. He hadn't seen anyone else in the room, but someone was following him. He turned his head. Damn. He never bothered to come to the plant. He owned over half the stock. They all knew how he wanted it...they didn't have to ask. And he was such a recluse, he hated the confusion of the newspaper. Wouldn't even come to annual meetings.

Hilton followed the white shirted back. He wasn't even wearing a tie. They stood in a small conference room. The florid face of Griffin Markham shocked Hilton. He had never seen the billionaire oilman shaken before. "What?" he demanded, knowing his voice sounded irritated. Damn it, he didn't have time for this.

"You're going to hear lots of things," the short aging man piped in his high voice. "Don't give in, keep it the way it is."

Hilton adjusted his tie. "The story's not over yet," he insisted.

"Oh yes, it is," Markham piped excitedly. "The Director says so."

Frowning, Hilton thought, which director? The newspaper had dozens. He must have said something because Markham's voice piped up again. "The Director — J. Edgar."

He scurried out of the room. Hilton's frown deepened.

37

Wooden benches in the waiting room of the Sheriff's office were still filled with people as Natalie and Joe entered. Additional chairs were being brought in by deputies.

Natalie took a seat. At first her attention was captured by row upon row of photographs high on the wall in single file, a few action photos, but mostly pictures of men in uniform and dignitaries, some autographed.

She heard snatches of murmurs from some of the people waiting. A few were couples, going over and over what they were prepared to say. Natalie glanced at a man and wife, young people, and heard him say, "shots right over our heads." A small Black boy lay against his father's side, sleeping. She hoped he hadn't seen it happen.

People were called separately. Apparently they had one stenographer taking statements. Natalie took her steno pad out of her purse and looked at the many notes from the last few days. All were of no importance now.

She concentrated on the names of people who were called out as they entered the interrogation room, and wrote them in her

pad.

When her time came, she faced a glum-looking woman, probably more downcast from the never ending stream of statements awaiting her than from events of the day. She gave her statement as the secretary typed rapidly. Once given, she signed above her name and watched while the woman squeezed shut her notary public's seal on the single sheet of paper.

Joe was called next and she waited.

As soon as he returned, she said, "Let's get that film."

Nick's gray face watched as Joe checked the contents of the large brown envelope. Noting that it was all there — the negatives, contact sheet and two 8x10s in a large brown envelope — he asked for the bill.

Nick was ready. "No charge. No charge."

Joe thanked him and they left.

Natalie murmured that it had been nice of him not to charge for his work. Joe's face was grim as he said, "That wasn't the reason. He didn't want any paper trail, like a receipt, to your pictures."

She lightly groaned in frustration. After taking the film to his office, where Joe locked it in a file cabinet, he suggested they stay downtown, get something to eat and buy some newspapers.

Night had closed in on the city. Natalie and Joe walked to a newsstand where they bought several newspapers, including the latest edition of the *Sentinel*. The headlines were similar. The killer, a crazed madman, had been captured by the Dallas police. He was in custody, demanding his rights. Natalie had an urge to scream, "That's not the way it was!" but no one would hear her. Who would care?

Dallas had never looked the way it did that night, and never would again, Natalie thought as they walked from one place to the other. She didn't know if Joe saw the city as she did. And she

didn't ask. The memory was her own.

As close as she and Joe were, and other people to them, the memory of the day when President John F. Kennedy was killed would be unique to each. Just as every person has his own emotional constellation, the feelings of the day would take the form of personal snowdrifts in their minds, none alike, impossible to share.

The wind was strong and cold. She wrapped her gray jacket around her. Men's overcoats blew from their bodies as they walked. Each walked hunched over, many had newspapers in their hands.

She looked upward as lightning streaked across the starless sky. The wail of a siren seemed to hit an invisible barrier and scream to the heavens.

A businessman in coat, suit and tie stood on a grate in the sidewalk, stamping his feet on the warm steel as if he were frozen.

No one smiled.

Two men stood on a corner as she and Joe waited for a light to change. One of them turned to the other and said, "You are now standing within six blocks of history." Joe glanced at her. She met the eyes in his somber face.

A gust of wind blew tattered newspapers, wadded up scraps of paper, sprinkles of colored confetti around them. Red and blue paper dots stuck to their clothes.

Newspaper vendors shouted, "President assassinated," over and over. I know, I know, she thought mournfully.

Door after door closed as they passed, keys turned in locks and lights went out.

"We better get something to eat," Joe said.

They walked into a small cafe. As they shoved on the aluminum framed glass door, wind rushed in ahead of them. Natalie watched a man at a table jump with apparent fear.

They sat at the counter. A young man with dark hair came to them as they picked up the menu. I'm going to close up pretty soon. Everyone who comes in just orders food and they don't eat it. They're scared. I am, too."

Natalie wondered why. The killers had done their deed. It was

all over.

Joe ordered a hamburger, Natalie a BLT. Then they, like the few people in the cafe, watched a television set.

A local newsman announced that a "mad gunman" had shot President Kennedy from a sixth floor window of the Texas Schoolbook Depository. "He will be shown in the following coverage taken late this afternoon at the Dallas Police Department."

The sullen face of a young man with a black eye filled the screen. In handcuffs, he was being moved to another area. "My civil rights are being violated," he called loudly.

"Did you kill the President?" one of hundreds of newsmen packed into the police department homicide division, called.

"No, sir. I'm a patsy," he called as the handcuffs were yanked and he swerved around a corner.

Natalie studied the face. "I want an interview with him," she decided.

Abruptly, the local newscast was interrupted. She and Joe watched Walter Cronkite deliver, over and over, the news that the 35th President of the United States had been shot down and killed in Dallas, Texas.

A sheet of paper was handed to Cronkite. He announced that Air Force One was landing with the body of the President at Andrews Air Force Base. Shortly, Lyndon Johnson, now the 36th President, would make a statement.

The counter boy fried the burger and bacon as he, too, looked over his shoulder at the television screen. The big plane, shrouded in darkness, had landed. Lights shone at the side of the aircraft, where a mobile platform had been rolled into place.

Natalie watched as the casket appeared, with Jackie Kennedy beside it. Her suit and hose were streaked with black. Natalie's inner mind saw it as red, blood, bloody.

They watched until the casket had been loaded into a hearse, which then left.

The camera switched to Lyndon Johnson, 36th President of the United States, as he addressed the country.

Natalie swiveled back to the counter. The BLT on white bread, a piece of lettuce sticking out, was placed before her. Joe's hamburger arrived. Coffee for the two of them.

She took several bites and put the sandwich back on the plate. Joe wasn't eating much either. "I'm not really hungry," she said.

Joe took a swig of coffee and replaced the cup. "I'm not either. I think I'll go look at the 'lone gunman.' "

Natalie thought for a moment, "I'm going to my room. I want to put together some interviews for tomorrow. Call me if he makes a confession."

"He won't," Joe predicted, and said he would meet her Saturday at the hotel.

They walked together silently for a few blocks through deserted streets. Natalie again thought about Rex. Then she considered the man they said was an insane assassin. He didn't appear to be crazy. But you never knew.

38

Saturday, November 23, 1963

All of Dallas lay down to rest at some time Friday night. Some slept with exhaustion. Others fell asleep in weariness, only to wake with their hearts pounding. A few slept the sleep of the dead, and their wives took the phones off the hook to protect them from those who could not sleep.

Sheets wound around Natalie's body in a tangled mess when she woke in her room at the Grand, the residue of a night of twisting and turning, sitting up, then resolutely lying down in determination to sleep.

Should she dash back to Washington? Was the urge professional or personal? Which? The networks had taken over the national news. She couldn't add to it. And there was unfinished business in Dallas. Not that anyone but she and Joe thought so.

By 6 a.m., she gave up on sleep. She had dozed, she knew, but the deep sleep that she needed had eluded her. In her teal blue nightgown, she walked barefoot across the room and turned on the television set. Rex wouldn't come back today. When he ran

across the railroad overpass, he had shown her that he, too, knew there was more.

As the television set warmed up, the same images were shown over and over. The coffin. Bloody Jackie Kennedy. News that a family funeral mass would be held in the White House. The President lay on a catafalque in the East Room.

A replacement for exhausted Walter Cronkite announced that the President's body had been returned to the White House at 5 a.m. A family member reported that Mrs. Kennedy, Attorney General Robert Kennedy and others close to the President on his fatal trip to Dallas, had viewed the body. Mrs. Kennedy, it was "reliably reported," buried her face briefly in the field of stars on the flag which covered the late President's body.

The face of Lee Harvey Oswald appeared. Now he complained to newsmen that he had been denied the rights of hygiene, especially a shower. Natalie still wanted to talk to him. Her ideas of what she would cover in an interview began to crystallize. But it was now time to call the city desk.

Ray was back at work and they talked briefly about a full page Sunday of interviews with eye witnesses. She didn't reveal her wish to set up an interview with Lee Harvey Oswald.

His voice was not as fatigued as she believed he felt. Instead, he agreed the interviews were a possibility and for her to collect what she could.

"Natalie, " he spoke hesitantly. "I read your story late last night."

"Yes, and?"

She knew what his answer would be, and wondered how the city editor would say it. There couldn't be two answers to who killed the President. Only one, and "they," whoever they were, had made up their minds.

"I'll run your story as an eyewitness. I know Joe was the other person. But Bob Jackson gave pretty much the same story as Joe did..."

As he hesitated, Natalie knew it wasn't true, Bob had not reported seeing all that Joe did. Not at all. But she didn't argue.

"...but please say that the man appeared to be holding a gun. You don't want your credibility destroyed."

Well, of course not. The truth can be awkward to get around, and buried, of course, she thought. "I plan to get more interviews today. I'll bring them in." She permitted herself one caustic question, "You don't need any more interviews that it was the work of a lone crazed gunman, do you?"

Pell used her sarcasm to protect himself. "No. That's been pretty well established," he said.

Almost immediately after she talked to Pell, Joe called. He was still as the police station and wanted all the facts he could get on Oswald. It would likely take most of the day. She outlined her plan to get several interviews, saying that she was going to the Sheriff's office first. He agreed to meet her there at noon. If he didn't show up, they would meet at the police department or at the *Sentinel*.

Natalie's gray suit had been rumpled and grass-stained yesterday. After a shower, she donned the same brown corduroy slacks she had already worn, adding a fresh blue blouse and casual loafers. She pulled out her notebook and looked at the names, Newman, Holland, and wondered what would be a good third story. She would rewrite her own story for the last.

She called room service for coffee and toast, and planned while she waited. Who would help? None of the Sheriff's deputies dared challenge the granite faced old Sheriff.

Of all city officials, the Sheriff was traditionally a site of power involving payoffs for services. Sheriffs she had known weren't always crooked, but the looseness of their role in law enforcement allowed laxity of rules and procedures. And Sheriff Bill Decker was one the toughest she had ever known.

She knew several deputies. Most could be counted on to cooperate with the press until they reached the point of disagreeing with Decker, or appearing to go beyond what he might state publicly, and then they folded. But Natalie remembered one.

Deputy of the Year. A young fellow, egocentric, always on the

scene. And she bet he had been there yesterday. She called the Sheriff's office and asked if Deputy Duke Lightner was in. The secretary's voice had a hard edge. "Of course, he is," she acknowledged, sounding like she'd rather he be anywhere else.

Natalie asked to speak to him, and in a wink he was on the line. She said she needed to see him. Could they meet for coffee?

If she drank much more coffee, she might never sleep, she reflected. Lightner immediately agreed. He was a press hound, and she had not been surprised that he agreed. So far, she had never caught him in a lie, but he sure tested Decker's boundaries. Some day there would be a fatal clash between Lightner and the hardshelled Sheriff, she was sure. But for the moment, he could be helpful.

When they met for coffee, she drank orange juice. Lightner's young, unlined face was unusually eager after the toll of the awful Friday. She told him she needed to see some statements and set up some interviews. She had a few names, she told him, but needed more.

Lightner's face brightened even more. He readily agreed to help. Natalie sensed that something of greater importance, at least in his mind, was the motivation. He would probably want something from her in exchange. It didn't matter, she needed the help.

"They will transfer Oswald to county, won't they?" she asked.

"Oh sure," he said with ridicule, "after they get through asking him the same questions over and over."

"Were you at the PD?" she asked, adding, "I haven't heard much. Joe's been covering that end."

"I saw him," Lightner said with a nod.

"Is Oswald guilty?" Natalie asked pointedly.

"I don't know — he's a queer duck," Lightner said. "But they're barking up the wrong tree with him. They keep hammering at him that he went home on a bus.."

Natalie had to smile. "How many killers escape by city buses?" she asked.

He returned the smile. "Well, there's a big problem. I saw him

leave the book building and get in a station wagon. Where he went after that, I don't know," he said.

Oh, shit, Natalie thought. He'll cook his goose with this one. This will be his undoing. Still, she smiled appreciatively, wanting Lightner to think she supported his story, even if she didn't have the faintest idea if it was true. She offered to interview Lightner about sighting Oswald, but after some hesitation, he said no, that "they" had told him it couldn't have happened.

Then she slipped in, "I'd like to interview him. After he's transferred to county, but before I leave town. With his attorney present, of course. Think you can help?" she asked casually.

Lightner's face took on an increasingly glowing look. He asked, "Would you ask him some questions for me? And don't worry, so far he doesn't have an attorney."

She readily agreed. So Lightner was searching, too. She seemed to have struck a deal with him. Natalie wished she could tell him her story, but they were both in bad positions. She hoped Lightner wasn't fired before the transfer ever took place.

Now to get the interviews. She followed Lightner down the hall to a space he said they could use, acting like they were fugitives from justice. Obviously, the Deputy of the Year didn't want to see his boss. Neither did she, particularly.

After going through stacks of sworn affidavits, she selected two witnesses to interview. Lightner got her a cup of coffee and leapt to his feet to bring them both in for further questioning. Natalie hoped Sheriff Decker never found out. But it was Lightner's idea.

First, she interviewed the young Newman fellow. He brought his wife, Gayle, with him. Natalie had noticed them at the office the day before. It hit her as they came into the room that this was the young couple that was shielding their children on the ground immediately after the shooting. They shook hands.

They dispensed with information which was already on his notarized statement. They quickly came to the key point. Natalie asked, "You said in your statement that you thought the shots came 'from behind you.' " He nodded in agreement. "Would that

mean from the Texas School Book Depository or toward the stockade fence and railroad yards?"

"Not from the book depository...actually the thought never occurred to me that the shots were coming from the building." As he explained it to Natalie, William Newman thought that he, his wife and children were directly in the line of the fire. They were as helpful as possible, and gave Natalie the type of eyewitness account that she preferred. Not consistent with everything that had been reported, or even absolutely certain of the facts, but assuring her that it seemed that way.

Newman had a question he directed to her and Deputy Lightner. "One thing puzzles me. If that man fired the shot at his head from the book building, it went in from behind and came out in front, is that right?"

Lightner quickly answered, "That would be correct."

Newman's face grew puzzled. "My eyes told me a different story. That it came out the back." Natalie quickly made notes.

She looked at Lightner and wondered. He looked almost triumphant. As if all this would solve anything. Was he that naive?

After the Newmans left, she interviewed Sam Holland. He was switch supervisor for the Union Terminal Company and had approved credentials of those who were allowed on the overpass.

Natalie immediately remembered the man in uniform who went on the overpass and then behind the picket fence. She urgently made her point. "I tried to get on the overpass, Mr. Holland, but I was turned back. I definitely saw a man in worker's uniform go over and leave on the other side of the fence."

"Well, there were already workers up there," he qualified. "I didn't know them. But I was approving the company officials who were watching."

Natalie broke in rapidly, "Mister Holland. Are you aware that Secret Service regulations don't approve of bystanders on overpasses?"

He seemed contrite. "They didn't tell us."

That's too bad," she said, hoping that she had not jeopardized

the interview, but people had to face facts. He had contributed to the worst of conditions.

After starting off on a bad foot, the railroad official went on to give a statement that agreed with what she knew. He heard shots from both the book building and behind the stockade fence. He saw a "puff of smoke" which Natalie had not seen, but the gun barrel was glinting in the bright sun, and she doubted that she would have noticed.

He heard four shots. Joe believed five. Two women witnesses' statements said four to six. This was shaping up.

Not everything would match. She didn't expect it to.

Just as she thought the interviews were over, Lightner looked thoughtful. "There's another man who wants to talk to anyone who'll listen. I hesitate to bring it up because it might be difficult." He paused.

Why?" she wondered.

"He's deaf. He and his wife live not far from me. He has an uncle on the police force, and he may have talked to him. He told some men he knew at an auto shop that he saw the shooting, at least that's the way I heard it.

"Ed's well educated, but you'd need an interpreter in American Sign Language. No one in this office has talked to him."

Natalie was interested in talking to the man and asked eagerly, "Could we get an interpreter?"

"Well, his minister might do it. He's educated in signing. I don't know anything about it. I just heard that he had a story."

Natalie considered for just a moment. "I think we should do it. Why don't you see if you can set it up? If I have trouble understanding, that will be my problem. I'll apologize and stop the interview."

What followed was so graphic that it would stay with her during many troubled days. Within an hour, Ed Hoffman and his minister, Ron, met them at the Sheriff's office. Hoffman was a slender man in his twenties — about her age, Natalie decided — with serious gray eyes and carefully groomed hair. He was so solemn in

appearance that Natalie had the feeling that he had been raised with a strong sense of responsibility.

Shaking Natalie's hand, Ed Hoffman's eyes inspected hers. She sensed that he was looking for the weightiness that he felt at the time. Natalie smiled slightly, hoping he could see how deeply she cared about finding the truth in the terrible time.

At first, Ron's spoken words came easily. After the shooting, Ed Hoffman had searched for his uncle, going to the police department, and not finding him there, went to the FBI office. Only clerical staff was there and no one was available to take his statement.

On his way home, and to see his father, Ed stopped at a body shop and talked with friends in simplified sign language. Duke Lightner explained that the men at the shop had told him that Ed Hoffman said he had seen something. They apparently had not understood him well.

As Natalie watched the slender young man and his minister, both so implicitly trusting each other, she realized how little she knew about the world in which deaf people lived. She didn't dare to pretend she followed the way they communicated.

The minister stopped to explain the intricacies of American Sign Language, that there would be times when he must ask Ed several questions because the signs for certain English words could lead to misinterpretation. There was simply no way that fingers could spell out every nuance and double meaning of words in the English language.

The work that went into the interview was exhausting, and frustrating at times for both Ed and the minister. The minister's face bore a frown at times when he repeated his questions with different phrasing. When he understood what Ed was saying, the frown faded to the appearance of relief. Natalie understood the dedication of both men to an exact description.

Ed had been at work and broke a tooth. On his way to see his dentist, he realized that the motorcade would pass not too far from him, and parked his car by the side of the freeway. He then hiked

up to a freeway overpass.

It took several minutes for Natalie to understand where he had stood. He had been far behind her and further up the freeway.

From his vantage point, he had seen a stocky man in a dark blue business suit with a black hat. Natalie drew in her breath and the two men continued to communicate, with the minister speaking the words.

Natalie, too, had seen the blue suit but not the man's head. It was hidden in the thick leaves. He was also in deep shadows when she had seen him. The man she saw was in the position that Ed Hoffman described — near the stockade fence.

He saw a tall slender workman standing near the switchbox. Was it the workman she saw cross and go into the railroad yard? Natalie remembered the switch box. The man in the blue suit had been talking to the "railroad man." The interpreter simplified the descriptions from Ed's signs.

At one point, Ed had seen a man in a plaid shirt behind the fence. Natalie had not, but then she had been engrossed in the sight of the man Ed first described.

The "blue suit man" and the "railroad man" were bending over. As the minister explained, Natalie remembered her own image of the hands and the rifle.

The puff of smoke from the blue suit man's rifle. Just like Holland's statement, Natalie thought. She knew there was no way Holland and Hoffman knew what each other had said, but made a note to confirm that with the minister.

The "suitman" tossed the rifle to the railroad man. He had dismantled it, stashed it in a "tool box" and started running parallel with the book building. That would be just as I was stopped by the man with credentials, Natalie thought.

Natalie stopped writing. Hoffman had seen one man she had not seen. And she had seen one that he hadn't, which was logical if he had been watching the man run. She saw in her mind Rex running across the overpass toward the railroad yards.

This was not an easy scene to visualize mentally. It was compli-

cated. But it all fit. She stared into space. If these interviews were printed, surely someone would believe what they said.

And with another shooter in the Texas School Book Depository, there had been a conspiracy. Beyond doubt.

Suddenly the minister stopped signing and looked at her. Natalie pulled herself back to the present. She then asked if Ed knew Sam Holland, and learned that he did not.

How could she tell this young man how much she appreciated his story? He couldn't even hear her. She tried to express her appreciation to the minister and left it to him. The pair left together.

For the first time, the cocky young deputy looked embarrassed. "I told you it would be hard."

Natalie shook her head. "Not hard for us. Hard for him. But he was brave enough to do it."

Natalie could see no way she could avoid going to the *Sentinel*. She had to type and file her stories. She told Lightner that if he saw Joe, to tell him where she had gone.

The newspaper was strangely quiet, as though everyone was just waiting for something else to happen. What else could?

Reporters walked by, telling of somber scenes on television as the President's body was placed on a catafalque in the Capitol. He's still the President, she thought.

After the interviews were typed, she rewrote her own story. She refused to use alleged or apparent. Let Ray edit it. She knew what she had seen.

She tossed four stories in the "in basket" and chatted for a minute with Ray. She refused to allow their disagreements to interfere with the job they both were committed to do. He asked when she was leaving for Washington.

Natalie felt her face redden. She should leave in the morning, but the truth was she was waiting for Rex. She wanted to see him again — make some plans to see him in the future. They had agreed

to it, and she couldn't believe he would fail to contact her again.

"Probably Monday," she said. "I want to spend Sunday with my mother."

He didn't seem to react. "Well, I'll contact you at the Grand if I need anything else. Unless you're moving to your family's house."

She assured him that she had no reason to check out before her flight and that she would check her messages frequently. "If I'm out, it's usually with Joe," she explained.

"Joe's a good man. Wish we could have kept him."

Natalie thought to herself, at least we agree on something.

Taking a few minutes to read the financial edition, she read Peggy Denton's story on the President's wounds. The story puzzled Natalie. Peggy was usually a good writer, but the story had a contradiction.

Seeing that Peggy was at her desk, also reading the last edition of the day, Natalie walked over and took the chair beside her. "Please explain this sentence about a doctor saying that it could have been one wound that killed the President. The rest of the story says two."

Peggy's face was dismal. "I know. The rest of the story is about two wounds. But I didn't write that sentence. It's the only one I didn't. The rest is just the way I wrote it. Then that damned sentence contradicts the whole thing."

Natalie was sympathetic. She wished she could tell Peg her story. Instead, she asked, "Did you ask who inserted it?"

Peg's dark eyes met hers. "Sure. Ray said the FBI did it."

They looked at each other intently.

Natalie's mind was flooded with images. Jim Lowe's dying face. "They can't fire the director," someone had said. "They aren't all bad," Rex had said about the FBI agents. Her father running into the Texas Schoolbook Depository. Was Matthew Andersen one of the FBI men who was changing the truth?

She blurted, "Don't back off, Peg. Tell it like it is."

She felt an iron curtain of censorship falling in front of her. Why stay here any longer?

She believed that Joe was still at the police station. She thought about going there, but suddenly realized how deeply tired she had become.

Headed for the hotel and some rest, Natalie stopped in a liquor store and bought a bottle of an expensive brand of Bourbon for Rex. She bought Scotch for herself and decided, we deserve the break. She remembered that he had wanted a hot bath, steak, and french fries, remembering their only meal together. And to be with her. She certainly wanted to be with him.

She would find Joe later.

39

Fatigue and the reality of a dead President tainted the faces of close to a hundred newsmen and police officers who slogged their way through the third floor of the Dallas Police Department Saturday night. Joe was able to see them in a way they couldn't see themselves, as he was not hindered by a job to do. Not an official one, at least.

He leaned against a wall and talked to a detective who was supposedly keeping things quiet on the third floor, but had given up doing more than yelling louder than the newsmen whenever Oswald was moved. Now, Oswald had been in room 317 for several hours, under constant questioning. Through the glass door to Captain Will Fritz' office, Joe had seen two homicide detectives, Secret Service Agent Forrest Sorrels, and a postal inspector. The last one interested him.

"Why do they need a postal inspector?" he asked.

The detective opened his mouth, then abruptly shut it. "I don't really know," he admitted. "Probably tracing addresses, or something."

In moments of quiet in their conversation, Joe was tempted to

ask who was looking for the other shooters, but knew the answer. Rex. Maybe Matthew.

Another plain clothes man approached the door of 317. My God, it's Jack Ruby, Joe thought, his mouth falling open. When Joe had entered, he had hell getting them to let him in because he was no longer with the press. Now Jack just walks in.

The officer in front of the door turned the nightclub owner away, but he only moved a few feet.

"Jack," Joe called.

Ruby looked at him, then tried to disappear in the crowd. Joe covered the twenty feet between them in an instant.

"Jack. Come here!"

With a bowed head, Ruby approached him. He mumbled, "Don't get me thrown out. I got a real job to do, Joe."

"Like hell you do," Joe complained.

"Look, I'm in a world of history here," Ruby said.

Joe turned to face him straight on. "Then you should read it in the papers. You don't belong here."

Ruby's face brightened, "Listen Joe, I'm being a reporter tonight."

"And you represent who?" Joe asked sarcastically.

For just a moment, Jack seemed stumped. Then his face took on an inspired look. "I'm one of these freedom kinds," he said with hesitation.

"Freelancer?" Joe asked. To have been born in Chicago, Jack Ruby spoke a different language.

"Yeah," he said cheerfully, "that's it. And I'm looking for a scoop!"

Joe groaned quietly. "You and all the rest of these guys."

Ruby said quickly, "I gotta make a phone call now." He bustled off in the direction of pay telephones.

Watching him leave, Joe noticed a reporter he had known several years ago looking at him significantly. Bright fellow, with Scripps Howard papers. Seth Kantor. White House now. Kantor sent him more than a look of recognition.

He walked toward Kantor, who stood waiting. They shook hands,

and Joe asked about Ruby. The reporter said, "He's been everywhere. Reporters are calling him the creep. He saw me at Parkland and said hello. They hadn't even announced the President's death yet. Let's see where he's going now. Not outside, I bet."

The caught up with Jack exactly where he said he was going. Standing at a pay phone.

Joe and the reporter listened.

"I know when they are movin' Oswald to the county jail," Ruby said, then listened. "I'm a pretty good friend of Henry Wade's and I can get some good stories. Do you want me to cover it for you guys?" Ruby asked. After a few seconds, he chortled, and said, "I'll do it. I guarantee I'll be there."

Joe and Kantor moved away. "What in hell is he talking about? He's a friend of Wade's?" Joe asked.

"Oh, he put Wade through to a radio station last night. He's been everywhere. Have you ever heard the quatrain?

As I was going up the stair
I met a man who wasn't there
He wasn't there again today —
I wish, I wish, he'd stay away"

Joe and Seth stepped back into the third floor. Joe told Seth about the motorcade route Ruby supposedly had. Seth frowned solemnly. "Look, can I talk to you?" Kantor asked. Joe nodded. He knew he was asking for secrecy.

"When I lived here, I always thought that Jack was Mafia connected, but so low he was harmless."

Joe agreed.

"But Jack can be bought. Heck, he could even be ordered."

Joe said, "He's stalking Oswald for sure. He was at the press conference about midnight. He told Wade the right name of an organization that Oswald is supposed to belong to. Fair something."

"Yes. Fair Play for Cuba."

Seth Kantor talked like he wrote. Good grammar, no slang.

"Look at it this way. Oswald wasn't supposed to get caught. I'm sure of it. He may not even have killed the President."

Joe listened carefully. But he didn't feel confident enough to tell Natalie's story. It wasn't his to give. If anyone told Kantor, she would have to. He'd mention it to her. He did nod in agreement at Kantor's comments.

"Who could, who would, take care of Oswald? Do you think they want Oswald testifying in court?" Kantor asked.

Joe shook his head negatively. "But do we know who 'they' is?' he asked.

"Not yet. But some of us may die trying," Kantor smiled faintly. They agreed to keep quiet at the moment and parted.

Joe thought he should kick himself for getting so involved in the shooting that he hadn't seen what was happening right here in the police station. He vowed to stay on Ruby's tail. When could he possibly get a chance to shoot Oswald? He wasn't creative enough to poison his food. Of course! Ruby had told him himself. *During the transfer.*

They had postponed it for the afternoon. Talk was that it would take place at night. Perfect for Jack. He wanted to talk to Natalie about it. His watch said 3 a.m. Not a good time. But he had to tell someone.

Abruptly, Ruby left the group of newsmen and walked briskly toward the elevators. Joe's eyes searched for the stairwell. It had been a long time since he went that way, but he wanted to follow Ruby without his knowledge. Just as rapidly as Ruby had disappeared, Joe hit the stairs and skipped down. He entered the basement and stood behind a square column. Ruby walked into the lighted basement, alive with cops. He waved at two, stopped and turned around slowly, looking around. After saying good-bye to the officers, he left.

Joe walked lightly, and kept near to the buildings he passed. If Jack heard his steps, he would turn around and face a building. Just as he neared a pool of light, he hung back until Ruby was far ahead of him, then covered ground more quickly to catch up. He was fairly certain that Ruby was going to the club to get his car, then drive to his home. In those hours he would have an alibi —

the company of his live-in friend of the moment, George Senator.

When Ruby was within a hundred yards of his closed club, a tall slender man stepped from the shadows surrounding the dark structure. He towered over Ruby, who stopped in his tracks. Joe listened as closely as he could, but could only pick up individual words of Ruby. While he talked, Ruby waved his left hand. His right was deep in his trouser pocket. Was he carrying a gun in his pants pocket? The only words he understood were Ruby's. "Presumptuous," and "don't gotta," "bunch of shit." The other man, who seemed to be dark skinned, spoke so low he couldn't hear a word.

As Ruby waved his left hand wildly, the other raised a manila envelope in the air and made connection with Ruby's hand. Ruby lowered the envelope and stared at it. He was still staring at it when the man quickly disappeared around the corner.

Ruby walked to the same corner but stopped. His body bent sharply as he leaned toward the gutter and vomited. The sounds of retching were louder than the conversation. It told Joe a lot.

Joe knew Ruby's building well. After Ruby unlocked the front door and went in, Joe decided to circle around to the back. He knew from earlier surveillance that there was a metal fire escape that he could reach if a heavy metal garbage can was where it used to be.

In luck, the can provided a high enough elevation that he could reach the metal stairs and swing his knees over the last rung. He climbed the metal steps above the window to Jack's office. He could only hear the sound of movement in the office, and feared that all he would get was the sight of the owner.

Suddenly, Ruby's hand appeared against the window frame. He raised the window a quarter way, obviously needing air after his physical discomfort. Thanks Jack, Joe thought. Joe stayed in his squatted position, his hands gripping the sidebars.

Ruby walked to his desk and dialed the phone. Joe could hear the dial turn almost as easily as if he were in the room. It was a local call. The number of times the dial turned indicated a Dallas

exchange.

"Who's this?" Ruby asked. He again began to talk, apparently satisfied at whoever answered.

"You don't need to know who this is," he blurted. "But somebody's goin' to kill Oswald tomorrow."

Walking back to the police station, Joe thought about what Jack had said. It must be someone he thought he could intervene. Ruby didn't care about Oswald, Joe was sure. He just didn't want to be caught. If Joe got to the right people, Ruby didn't have to worry. He'd just be found guilty of conspiring to kill Oswald. Not of murder.

The third floor looked almost the same. Not quite as much activity.

They must be letting Oswald sleep. He wanted to talk to the Chief or Fritz, but both had left for a few hours sleep.

A weary homicide detective took Joe into his office. Joe told him the whole story. The face before him didn't change. It was fair skinned, the eyes deep gray, the hair brown and gray. His badge read "Clarkson."

Joe waited for him to say something.

"That's the third threat we got. And he didn't say he'd kill him. Just somebody would. Like the other calls. But we haven't received any in the last four hours.

"So my guess is," the detective said and stretched his arms, latching his hands behind his head, "Ruby was talking to some pal. And the pal ain't gonna' do anything. Who cares that much for Jack Ruby?"

Joe knew his mouth was open. He couldn't believe it. But yes, he could.

He wished Seth were around. He would understand. But Joe didn't see him anywhere. Almost six a.m. In a couple of hours he could talk to Natalie.

40

Sunday, November 24, 1963

It had been a horrible night. Since 3 a.m., she had been wide awake, with further sleep not a remote possibility. She couldn't forget the dream, even now. The man with sunglasses had pressed the gun into her ribs. It went off, with the same crack that she had heard in Dealey Plaza.

In the dream she didn't feel any pain, but the man took off his sunglasses, and she recognized the man she had seen in Jack Ruby's office. The same man she saw years ago. When she awoke, she was covered with perspiration, and the sheets beneath her were soaked. A night terror of the sort that she had when she was a young child. The ones that she never found a reason for, because it was rooted in a memory of something that occurred when she had been too young and traumatized to remember. All she knew was that it had something to do with falling or slipping.

Early in the evening she still had hope that Rex would meet her at the hotel. She fixed herself a Scotch and water, had a leisurely drink, watched television and then called room service for a sand-

wich and salad.

After ten, she changed into her nicest black satin nightgown, which fell from spaghetti straps to follow the curves of her body. She lay awake for almost an hour, then fell into a deep sleep until the dream came.

After the dream, her gown was wet between her breasts and down the front. In the middle of the night, she changed into the teal blue nightgown she had worn the night before. The black gown was now draped over the shower rod. Without extra sheets, she could only move to the other side of the bed, where she lay awake in the dark.

She had sat on the dry side for what seemed like hours, hugging her knees. There didn't seem to be anything to sleep for. No need to prepare for the next day. There was a hole inside her and she couldn't think what hurt most.

Thoughts of reality mixed with feelings.

Everything Rex lived for had died when Jack Kennedy was murdered. She remembered the last words Rex said to her, that he may not be able to stop the President's assassination, but if it happened, the blood that ran would be his, too.

When she saw him run into the railroad yard she hadn't felt anything because she was still so stunned. Now, she felt that he was gone. Gone to her.

If he knocked on the door right now...what would she do?

She couldn't imagine what they would say to each other. Neither of them would be able to put into words what they were feeling. There was such a feeling of failure. They were so damned cocky. He would arrest the men who threatened the President. She would write stories that would keep him safe. Both of them had failed.

Rex had been her lover, for what had it been — two days, most of three? Did she blame him? The thought was so horrible that, without warning, tears ran down her cheeks and her throat choked up. Maybe she did. He was so tall and handsome, and she had wanted to believe that he could do everything he said. And he had failed.

And so had she, damn it, so why blame him? Because he was a man, and men planned these things, and men should stop them.

Her thoughts raced from the man who would have killed her, she felt certain, to fear about what might have happened to Rex. And the lingering fear that had caused the night's sweaty terror. It was her own private panic, so well masked by day. She hadn't felt it in years. Another flash of memory — her father, Matthew Andersen, running into the book depository.

When she was young, just two or three, there had been the day when "Natalie almost died," as her mother always described it. And the dark fear had started after that. But she couldn't remember. Slipping, sliding, where was her daddy?

Sitting very still as feelings washed over her, Natalie heeded bits and pieces. Her big brother, Nels, had his long legs locked around her on the sled. The snow was perfect, and all the kids were sliding down the big hill they lived on. A level area at the bottom caused the sleds to stop. Their fathers stood waiting and talking. Natalie could see them as dark shadowy figures. But their sled hit a sheet of ice, she was told later. She remembered Nels' shrill scream as he fell off the slipping sled, going this way and that. The rest was terror that somehow didn't stop when long legs ran and arms grabbed her in a crushing lock, so tight she couldn't breathe.

Her girlish worship of her big brother absolved Nels of any blame. The rest of the terrifying ride and the arms that kept her from breathing was one terrifying segment of time. Where was her daddy? Was he right there? Did Matthew Andersen catch her? She hadn't seen his face.

Why did she remember it now? Because she needed to remember. A little plan formed. She kept it in her mind. Other reality based thoughts returned.

She doubted that she could ever feel so confident again. So sure that she or Rex were better than the Clarence Hiltons, the Cubans with their guns. Who the hell else? The guy Oswald? They had been out there plotting and planning, making sure they would kill Jack Kennedy in Dallas. And they had. Just as she had been

afraid they would.

What was Lyndon feeling, she wondered. He wouldn't be feeling so good right now, he couldn't have pulled in all his markers yet. But she bet he could. Damn right. He would just remind people how the country couldn't stand another scandal, or murder, and it would work.

What are you thinking right now, Ralph Yarborough? You and Lyndon buddies yet? They would be..sure as shooting. Shooting.

Was she still the Washington correspondent for the Dallas *Sentinel*? Maybe if she could take a few weeks off, she could pull herself together. But not now, she couldn't possibly. The Congress would be at a stand-still for a week or two, but then she had to get right on what would happen to Kennedy's legislation. LBJ would have his own.

Right now she hated Lyndon. Him and his smart ass attitude about everything. As sad as he looked standing at the airport, she didn't believe him for a second.

Joe, with all his warnings and that damned ability to stand outside of everything, had been the only one who was right. Right now, she hated Joe. It wasn't fair to be able to live outside the pain, never to ache like she ached. If you don't like it, get out, was sort of what he had said. Sure, Joe, never let the pain get this close. You are the smartest after all.

She wanted Rex. Despite it all. If he would walk into the room now, she knew what she would do. Run into his arms. And they would hold each other, in misery, but together.

She wondered what Clarence Hilton felt now. Just for a minute, think about it. He had been on the Host Committee. How did he feel? She thought she knew damn well how he felt. Lyndon Johnson would be a hell of a lot easier, he'd think. And maybe he would.

Oh my God, it hit her. We have a first lady named Lady Bird. What would the Queen of England think about that? Princess Grace of Monaco? All the women who put dignity first. Oh, shit, a first lady named Lady Bird from Texas.

The unopened bottle of Bourbon still sat on the dresser.

Now, at 6 a.m., she was still wide awake and in a state of alarm. She had to do something about Rex. There was only one person she could ask. And there was the other reason to talk to him, her father. She picked up the telephone and dialed the FBI office and asked for Agent Andersen.

He answered, sounding rushed. Natalie didn't care. "Agent Andersen, this is Correspondent Andersen." She hoped her tone of voice held an olive branch because she meant for it to.

"Natalie!" he said, almost stunned.

"Do you know where Rex is?"

He hesitated, "No. He ran to the railroad yards. I think he's still in hiding."

She said, "We were dating—"

"Yes, I know, he told me."

It seemed almost natural to be talking to her father. The usual wary tone when they talked to each other weakened. There was the other thing she had to say.

"Dad, do you remember the day of the sled accident? The day I 'almost died.' " He would know she was speaking of the family story.

When he said that of course he remembered, she asked, "It was you who saved my life, wasn't it?"

Matthew lowered his tone and said that, of course, he caught her. He couldn't let anything happen to his baby. She told him that she remembered now. They made plans to see each other that night, and talk.

The phone rang after she hung up and she grabbed it before it rang the second time. The front desk, damn it. She had forgotten that she had left a morning wake up call. She showered. The phone rang again. She knew her hello sounded agitated. It was Ray.

Cityside was short handed. He wanted her to cover the transfer of Oswald to the County jail. Not that Ray expected they would allow Oswald to say anything, but just in case. Bob Jackson would be there to get photographs, which was mainly what he needed.

She agreed, not that she could have refused. And if she stayed

in this room, she'd surely go crazy.

When the phone rang the third time, she almost yelled, "hello."

"Hey, it's me, Natalie. What's the matter?" Joe asked.

She might as well admit what was bothering her. "Have you heard from Rex?"

He said he hadn't, and was concerned. Natalie didn't want to tell him that she realized who the man was behind the fence. She was too embarrassed to confess that she was afraid.

"Ray wants me to cover the Oswald transfer," she said instead.

"Then I'll meet you there," Joe said. "That's what I wanted to talk to you about. Ruby's stalking Oswald."

Natalie tried to make herself care, but it seemed to be a small worry compared to her own overwhelming concerns.

Joe explained that Ruby kept cropping up at the police station, yet when Joe tried to talk to him he would disappear. Natalie didn't listen very closely. She did agree that that didn't sound like the publicity-hungry night club man.

"I want to ask him whether he knows Oswald," Joe said. "I think he does. So I'm off again. I'll meet you in the basement."

Natalie hung up the telephone and walked to the mirror. Her eyes had dark circles from lack of sleep and her hair hung limply. She needed a shampoo. The blue gown, a lighter silk, revealed the outline of her nipples. She crossed her arms protectively over her chest, then pulled the gown over her head and tossed it to the pink and white striped chair before the dressing table.

She stood naked before the mirror. During the intimate moments with Rex, she had grown comfortable with her sexuality. Now she saw that her shoulders were sagging with worry. Her abdomen sunk inward as she stood with uncertainty. She straightened her body. After they made the transfer, she would find Rex, somehow.

She took a long shower and shampooed her hair. Ray had said she didn't need to be at the police station basement until 9:45. There was plenty of time to glance at the Sunday paper. It arrived with her morning coffee. Of course, there was no page of inter-

views. In fact very little local news. A lot of articles about Oswald, his defection to Russia and return. Natalie wasn't surprised.

She applied her makeup more carefully than she had since the day of arrival. Sure, hide behind the false face, so people won't know.

She flipped through the outfits she had brought. She had never expected to stay this long. The dark gray suit that she had sent out to be cleaned was not yet back. She quickly chose a berry red knit with black trim that she always traveled with, because it packed easily and wrinkles shook out while it hung on a hanger. Fresh nylons, her mid heels.

As she was dressing, the telephone rang again. This time, she was more composed. Madeleine Brown's voice was clear.

"Natalie, what are you doing still in Dallas?"

"How did you know where I was? And where are you?" she asked automatically.

"Not in Dallas, for sure," Madeleine said.

"Oh, Madeleine, it's been so horrible," Natalie said.

"I know," Madeleine said in a soft tone. "But you still need to get out of town," she repeated.

Natalie mumbled numbly something to the effect that it was all over, what else could happen.

Madeleine's voice became clipped, forceful. "Natalie, it isn't over yet. I wonder if it ever will be. Lyndon's men got me away from Dallas right after it happened. It's not safe for me there," she said.

Natalie wondered if Dallas would ever be safe again. It hadn't been safe for Kennedy, and maybe not for Rex. Suddenly a thought hit her.

"Madeleine, do you think Lyndon had anything to do with this?"

There was a brief pause. Her friend seemed to be thinking about what she could say. "All I can tell you is that I saw a killer in Dallas this week who I thought was long gone. But he was here, maybe still is. He's a friend of Lyndon's. We can't take chances."

They talked for a few minutes more, Natalie assuring Madeleine that she would leave as soon as she could. But there were other

things on her mind. She was still a reporter.

Fleetingly, Natalie still wanted to give a try at getting an interview with Oswald. Not that she would tell Joe. He would just say it was impossible.

She sat on the edge of the bed and wished she could curl up somewhere and hide with her ache.

41

The nights had been too long. It gave him too much time to think. And feel. When he saw the President's head explode, he remembered that he had told Natalie that if the President died, his blood would run, too. And ever since, he felt that he was bleeding internally.

He ran through the railroad yards, watching Mancos black-suited back disappear around a building at the end of the railroad yards. Mancos had simply pulled the hat from his head and threw it to the ground. Rex ran past it, disinterested in the object, intent on the man.

Who had that man been with the umbrella, and the other, the tall Latin. Was he the same one who had been at the safehouse? He hadn't got a look at him — just heard his voice. He was sure the man had a walkie-talkie.

His foot was slowing him down, He didn't feel much pain, instead he felt like it wasn't working right. Didn't bend when it should.

After he rounded the corner, he saw Mancos straight ahead. He was stopped, but his stance was as if he would run any moment.

That man, in a gray jacket, was waving his arm. As they both stopped, Rex halted and moved quietly until his back was against a wall. A gray colored car, splattered with mud, pulled up. Both men entered the back seat. The car jerked into motion and disappeared.

Rex stood, leaning against the wall, his chest heaving as he gasped for air. Thoughts formed. Surely the police would be covering Love Field, Carswell in Fort Worth — every air strip in the area. He would go to Red Bird. That was his best bet. They were sure to attempt leaving quickly.

He had been at Red Bird ever since. During the first night, a dark car entered the field, cutting it's lights, and staying parked near the entrance. There was no way he could reach it except by walking in the open. That was no good. He stayed in the mechanic's shop in the corner of a small hanger.

The car stayed until almost three a.m., then drove off with its lights still off. No plane had arrived. No reason to stay. Rex was sure it was Mancos and probably the other, as he thought of him now.

Now that it was nearly daylight for the second time, he thought hard again. They would not, he felt sure, return to the garage where the American had hidden. Rex would bet a dollar that the American was one of the major shooters, Mancos his operator. Still, Mancos was the key to it all. He wanted Mancos.

He was hungry. There was a tall metal cabinet in the hanger and a Coke box. He had a nickel. He rose stiffly from the drop cloths that he had fashioned into a blanket of sorts. Now, every time he stepped, pain shot through his body. But there was other pain, a lot deeper.

Quickly, he retrieved a Coke from the machine. He limped to the cabinet and opened it. No lock. Inside were tools, and a row of small packaged Hostess doughnuts. They looked good at the moment. He took two packages of six and returned to his haven in the corner.

He thought of Natalie as he ate. She must hate him now. He

squelched the thought and planned. Arrest Mancos, turn him in, and then he could go back to her. They could feel miserable together.

He knew how badly she must feel right now. Her softness, which she tried so hard to hide, would absorb every stabbing pain. She had tried to stop it from happening. She tried to tell them. And she had been right.

But there had been gunfire from at least two areas. How many hitmen? He had to know who planned this. Mancos was a beginning. Only a beginning.

Don't worry, Natalie, he thought. We still have a lot of work to do. We'll do it together. He remembered her soft flesh, and caressed it in his mind until he half-dozed, half-waited.

Mancos lay on the Santos' sofabed with his arms behind his head. He had waited most of Friday night around Red Bird Airport for the military plane he had been told would come, half expecting Artero to show up also.

The plane never arrived, nor did Artero. Artero's absence foretold the absence of the plane. He hadn't actually expected it. But he had waited anyway. He didn't want to get mixed up with Artero after Entierra de necio. His assignment was over. And he seemed to have lost Rex Hammond somewhere. Things were going well for him.

He had no orders, but had decided to wait until Sunday for the transport because Corbet had assured him of a connection in Miami to another military, CIA owned, flight to Mexico City. Before he made the interim flight, he would change arrangements for getting to Nicaragua. If the plane didn't come by late Sunday, he would take a commercial flight.

He had diverted the money, the CIA money, to Nicaragua, for his own use. His days with the CIA were over. Now he must connect with his father's friends, those still in Cuba, and forget the

Americans. Plan the Cuban way, plans which would be followed through. No more abortions.

When he came back to the Santos' apartment early Saturday morning, their first question had been did he..? He had assured the anxious pair that he had not killed the President. He told them no more.

Mancos suspected that he knew what had delayed everything. He lay quietly, thinking while the Santos slept. He turned and watched the television set which he had turned on with the sound quite low.

The man Oswald. If he had been set up, and it was a predictable move, he should have been killed, not arrested. Someone messed up. Artero? Mancos didn't think so. Perhaps the police got in his way. Or the man Ruby was involved. It was not Mancos' problem, but he was interested. How would they solve it?

Since he and Artero, he was fairly sure, were both detained in Dallas, the reason would most likely be that Oswald must be eliminated first.

They did not expect him to do it, or he would have been contacted. Artero and Ruby would be the ones. How would they get to the man? He was being so closely watched.

As anxious as he was to leave this strange city, a city where school children cheered the death of their leader, the city of Entierra de necio — the burial of fools — Mancos was still curious how the hidden government would get rid of Oswald. Cuba would not pick up the pieces after the Mafia or the Texans had botched their part. Now the hidden government must do it's own work.

There was always the tacit understanding that the Company must fulfill its promises or lose the pledge of silence that went with collaboration.

Yes, he would wait one more day. It is your turn, you pigeons who call yourselves agents of the United States of America. Complete what you started. Bury your fools, he thought in the words of Jose Marti, the so admired patriot poet.

42

The police department basement was teeming with photographers, television and radio station newsmen broadcasting live. They were supposed to be standing behind a roped off area, but were spilling out into other areas of the basement.

Officers were still searching part of the cavernous basement — looking into large ducts beneath the ceiling for hidden guns.

Shouts in French, German and decidedly British accents drowned out the Americans. Those from other countries were unfamiliar with the surroundings and were aggressively elbowing to the front. It was a noisy, unruly bunch, each trying to edge into anothers' niche.

She saw Bob Jackson, firmly holding a spot at the front of the line. After her credentials were checked, she had begun to work her way toward Jackson, when Joe showed up slightly behind her.

Joe commented that she wasn't hard to find in that dress, then repeated his concern about Jack Ruby. Ruby still wouldn't talk to him, even this morning when he had reached him at home. Something about having business to take care of.

Natalie asked Joe where he thought she could find a phone she

could use to phone in her story, if she had one. It was Sunday. Few businesses were open.

"Inside the station is best. But if everyone else heads that way, I'd go to that cafe on Main. Walk down the alley and it's right there."

Reporters calling to others and rolling cameras around, then jostling each other in search of electrical outlets, were making conversation difficult. She leaned forward to touch Bob Jackson on his shoulder. He nodded a hello, then turned back to face forward. Nothing would stand in his way of getting a full view of the most famous criminal in the world.

The time was 10:15, a quarter hour past the scheduled change. Natalie saw an armored car backing slowly down a ramp to their left. She pointed to it. "Precious cargo," she commented.

Joe commented, "A decoy, I think. If it backs any further down, it will get stuck."

He was right. The steep slope of the ramp left only inches between the bulky vehicle's top and the ceiling. Officers began moving unmarked cars in a short line. "They'll move him in one of those," Joe commented.

Natalie had left her notebook in her purse, but she could get to it if needed. She began to make some comments to Joe about the high visibility they were giving Oswald and wondering why they hadn't made the transfer at night, but stopped when doors to the jail opened. Two homicide cops in Stetsons and crisply pressed suits were the first to appear, and began walking resolutely toward the cars. Next came Oswald, wearing a black sweater over a white shirt, handcuffed to an officer on his right.

"Joe, there's no one guarding him on our side."

He agreed. "Maximum visibility."

She shook her head. Bob Jackson crouched, his camera held at eye level against his face. Oswald looked at someone almost directly in front of them, partially hidden by a broad-backed officer, and smiled a tight-lipped smile. Abruptly Joe screamed, "No, Jack...don't," at a lunging man. Another crack. Oswald was down.

Joe had made a last step before a leap. Jackson's flash bulb went off. It all happened at once. Natalie watched it all — slow motion. Jack Ruby on the floor. Oswald's limp body being pulled back through the jail door. An ambulance. Oswald, his arm up. "No, no" she heard him protest.

Joe ran from her side toward the officers struggling with Ruby on the floor. She wouldn't have a chance getting into the jail. Half the detectives had guns drawn, waving them wildly.

"Oswald's been shot. Oswald's been shot," a newsman shouted into a microphone.

Natalie elbowed her way up a ramp and took the alley at a run. She burst in the door at the Eat Well Cafe and scared the wits out of a waitress. "Phone," she demanded.

She dropped a nickel in the slot. "Give me Ray. Now!" she yelled.

Ray Pell answered in an even tone of voice.

Natalie spat out, "Jack Ruby shot Oswald in the basement of the police station before he could be transferred to the county jail."

There was a pause, "Really? Is he dead?" Would anything surprise them again?

"I don't know. Not yet anyway. You'd better call Parkland, or get somebody out there." She hung up.

Standing in front of the dead phone, Natalie wondered why she hadn't volunteered to go to Parkland. Joe had run the way a PI would go, after the police to cover the investigation. She wanted a news story. Now it jelled in her mind. She wanted that paper with the motorcade route on it. It would prove Ruby had been gathering information even before Kennedy was shot. It was a long shot, but she had to try it.

She headed back through the same alley and headed for the Carousel Club. She half expected to meet a barrier of cops in front of the club. But they weren't there yet. She saw a cardboard sign with huge dripping red letters, CLOSED.

She pushed at the door, which led to the stairs, not being the least surprised to find it locked. Go to the alley, find a back way, she thought. She banged on the door with a doubled up fist just

once.

As she stood poised, ready to run, a young white face peered around the door.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Cary," he answered.

"Let me in," she demanded.

To her surprise, the young man in jeans pushed the door open, and led the way up the stairs. This is too easy, Natalie thought.

Once they stood inside the empty club, she told the fellow what had happened, and asked if he worked for Ruby.

He looked puzzled and concerned. "Yeah. I did anyway."

While Natalie wondered how to convince Cary that she should be let into Ruby's office, another opening appeared. The youthful, thin, jeans-clad man seemed to be talking to himself. "He didn't pay me for last week. The dogs are hungry and I don't have any money to buy dog food."

Natalie quickly opened her purse. "Here, take this twenty and go buy dog food. And get yourself something to eat."

A grateful Cary left. Natalie had Jack Ruby's office to herself. But not for long, she bet. Finding Jack Ruby's desk was no problem. She just hoped what she wanted wasn't locked in the small safe. She was no safecracker.

But Jack Ruby wasn't neat, either. Papers, receipts, a few pennies were all over the desk. She pulled open the drawers to the oak office desk and saw a jumble of records. Where to start? A Dallas map. Maybe it was marked with the motorcade route. But Madeleine Brown had said it was a piece of paper.

Natalie jerked open the map, which had been folded and refolded in many shapes. Her eye was drawn to the downtown area. Marks on Dealey Plaza. She looked carefully. A design had been drawn with a red pen. Dots behind the fence, on the spot where the Texas Schoolbook Depository stood, one in the center of Elm Street, another at the site of the Dal-Tex.

She looked even more closely and saw a third mark across Elm from the Dal-Tex. It had smeared when someone tried to erase it,

but at one time the map had been marked exactly like the one she had received in the mail. It could have been altered when changes were made, Natalie thought. She hastily folded the map and pushed it inside her purse.

An open file on the desk contained a page from a notebook, names and addresses. Behind the pages were open phone bills listing calls. Ruby wasn't neat, but he worried a lot, Natalie thought. The long distance charges for the last several months were much higher than the months following the first of the year.

Phone numbers in Chicago, Miami, New Orleans. She didn't know if they were important, but she put bills from the last three or four months in her purse. Where was that motorcade route?

She heard the front door open and footsteps of a person. "Cary?" she called in surprise. That was quick. He must have found a grocery store open nearby that she didn't know about. Most opened late on Sunday, if at all. The dogs began to bark behind the back door to the office.

The footsteps stopped. She froze. One more try. "Police? I'm back here." No sense hiding from them. She snapped her purse shut and moved away from the desk.

Damn. The windowless club was pitch black, but the office had a window onto the alley and even an overhead light. Someone was out there in the darkness. And she might as well be standing center stage beneath a spotlight. She could only hope that the person didn't want to be seen any more than she did.

She moved slowly toward the back door. There was no way she would step into that dark club and face another gun in her ribs. The nightmare returned in full force. She grabbed for the doorknob and felt her clammy hand slip.

At the moment the door opened and she moved toward it, she heard a gunshot. That had been no warning shot. The bullet had hit the wall by the door where she was standing until the moment the door opened.

The dachshunds burst in, yapping loudly. Oh shit, she thought, both from fright of the gunfire and the sight of the landing before

her. The dogs had dumped all over the landing. She danced around piles of feces, then steadied herself to take the first downward step.

Before she left the landing she heard more footsteps, coming faster. Light steps, dress shoes, a man.

As her heels hit first the first step solidly, then skipped down the rest, his pace inside the club grew louder and faster. They sounded like light steps of a dancer crossing the office in leaps. She struck the bottom step just as he came through the door to the stairway. She knew he was on the landing because of the sound of unevenly spaced steps around the dog dung.

Natalie felt nothing but terror. She hit the door to the alley with all the force in her. If it was locked, she was going through anyway. Somehow!

The door was unlocked and Natalie stumbled out. The club was closer to the corner to her right than left. She had never run from a gunman before, but maybe from seeing so many films about men in combat, she dodged left and right rather than running straight. It slowed her down but...

A loud crack and a zing. He was outside, right behind her. The bullet hit the bricks she had just dodged away from. Hanging onto her purse, she ran blindly. She couldn't see clearly because her hair covered her face for seconds when she tuned back toward the street.

A black car was pulling into the alley. Another ambush!

Natalie was within ten feet of the auto, with the gunman to her back. She stumbled in terror and almost fell. Abruptly, she felt long arms around her waist, a familiar feeling from long ago. She saw Matthew Andersen step in front of her while holding her steady with his left arm.

"Dad," she screamed.

She saw his face, surprised that he looked so angry. He raised his right hand with the gun, aiming at the man racing after her.

"Oh, Dad, please don't!" Natalie pleaded with her father. A bullet whistled over their heads.

Instantly, her father covered her body with his and shoved her

into the car. A white-faced Joe backed the car into the street without a backward glance. They sped away as she lay face down on the back seat, her father standing on the floorboard, hanging onto the back seat with one hand, his head bent inches below the top of the interior.

She managed to half-sit, and left part of the back seat clear as her father let go and fell backward beside her. Gulping air, she couldn't answer when he gasped, "My God, Natalie, what were you doing?"

She still couldn't speak. She heard Joe, jerking the wheel one way and then the other, grumble, "just getting a story, whether it kills her or not."

43

Natalie listened to her father and Joe shouting at each other. Why was Joe driving her father's car?

"It's a damn good thing you came in looking for Rex," Joe said. "Until you asked me where Natalie was, I was thinking — sure, she was filing a story. I'm glad I called the *Sentinel*."

They acted like she wasn't there. "Where are we going?" she said. She could see that her father and Joe were not particularly happy with her. But hell, they knew she was a reporter. Not that going alone to Ruby's office had been such a good idea. But how was she to know?

Her father said, "Love Field." What would Rex be doing at Love Field, she wondered. "Why—?" she started to say.

Matthew explained, "One of Rex's contacts broke down and told me that a Cuban named Raymond Garcia had flown into Love Field. I think he was one of the men Rex was chasing. I want to see if he flew out."

"What about Red Bird?" Joe asked.

"That's next. But I know that the police had an officer stationed there, checking flights."

"That doesn't mean anything," Joe said fatalistically. Joe's lack of confidence in the police was obvious.

Traffic was light and they reached the terminal within twenty minutes. Natalie waved the men on, while she sat and caught her breath. While they were inside she looked at the material she had squirreled in her purse. She hadn't even had a chance to mention the map. Wasn't it proof that Ruby was involved? Not absolute proof, she decided, but good circumstantial evidence.

She wished she could check the phone numbers with Rex. He could find out who Ruby had called lately. She looked out the window at the almost deserted driving lane in front of the terminal.

Natalie felt hollow inside.

When the men tumbled back into the car, Matthew claimed the wheel. Joe was sitting beside him. Her father must have really been concerned about her, Natalie thought in wonderment.

Joe called back to her. "Raymond Garcia was a no-show this morning. We're going to Red Bird." Her father didn't say anything. Natalie wondered what he was thinking.

She lapsed into flashes of memories again as they drove to the small privately owned airport. The gun behind the fence. The man at Ruby's club. They were the same? For some reason, she didn't think so. Matthew and Joe were engrossed in urgent conversation.

"Are there two men?" she said, not really caring whether they heard her or not.

Joe was the first to react. He seemed to understand what she was saying. "I know what you mean, Nat. Yes, Rex told me there were two."

Matthew spoke up. "The man chasing you was Latin, tall, thin, a pencil mustache. I saw him very well." His eyes in the rear view mirror searched for Natalie's.

"That wasn't the man I saw behind the fence. But I did think this one was tall," she said.

"Why?" Joe asked.

"He made long steps. Like Rex," Natalie answered. "But more

like a dancer."

She lapsed into silence. She wanted them to find Rex.

44

It had been easy to think of himself no longer part of the agency, as he lay on the sofa at the Santos apartment. But once he arrived at the Red Bird, waiting for the plane, he had to do one more job. Now that it was done, and only one — he, Mancos, an agent for the hidden government — remained.

He should have known it would end like this. He couldn't get away without shooting one more time. It had to be done. Now, two bodies lay on the concrete.

He had arrived at the Red Bird only thirty minutes ago. The plane was due at 1. He couldn't sit around in the small utility building that served as a terminal. The manager said that a tall man had asked about him. Maybe he would like to ask the police officer, who had just left for lunch, who the man was. Mancos definitely did not want to arouse suspicions in some police officer. Anyway, he knew who it was. Artero. Rex Hammond would not ask.

Ironically, Mancos' credentials were those of Manuel Acosta. Valid CIA identification. Still, he knew he must lay low. Let Artero make the mistake of talking to the wrong people.

He had waited in the shadows in a hanger, behind a small plane. Hearing a plane in the distance, he had moved quietly toward the open hanger door, and peered quickly at the sky. An unmarked khaki-colored military plane was preparing to land.

While he peered at the sky, he heard a voice clearly to his left. "Manuel, you are under arrest. I have to take you in," Rex Hammond had said.

With an unruffled feeling, knowing he could have expected this, Mancos, the agent he still was after all, reached for his gun in the shoulder holster beneath the jacket. He stayed in the shadows, as he prepared to face the enemy.

Then, just as he prepared to step out in the open, he heard, further away, two light steps, then an immediate shot.

Mancos stepped out with gun ready. The sound told him the gun had not been fired by Hammond. Hammond's body was only about six feet away, sprawled on his face. He had been trying to make an arrest, or he would never have come so close, taking a big chance that Mancos could kill him.

Behind him stood the evil, crazy Artero, laughing shrilly.

"You have done me no favor," Mancos called.

He raised his gun slowly, looking into Artero's eyes. He could not kill a fellow countryman without notice. Artero would have as much a chance as he. But he was too loco to understand. The smile faded, but the look on his face questioned Mancos. They were after all, both agents of the hidden government, and both had taken part in Entierra de necio.

Mancos had left himself open to Artero, with a drawn gun signifying hostility. Then he fired carefully, deliberately and repeatedly. Now, there were two bodies.

As if at a funeral, he visited the body of his countryman first, and looked down at the twisted body, the dead staring eyes. He quickly walked away.

Back to Hammond, whose face was turned sideways, his suit coat turned back over his belt at his side. A shoe had fallen from his right foot. Mancos kneeled down and looked at the foot, swol-

len and discolored, with a ragged bandage wrapped around it.

He felt for a pulse at the neck, and feeling none, took a moment to close the tired eyes.

A voice rang out in his mind: "But for evil deeds of men, patriots prevail!"

Something he had read? No, his mind's eye saw the aged General who was his first commander in the Cuban National Guard. Already an old man, he ended most of his stirring speeches with that adage, an index finger pointed upward to the sky. The General reminded the young recruits that there were killers and there were soldiers. Soldiers killed in patriotism. Other men killed out of evil. They must always be patriots.

Mancos touched the necklace with the cross beneath his open collared shirt and looked at Rex Hammond for the last time. He and the dead American were joined as patriots.

Hearing the plane taxi to a stop, he ran for freedom.

45

Matthew twisted the wheel of his car sharply, leaving Ledbetter Road. He raced toward the small building which served as a terminal. The day was gray. Gray sky, trees in that indefinite state of drabness brought by the beginning of winter.

But even in this weather, men would usually be wheeling their light planes back into storage after an afternoon of soaring the Texas skies. Today he saw no movement. Most families were watching their television sets tuned to the networks, watching the pageantry of the coming funeral for the late President. He couldn't dwell on that now.

Parked directly in front of the door to the metal building, Matthew raced to it, with Natalie and Joe right behind him. The weekend relief manager was behind the beige plastic counter trimmed in light aluminum.

Maps hung on the walls, chairs were scattered. The airport was seldom used for commercial flights — mostly for private customers, and where a few military craft refueled on long flights.

Matthew immediately noticed that the man, in his sixties, with gray unruly hair, had been frightened by something. He was dressed

casually in an open necked shirt revealing a white tee-shirt. Matthew used his FBI credentials for the first time in weeks, reassuring the counter man.

The fellow immediately spluttered, "Just one flight came in. A military plane, a transport, just landed, then took off again. No number. No ident."

As Matthew cursed to himself, he asked the man what was bothering him. "I just heard some gunshots outside. No more than a couple of minutes ago. There's a policeman who's been here, but he went to lunch. I thought you'd be him coming back. Or else I would have called the police."

"Which way did the shots come from?" Matthew demanded.

The employee stepped from behind the counter, hurried to the door and pointed outside to a taxiway running from the terminal building past several privately leased hangers. "Down there, sounded like," he said.

Matthew whirled. "You two stay here." He pulled his gun and began to run.

Natalie began to move, ready to dash. Joe held her right arm with both his hands. "No," he demanded.

Her weight strained against him, as Joe leaned to his right, trying to see around Matthew's tall running figure, his coat flying from his body.

When Matthew suddenly swerved sharply to his right, Joe could see a man's figure on the concrete. The blond hair and brown suit left no doubt. Natalie hadn't seen it yet.

Matthew turned sharply and walked away slowly, a step at a time, with his gun pulled. Someone else was out there, Joe thought. Abruptly, Matthew stopped and looked down at a black suit, just barely within Joe's line of sight. Joe couldn't see the person lying on the pavement clearly, but he saw Matthew Andersen's hand release the hammer on his gun, and slowly move it to his pocket.

"Rex," Natalie screamed, her face contorted in horror. Joe released her.

Encumbered as she was by her dress shoes, he easily kept up

with her, running alongside but making no attempt to stop her. He couldn't do this for her.

She reached Rex Hammond's body just as he did.

Natalie's knees were on the concrete, her hands reaching for the blond hair at the detective's temples. She didn't even glance at the blood seeping from the back of his suit coat.

"Rex, Rex. We're here..." Her tone was pleading.

Joe knelt and touched the artery in his neck, repeating the action of the man flying far overhead. Did he have to tell her? "Natalie, he's dead. I'm sorry."

She suddenly jumped to her feet. "Noooooo," she moaned. She bent as if to fall to the concrete, but caught her collapsing body with one hand, then rose. Joe opened his arms and she fell blindly into them, her eyes squeezed shut. She seemed to purposely shut down the use of her muscles. Her full weight fell against him. He held her tightly, her soft hair against his neck.

Suddenly, Matthew was beside them. He pulled Natalie from Joe's grasp, saying, "Natie, baby, Natie, baby," time and again. She moaned. Joe moved to her other side and they supported her back to the tiny terminal.

The agent's gray hair was awry. His mouth was wide open, making an O. "What—?" he began.

Joe and Matthew eased Natalie into an old oak chair. Matthew looked at the manager and eased his hold on his daughter. "Two men dead. Did you see anyone here?"

"Yes, two came in. But not together. The last one got on the military plane. Should I call—"

"No," Matthew commanded, "Let me handle it. Natalie," he turned to her and caressed the hair around her face. "Did Rex have any family?"

Her face seemed to focus on her father with difficulty. "An aunt, very old. Some cousins. I don't know their names..." she lapsed into a soft mumble.

"Joe, can you take her back to your apartment? Let me handle this. I'll meet you there."

Joe scribbled an address on a piece of paper, and Matthew handed him his car keys. "Take my car. Get Natalie a sedative."

She was limp during the drive to his apartment on Gaston Avenue. Her head was down and she said nothing. Joe suffered silently, not knowing how to treat a person in the shock of grief. He had always wondered what deep grief felt like.

Both his parents were relatively well, his father had retired. His grandfather had died, but Grandpa had been very old. Now that the person he cared most for was in deep pain, he didn't know what to do for her.

After he stopped his car, he rapidly pulled the keys out of the ignition, thinking he must help her out. But when he rounded the car, Natalie had stepped out and even pushed down on the door lock, securing the car.

Her eyes didn't meet his. They were staring into the distance. But she walked without assistance at his side. As he unlocked his apartment front door, she managed a strained smile, and awkwardly said, "If you knew I was coming, you'd have baked a cake."

Joe managed a twitch of a smile at the song lyrics that so many used when faced with unexpected guests.

He did remember with relief that he had straightened up some after the Thompson case came to a close. Natalie had never been to his apartment before. Women usually did the entertaining.

After she stepped inside, she went straight to the sofa, sat down and tossed her purse to the coffee table. She didn't even look around. He quickly called his family doctor, who agreed to phone in a prescription for a sedative. Joe wondered if she would take it. Cross that bridge later.

He heard the television set in the background as he concluded the telephone call. Standing in the hallway between the bedroom and living room, he looked at Natalie. She stared at the TV. There was no expression on her face. He hated not being able to tell what she was feeling. She looked up.

"Come on and sit down, Joe," she said. "I think the hysterics are over. My first and last case, I hope."

An announcer was excitedly giving the news that Lee Harvey Oswald, assassin of President John F. Kennedy, had expired at 1:30 p.m. at Parkland Hospital, the same Dallas hospital where the President had been pronounced dead. All eyes were still on Dallas.

Joe asked Natalie if she wanted a sandwich. She refused food, but said she wanted a glass of cold water. As he walked back with the water, he heard sounds that indicated that the scene had changed to national television. He realized that Natalie had apparently not seen any of the funeral preparations for the President. He had only seen snatches while at the police station. She seemed to want to watch, so he sat beside her.

The scene was along Pennsylvania Avenue, where thousands of people had lined up to watch the President's casket proceeding toward the Capitol. Even Joe was mesmerized by the sight. The announcer said that the line had formed at the Capitol before dawn, all wishing to file by the coffin.

The honor guard made up of service men from all branches, marched solemnly behind muted drums. The weather seemed held in abeyance. It was neither bright nor dark, rainy or sunny. It, too, stood aside. waiting.

Joe sat silently and watched the television set with Natalie. She seemed engrossed in the pageantry. "...a slow and measured tread," the announcer said. "The silence is profound." He spoke in a voice held purposely low.

The scene shifted, showing Jacqueline Kennedy and her two children on the north portico of the White House, Jackie in black with a hat and veil, her lips bare, her enormous eyes swollen. Jack Kennedy's survivors watched the late President leave the White House for the last time.

Joe and Natalie watched state flags dipping low over the cortege as it left the White House grounds. Natalie watched intently as the slow procession made its way to the Capitol.

Joe thought restlessly that he should leave and pick up the sedative, the prescription was now surely filled and waiting at the drug store just blocks away. But she seemed to be doing so well, he

thought.

The cameras switched quickly to the inside of the rotunda. There, beneath friezes and paintings commemorating dramatic moments in American history, Jacqueline Kennedy, her two children, Robert Kennedy, the new President and First Lady, and members of the administration waited as pallbearers mounted the many steps. Solemnly, the flag-draped coffin was in place atop President Lincoln's catafalque.

Natalie took a second sip of water as they watched and tried to hear eulogies delivered by the Senate Majority Leader, Chief Justice Earl Warren, and the old Speaker of the House. Most of their words were lost in the reverberations beneath the Capitol dome, but it seemed important that they listen. Angry words, solemn words.

Robert Kennedy appeared to be in as deep shock as the First Lady, Joe thought. His face drooped, his mouth hung slightly open. But no, he thought, Jackie was the former First Lady.

Joe glanced at a small clock on an end table, noting that the time was close to 2:30 p.m. He wished Matthew would return, so he could leave and get the sedative.

The Kennedys prepared to leave the rotunda. Natalie watched, spellbound. Jacqueline Kennedy and Caroline approached the bier to bid the President good-bye.

They knelt. Joe remembered in a flash Natalie kneeling by Rex's body. Jacqueline whispered to Caroline. Jacqueline's shrouded face lowered and she kissed the American flag over the coffin. Caroline leaned forward to do the same. Then her tiny white gloved hand crept under the flag to get closer to her father for one last second,

Natalie keened, "Oh no, Joe," and collapsed, her head on his legs and her arms clutching them. Her body began to shudder with tears as she totally gave way. Joe should have expected it. She had admitted long ago that the suffering of young children after death of a parent, or parents' heartache following the death of a young child, affected her greatly. Natalie sobbed; her body was racked by huge gulps. Her tears began to soak his clothing. He

couldn't help her.

Joe gratefully heard a knock on the door. He insisted that he had to answer the door. He couldn't tell if she heard him. She turned her head sideways, and said, "Remember what Mrs. Thompson said, 'You never stop crying.' I wonder if I ever will," she said and wept again.

Managing to hold Natalie up, Joe left the sofa to open the door. Looking up into Matthew's drawn face, Joe reported. "She just collapsed. Stay with her while I go to the drug store."

Matthew edged onto the sofa and pulled her to him. He cradled his grown daughter as Joe dashed out the door.

Matthew stroked Natalie's long black hair and bent and kissed her forehead. She continued sobbing as if she would never stop. He thought he understood her grief. It wasn't just Rex, but the loss of their President, the senseless shooting of Oswald, the sense of liberty lost.

After a few minutes, she abruptly raised her head and looked at her father. Matthew could hardly bear seeing the wetness of her feathery eyelashes, the streaks down her cheeks. "Rex was a good man, too, Dad. I was just getting to know him. Really. I mean that."

"I know," he answered. "The Chicago police department is going to bury him with honors. They are taking over all the arrangements. His uncle is coming for his body." That information caused her to cry harder. Then, when her sobs grew less violent, she suddenly pushed away from his lap.

"Let's stop fighting, Dad," she pleaded.

He pulled her to his shoulder and spoke into her hair. "I wasn't fighting, Natie," calling her by the babyhood name. "I just wasn't listening."

She nodded, seeming to understand.

Joe returned with the bottle of large white pills. She started to

protest as he shook two into his hand.

Matthew held her face in his hands. "Take them, Natalie. You have to get some rest. We have a lot of work to do. Together."

He knew she didn't understand but she took the pills and together they led her to Joe's bed. As Joe pulled back the bedspread and top sheet, Matthew knelt and removed his daughter's shoes.

Knowing she wouldn't allow them to undress her, they encouraged her to lie down. Matthew sat by her side until she began to breathe evenly and fell into a drugged sleep.

46

Natalie awoke with a start and abruptly sat up in the strange bed. She felt dizzy and remembered the pills. Just as clearly, she remembered Rex's body and the terror of running away from the man in the alley. The pills had done their work and the edge was off the pain. Temporarily, anyway.

She suddenly remembered the papers she had stuffed in her purse. She had a story to write. But for who? Not the *Sentinel*. She had lost her lover, and the best job in the world.

Tossing aside the yellow chenille bedspread covered with nubby balls, many missing, she thought she ought to buy Joe a new bedspread. But then it occurred to her that his was a furnished apartment and he might not care.

She didn't look much better than the bedspread, she thought. Her dress had bunched up around her thighs as she slept, there were runs in both her hose after she had knelt on the concrete. She looked at her hair. Never mind, she wasn't trying to impress anybody.

She left her shoes and padded into the living room in her stocking feet. Matthew and Joe were huddled over the dinette table

with yellow pads in front of them. Apparently they hadn't heard her open the bedroom door, because Joe jumped slightly as she walked to their side. Her father rose and quickly came to her.

"Natalie, can't you sleep any longer?" he asked, with concern.

She assured them both that she couldn't possibly, then said what she had been thinking. "I've got a story to write and no one will publish it. What should I do?"

She watched the men look significantly at each other. What was up? She didn't need any more surprises.

Matthew left her side. He walked to the picture window and looked outside at the broad avenue, almost deserted on Sunday afternoon.

"Natalie, can you pull together a press conference for early tomorrow morning?"

She frowned. "I think so. Why?"

He turned and faced her confidently. So unlike the way she felt. Her father seemed full of purpose, and totally without concern.

"I have a story, too," he said. "So does Joe. And we can tell Rex's story."

"Right. But where? Like I asked before," she repeated. She watched Joe. He seemed totally absorbed in the notes before him. Both of them seemed to know what they were doing. She wished she did.

"Natalie may never have mentioned to you, Joe, that I'm a first generation American. I love America. It is my country."

Natalie went to the sofa and sat down. Well, not everything had changed. We're getting the God Bless America speech. She and Nels had heard it so often growing up that they had given it a title, without ever admitting it to their parents.

Matthew continued standing. "My parents came from Norway. They were not politically oppressed but making a living was difficult for my father. Land was precious and he wanted a future for my brother and me that was without famine and fear of epidemics. He was a man who looked to the future, and saw that it could be better in America.

"He brought us here for a better life, but with the understanding that we must contribute to our new country. We had all been taught English at home before they immigrated. My father, Natalie's grandfather, became a dairy farmer on rural land outside Minneapolis. Our family has had a good life. But he always emphasized that we owed a debt to America.

"My oldest brother became a policeman. I aspired to do something different. I became a Prosecuting Attorney and after that, I joined the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The Bureau consumed my life, and I grew away from my family. But that was not the Bureau's fault — it was my own." He looked down at his black shoes.

The last part was new, Natalie thought. I hope he remembers it tomorrow, she thought with some of the old doubt creeping in.

"Today, I left the Bureau. They don't know yet. I am still an American citizen, like any other. But now I can make a difference that I never sought, one that has to be done. And I now know that I can't do it alone. I need help."

Natalie met Joe's eyes. She knew there was a question in hers. He jerked his head toward Matthew, seeming to say, "Listen to him."

She dutifully looked at her father.

"Let's put together what we know," he said. "For a minute or two, let's go over a list that Joe and I made while you slept. First, we all know things that may prove that Oswald did not act alone, or could possibly not have been guilty at all. Joe can tell about events he learned from Rex that show persons had been plotting to kill the President in Chicago. One of those men showed up here in Dallas. Rex died trying to apprehend him."

Joe spoke up. "The man you saw behind the fence did not kill Rex. As near as we can see, Rex tried to arrest the man you saw, Manuel Acosta, who was a CIA agent."

"A what?" she managed to ask.

"I know, Nat, it is strange," Joe said. "But wait. The other man, the one who had chased you from Ruby's place was called Artero.

Your father believes that when Rex tried to arrest Acosta, Artero killed Rex."

She felt tears welling in her eyes, but blinked them away.

"Then Acosta killed Artero, and quickly escaped."

The details were making her dizziness worse. She needed for them to listen to her. "I have a map that was identical to the one I received in Washington. It was in Ruby's desk. And I brought along Ruby's phone bills."

"Good," her father said. "There were shots from behind the fence, and you have people who will testify to gunfire from the fence area."

Natalie's head was beginning to ache from the barrage of evidence that, to her, seemed to have nowhere to go.

"Where do we go? To the FBI?" Natalie wished she didn't feel so negative at the thought.

"No," Matthew snapped. "The Director is guilty of treason, in all probability."

Her mouth was open in surprise. Natalie asked, "He what?"

"He knew it was going to happen and did nothing to stop it."

"And President Johnson?" Natalie asked, feeling a new kind of dread.

"He was aware he would become President soon."

"Oh great," she said sarcastically. "How do we know that?"

"I heard them talking at Griffin Markham's home," Matthew said. "The right-wing may not have killed the President, but they aren't blameless either."

Natalie reflected that she had fallen asleep in one world and woke up in a new one. Matthew and Joe were watching her.

"What do we do?" she asked in bewilderment. She had been seeking the same answer for most of an hour.

Matthew stood in front of her and drew her to her feet. "It depends on you, Natalie."

She began to sputter a why, when he stopped her. "Joe had the best solution. If you agree, we turn it all over to the American people."

She walked away from him and looked out the picture window. A family, dressed in their Sunday best, walked on the sidewalk. Her father, the patriot. But he was right. The vast number of ordinary American citizens seemed to be the only group without guilt at the present time.

"Joe says we should go through the press," Matthew added.

Natalie looked at Joe. "You mean that you think the press can do something?" It was an accusation, and she meant it.

Joe had a sheepish look. "In the end, they are the only ones."

"I agree with that," she said strongly. "But what do we do afterward? I'm a lousy waitress," she said, her voice tempered with a touch of humor.

"You work on the biggest story of your life. I've called Nels. He'll have a plane waiting in the morning. We go to Washington and work on the investigation. It may take years. But your mother is getting ready."

"Joe?" she asked.

"I'm in," he said. "It's a hell of a case."

She took a minute to think. It all seemed right except for one very big thing. "How the hell do we keep from getting killed?"

Matthew began to pace the floor. "The only way is to stay in the open. Our phones will be listed, we'll live in apartments next to each other. Every discovery we make will be released to the people as soon as we know it. It would be very unpopular, I think, to kill us."

She hoped! But more than that, she felt the first sense of purpose since this awful thing had begun. Oh, how she missed Rex. He should be here, planning with them. She batted back tears and said, "Count me in."

"Now we really start to work," Matthew said.

Joe placed a typewriter he had set in the corner on the floor on the dinette table, and went to a closet. He reached up on a shelf and pulled out a small portable.

Within minutes they agreed that she would write the press release, then she and Joe would collaborate on the other stories. She

had copies of the interviews, which the *Sentinel* had not published. Her father would go out and make copies of the tape he had made, more copies of the picture of the hand holding the rifle, all the evidence.

"I think this is going to be an all nighter," Natalie said. "I want something to eat first."

She and Joe went to the minuscule kitchenette. They first collaborated on making bologna sandwiches, compromising and making half with mustard, half with Mayonnaise. Matthew managed to make coffee after studying Joe's old percolator. "Gee," Natalie said, again feeling the missing part, "I wish Rex were here."

Matthew Andersen paused, then said, "He'd make a great addition. If he would share what he knew before taking off on his own. We have to work as a team."

"Say what you want," Natalie said. "He was the only one who had the nerve to look in places we didn't even think of."

Neither of them disputed her.

Having depleted the last of Joe's bread, all his bologna, and most of a sack of apples, they put the plates in the sink and prepared to work. "Forget about the dishes, Joe. You'll be out of here in the morning."

She grinned at the concerned look on his face. He would always be the neat one. His face flushed with embarrassment.

They moved to the typewriters. Matthew made notes as they worked. It was close to midnight when he prepared to leave to make copies of exhibits. "How many press, Natalie?" Matthew asked.

She thought for a second. "Ten to twenty. I can't be positive. He nodded and left.

"My father? ...listening to me?" she said, looking at Joe.

His voice was calm. "He's a good man. Think of doing it without him."

"We couldn't," she quickly admitted.

Joe pushed his chair close to hers. She was going to write the press release first. "What will you use for a lead? It's so compli-

cated," he said.

She rolled paper into the typewriter. "I'll start with Dad's God Bless America Speech," she said emphatically. "It's one of his best."

47

Monday, November 25, 1963

It had been a slick trick getting the press to agree to a 6 a.m. press conference at the city jail. Joe had negotiated the site with Chief Murray, who had agreed. Natalie had predicted he would say no. Joe argued that the case was still an unsolved homicide, and the chief had admitted to Joe that it was far from an open and shut case. He wanted to keep contacts with the press open for evidentiary reasons.

Natalie had again slept at the Grand Sunday night, so that she could pack before the press conference and bring her suitcase to the police station where she would meet her father and Joe before 6 a.m.

Matthew had finally gone home, spending the night with Anetta, packing essential items. They made an arrangement where family friends would pack their furniture and send it by movers to Washington. They didn't even have an address yet. Nels was arranging all that.

Lights were blazing in her hotel room at hours when the hotel

was quietest. At 3 a.m., Dallas slept. Her body clock was out of kilter. She had fallen into bed at 1 and awoke sharply at 4. She thought with satisfaction about all the material they had gathered. How great it would have been to take it all back to her bureau office and file everything from there. But she and Hilton and the owners of the *Sentinel* were on different teams now.

Her charcoal gray suit had been cleaned and hung on a hanger covered in plastic when she returned. She wanted to look her best today.

Already showered, she pulled on fresh underclothes and a pale gray satin blouse. She even added jewelry. From a flap on the inside of her suitcase, she removed a silver chain as thin as a thread which fell just above the hollow in her chest, a tiny diamond in a silver circle at the end.

She even added her silver charm bracelet around her left wrist. The ensemble didn't need embellishment, but the charms, all silver and added over the years, were precious to her. There was even a tiny typewriter given to her by Joe as a graduation present. Their symbol for journalism. The charms were reassuring as she moved toward an entirely new life.

The bag and her briefcase, all packed, stood by the door. She had a free half hour and wanted coffee. Room service was closed, but a tiny cafe attached to the hotel was open all night. She ventured downstairs, bought a New York Times and returned with the newspaper and two Styrofoam cups full of black coffee.

She turned to the television set on, and turned the volume to low so not to awaken those asleep around her.

Flags were at half staff all over the world. There was mourning in almost every country. They showed a view of the entrance to the White House. Black bunting draped beneath the carved semicircle above the front door, falling neatly to granite wedges between the door and huge columns at its sides. Another stream of bunting echoed the somber theme squarely atop the door, falling to the marble entrance.

The thick *New York Times* lay unopened on the small table. This

week television had won in the emerging war between print journalism and the visual media. Even Natalie ignored the newspaper as she watched the massive throng of people who had passed through the Capitol to view the bier of the dead President.

She watched as two Catholic nuns shepherded school children inching along, so straight and solemn. She remembered the excited children who had shaken the hand of the President Friday morning. She hoped those in Dallas would remember the vital, exuberant, living President.

Kings, Presidents and dictators had arrived in Washington to walk in a procession from the Capitol, to St. Matthews Cathedral, then on to Arlington cemetery, where an eternal flame had been placed near the open grave site. "Captains and kings are all here" the newscaster said.

Natalie had deliberately set the hour for her father's press conference early so the newsmen could watch the funeral. She knew the press which would cover the funeral and "march funebre," as the announcer called it, were already in the Capital, and had been since soon after the President's death. But the ones still in Dallas were no different than citizens all over the world. They wanted to watch television today. No matter that it would be repeated day after day.

She thought of the formality and total solemnity of every phase of the funeral in Washington. Their press conference would hardly be formal. Soon her father and mother would also call Washington their home. She had talked to her mother briefly last night. To Natalie's surprise, she sounded almost excited about the move. Because of Washington, or because she had her husband back, Natalie wouldn't know. It didn't matter. There was so much she could show them. Joe would be part of the family.

She not only had a new life, but a new family.

It was time to leave. She had arranged for the rental agent to pick up the car at the police station. She looked at her key to the Washington Bureau. She could mail it back. Would the *Sentinel* send anyone to cover the press conference?

Part of Natalie couldn't accept her break with the press. Her dream since childhood. But the avenue through which communication passed was blocked. Another part of her wouldn't accept the absence of a free press. That part was in charge today.

Natalie was pleased when she looked at the third floor of the Dallas Police Department, but squelched the feeling. Virtually every member of the press she had called was there. She saw with amusement that there were police officers armed with a shotguns at ready stationed on both sides of the wide hall.

It was ludicrous, but she understood. No more helpless people could be killed within the department's doors. And Chief Murray didn't know who might show up in the crowd, huddled together like they had been in the basement.

Natalie walked to the Chief's side, as he stood glumly against a wall. After they greeted each other, the Chief said, "The story's not over, is it, Natalie?"

"No," she agreed, but added, "Joe said you already knew that."

He nodded. His face was sullen. "Pardon the guns. I just can't take any chances," he said. She told him that she understood. When she asked for a microphone he agreed, and just as quickly asked his secretary to run off copies of the news release.

Natalie looked around.

There were more members of the press than she had expected, almost twenty. Far more than ten. She knew that when she had acknowledged to Associated Press and CBS that Matthew Andersen was a former FBI agent, and that she was the former Dallas *Sentinel* Washington Bureau Chief, it had whetted their curiosity. Why would a top ranking journalist and an FBI agent resign so quickly after the assassination? What new evidence, which she hinted that they had, would bring about resignations? Well, they would soon know.

She saw WFAA and KRLD crews setting up. They were local

affiliates for NBC and CBS and assured national coverage. She walked toward Harold Brown with Associated Press and thanked him for coming. "It better be good," he grumbled.

"Not good," Natalie said. "Important."

The sole UPI reporter was present. Under-staffed as always, UPI still managed to get good stories on the wire. She thanked him for coming. The *Dallas News* had sent their top political reporter. Just as she started to worry about the *Sentinel*, she saw Peggy Denton and Bob Jackson toward the rear of the clump of people, camera and wires.

She edged toward them to say hello. "Now that we have the lone gunman, the *Sentinel* has decided that I can be the lone dissenter," Peggy said ruefully.

"I'm just along for the ride," Jackson commented. "Watch for today's paper. We've got a hell of a picture of Ruby shooting Oswald," he said. It was typical of a newspaper photographer to refer to a photo he took, using the pronoun "we", meaning the newspaper.

"I'll get a copy," Natalie assured him, and went on to thank the Fort Worth, Houston and Austin reporters for coming. Seeing a French reporter in the group, who spoke very little English, and a British fellow struggling with a entirely different set of laws and police regulations, she went back to Peggy's side, and asked her to help them understand the story.

Peggy would be a good contact in the future, she thought.

A few more reporters were straggling in as Joe and Matthew came out of the elevator, the same one she and Joe had ridden to the third floor, when she met Rex Hammond almost a week ago.

One week and events in Dallas had changed the whole world.

Joe struggled to carry the bulky reel to reel recorder Matthew had used to tape the conversation of Hoover and Markham.

Her father had two cardboard boxes with copies of all the stories, the photograph of the rifle, photographs of Manuel Acosta and Sebastian Lorenz, aka Artero — the last information gleaned from Interpol records.

The only document Matthew didn't have, and had been written after he left last night was the press release. Natalie had them in her hands.

It was ten to six. After she helped her father and Joe place their exhibits in stacks so they could be passed out to each member of the press, she handed a copy of the press release to Matthew. He began to read, frowning. Natalie knew what was coming.

"Why do I have to talk about myself?" he grumbled almost half-heartedly.

All Natalie said was, "Trust me here, Dad."

He sighed just faintly. Nels is sending a jet to Love field at 7 a.m. We'll take off then."

Natalie half-listened. She was watching the reporters with pencils poised.

"We'd better get started," she said. An officer had placed an old standing microphone in the middle of the floor. She knew they all could hear Matthew well enough, but she didn't want any lack of understanding. These people would be in charge after they left, at least for a time. They must be well equipped.

Her father stepped in front of the microphone and cleared his throat. He began to read from the statement, copies of which Natalie would pass out with the other material after he had finished.

"My name is Matthew Andersen. I'm 56 years old and have been an agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation for 21 years, until after the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. The assassination need not have happened."

Harold Brown, AP, called out. "I talked to SAIC Sams last night. He said for the record that he was not aware of your resignation." His pencil was poised.

"He will be after this conference," her father said solemnly. He would always be the straight-laced one. Now she was happy that he was. Someone to balance her derring-do. Joe, too. They are so much alike, Natalie thought with surprise.

She wondered if the *Sentinel* realized that her call for a reporter

to cover her own press conference had, in fact, meant her own resignation. She glanced at Peggy Denton, who gave her a silent wink, a "let me handle that" sort of look. Natalie smiled slightly in acknowledgment.

Her father began to deliver the "God Bless America" speech, which seemed so appropriate at the moment.

Reporters made notes. Microphones were open.

"I was concerned when I saw my daughter try to warn the Dallas *Sentinel* and others that security wasn't good enough in Dallas," Matthew said solemnly.

Hey, where were you, Dad? she thought to herself, but realized he must had kept up with her through Joe.

"I was concerned when the local bureau of the Federal Bureau of Investigation received a teletype purportedly from the Director of the FBI warning about an attempt on the President's life."

Natalie smiled. Her father was warming to this publicity stuff. He was speaking extemporaneously now. That's fine, she thought. Good practice for the future.

"But my concern grew to something bigger. I must say today that I could not, and will not accept newspapers ignoring my daughter, an outstanding reporter—"

Hey, watch out dad, she thought.

"..when she said she saw a rifle in a man's hands behind the stockade fence in Dealey Plaza."

"I couldn't accept it when I heard J. Edgar Hoover make plans for Friday, November 22, when John F. Kennedy would no longer be President. He knew that time would come."

Natalie heard a few gasps from the group.

"I couldn't accept it when my supervisor told me that I must pretend I never heard that.

"I couldn't accept it when I saw a fine young police detective lying dead after he had attempted to arrest a man who may well have plotted to kill President Kennedy."

Natalie looked down and bit her lip. As her eyes returned to the press, she saw that they were making frantic notes.

"I couldn't accept it when a crazed killer shot at my daughter as she ran away Jack Ruby's office, where she found records indicating connections between Ruby and the Mafia."

They jumped all over that one. Klieg lights swiveled toward Matthew Andersen's solemn face.

Come on Dad, she thought, Let's wrap it up.

He quickly snapped back to the script.

"We will hand you as Exhibit A - a photograph of a man with a rifle behind the picket fence.

"We will hand you as Exhibit B, an interview with Joe Garland, who saw the rifle. Exhibit C is the statement of another witness. D is yet another. These were all collected by Natalie Andersen Saturday after the assassination. Local press could have published such statements but didn't, because the 'lone gunman' was in custody."

Chief Murray's mouth gaped open. Natalie had made sure he would get copies of everything just like the press.

"Exhibit E is my own statement about what I heard at the Markham estate Friday night. It is up to you whether or not you believe it.

"Exhibit F, is simply a piece of paper labeled with that letter, and the word "Recording." The tape will be played for you after I finish. It is a record of telephone calls from prominent citizens, and FBI Director Hoover to Griffin Markham confirming that they would appear at his estate Thursday night. "Exhibits G and H are photocopiers of Cuban exiles who most likely are involved in the plan to kill the President. The face of the man labeled G is named on the paper. He was killed at Red Bird Airport Sunday.

The man labeled Exhibit H is a known Cuban exile and, not coincidentally, in my opinion, a contact agent for the CIA. He escaped. Find him and you will have the tip of the iceberg."

Quickly Matthew explained further statements from him and Joe.

The reporters were looking at each other. Natalie knew they were trying to piece the complex array of material together. They would do much better with the labeled exhibits.

Harold Brown's face had a frown, but Natalie saw that he was keeping up better than some of the others.

"Who will you report this to, Mister Andersen?"

Natalie was grateful he had asked the question. Far better for her father to answer a query about the issue when he delivered the bombshell. It was a ticklish matter to say they were not reporting first to the government.

"My faith in America includes a firm commitment to the Democratic form of government. There will most likely be a great upheaval following the release of this information. I cannot take the chance that this information may be suppressed until proof is established.

"Most of all I trust the American people. At this moment they are the innocent. You are their representatives at this moment. You are sole recipients of the report. I trust that you will spread it all over the world."

Members of the press broke away from each other, stunned by a call to duty for which they alone were responsible. Still ahead of the pact, Brown called, "Where can we reach you for future information, Mister Andersen?"

Matthew explained where the three of them would be living, that they would be listed in he telephone book, that he expected that he would relay most information from an investigation that they would conduct.

Natalie and Joe handed out the press release and exhibits. Several members of the press had minor questions about the exhibits as they were handed to them. Matthew and Joe alternated in supplying answers that were available at the time.

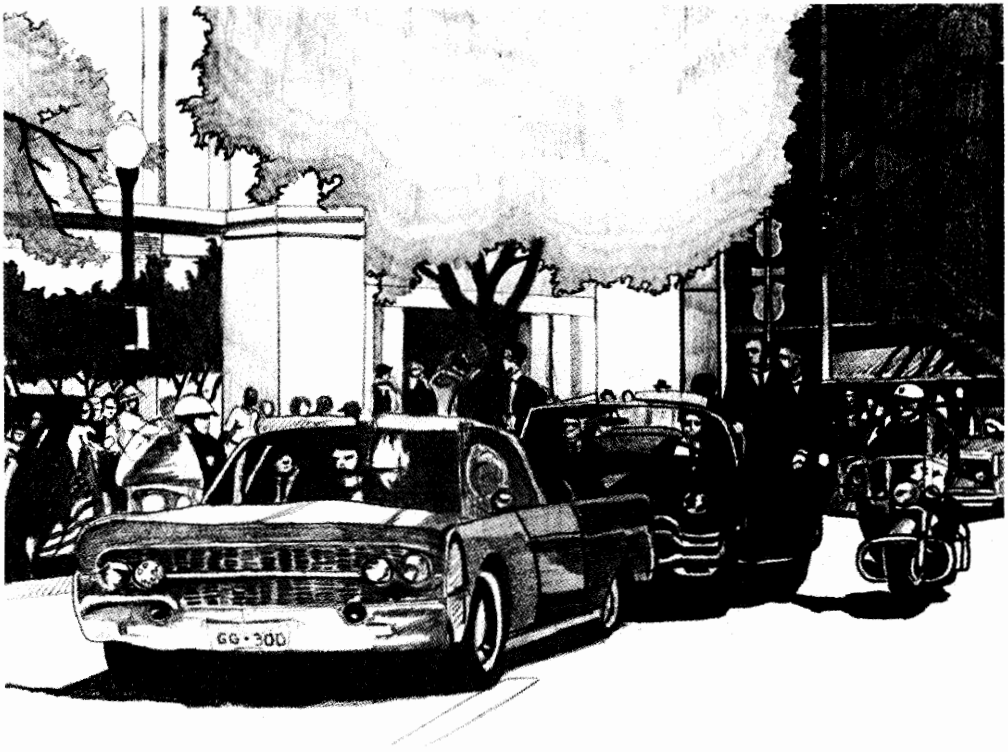
"Listen to that tape just once, please," she called to the press. "You'll all get copies in the future.

Matthew looked at her. "Let's get to Love Field. Your mother and Nels are waiting." Natalie looked at her father's face. She felt a mixture of feelings, including some inner pride.

Before they could turn off the microphone, Peggy Denton called out a question. "My question is to Natalie Andersen. What will

you do next?" she called, just as Bob Jackson snapped her picture.

She hesitated for a moment, then stepped to the mike. "If I am allowed to live, and just yesterday I couldn't count on it, I will write a book. It will be about a conspiracy."

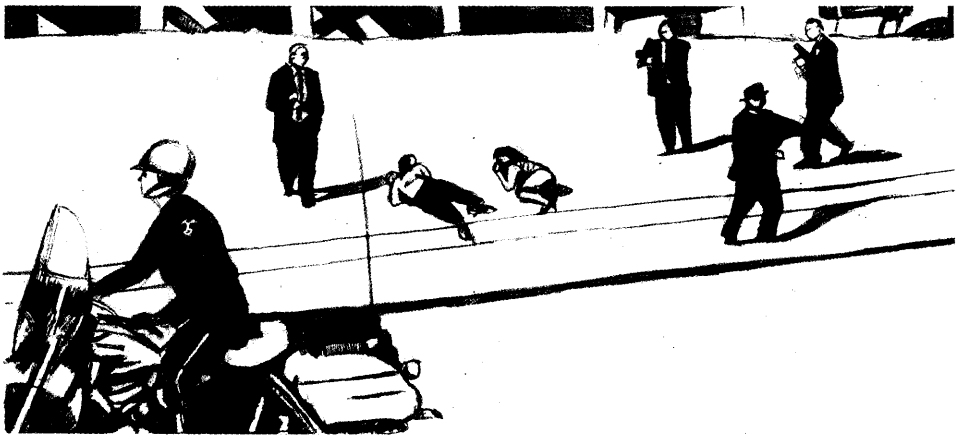


"There was a report ... and the car travelled a few yards and Governor Connally turned ... with his hand out ... and another report ... I counted 4 shots ...," reported Sam Holland watching from the front of the motorcade on the Railroad Bridge

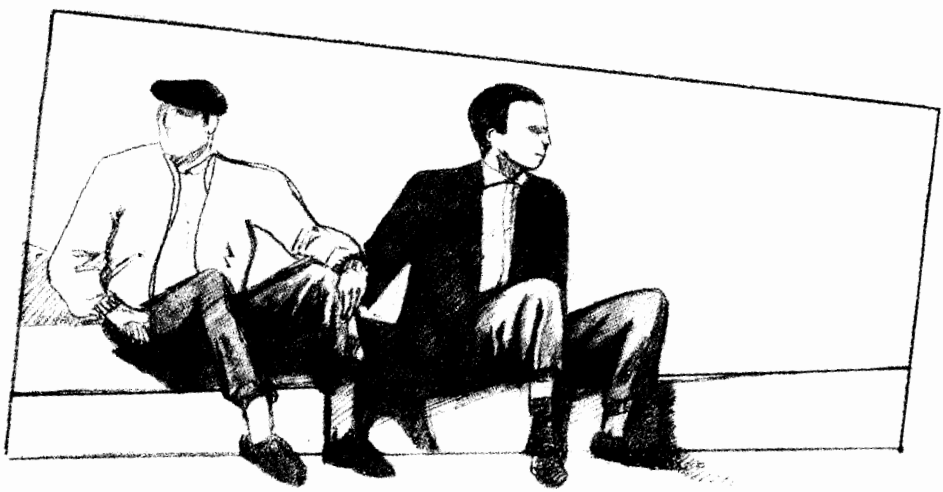
"The shots I heard definitely came from behind and above me" ... Emmett Hudson watching from the steps on the grassy knoll

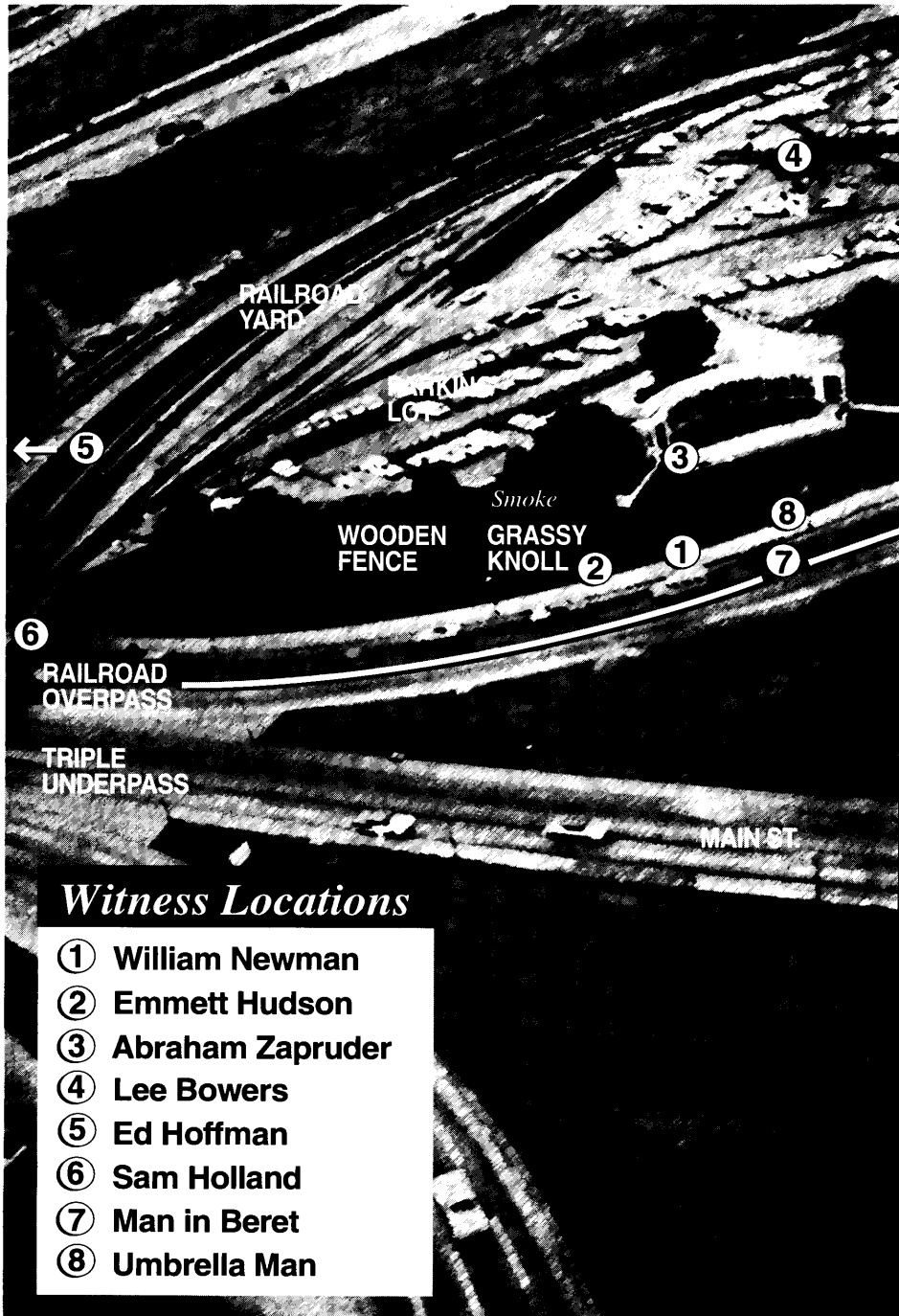
"... a puff of smoke came out ... from under those trees"... Sam Holland watching from the railroad bridge

Note man with umbrella near the limousine. Umbrella was pumped up and down at the time of the first shot.



When the shooting is over the Newmans are on the ground. Hudson and others run for their lives. In scene at right, the man with the umbrella takes time to close and fold it and joins the man in the beret seated on the curb ... where they remain seated watching.

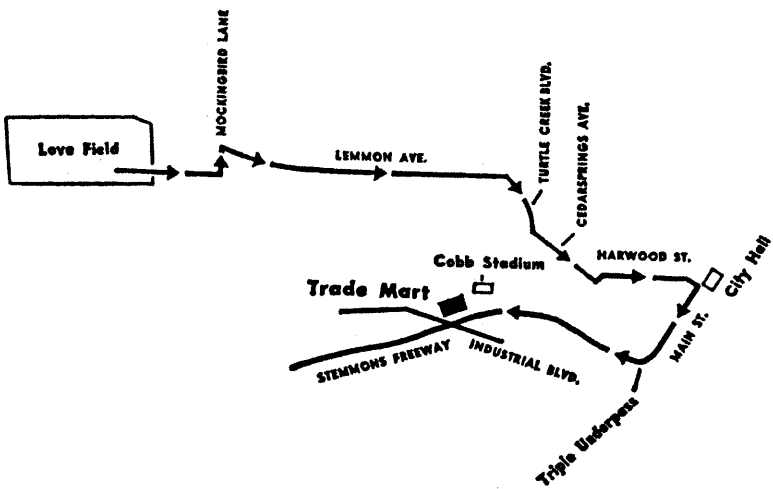




Witness Locations

1. William Newman
2. Emmett Hudson
3. Abraham Zapruder
4. Lee Bowers
5. Ed Hoffman
6. Sam Holland
7. Man in Beret
8. Umbrella Man

SCHOOL
BOOK
DEPOSITORY
DAL-TEX BLDG.
HOUSTON ST.



Motorcade Route

S.M. Holland

S.M. Holland, employee with the railroad, stood on the railroad overpass to see the President. His taped interview with Josiah Thompson. "Six Seconds in Dallas," November 30, 1966 was explicit and emphatic. A portion is contained in 20H163 and 6H244.

Holland stated that he heard four shots. The third shot, as if from a .38 pistol and not as loud as the first, second and fourth drew his attention because of the noise. He looked to his left and later stated, "The President's car was coming down Elm Street when they got just about to the Arcade [his description of the pergola] I heard what I thought for the moment was a firecracker and he slumped and I looked over towards the arcade and trees and saw a puff of smoke come from the trees and I heard three more shots after the first but that was the only puff of smoke I saw...the puff of smoke came from behind the arcade and through the trees." (20H163)

Holland's statement about the puff of smoke was repeated by others. He is shown standing where he saw saw the smoke — behind the stockade fence. "Six Seconds in Dallas," p, 129.

Author Kritzberg's note: The following tape recorded interview was obtained as noted by William Law of the state of Oregon, **Ian Griggs** (U.K.) and Mark Rowe. It was edited by Ian Griggs and published in the March, 1998 (Volume 2, No. 1) of the exciting journal "The Dealey Plaza Echo." The complete Newman interview may be obtained by contacting Ian Griggs, Editor, "The Dealey Plaza Echo," 24 Waltham Gardens WALTHAM ABBEY, Essex EN9 1BL. Email igriggs@hotmail.com. Author's notes are in brackets.

An Interview with Assassination Eyewitness Bill Newman

[Edited by Ian Griggs]

Introduction

For three particular researchers, William Law (Oregon), **Ian Griggs** (U.K.) and Mark Rowe (California), one of the highlights of the 1997 JFK-Lancer Conference in Dallas, Texas was the opportunity to conduct a video-recorded interview of assassination eyewitness William E. Newman, Jr. [On November 22, 1963, Newman] He was standing on the north side of Elm Street and can be seen plainly on many films and photographs as he and his wife Gayle throw themselves to the ground and cover their two children when the shots ring out. The chance for Ian and Mark to be part of this interview came about thanks to Oregon-based researcher William Law who had been in regular correspondence with Bill Newman for several months. The interview took place on the afternoon of Thursday 20th November 1997 at the office of the successful electric company which Mr Newman owns and operates at Mesquite, east of Dallas.

The nature of the interview

What follows is a shortened version of the interview, transcribed directly from the video film which William Law shot. Nothing considered relevant has been excluded. It is immediately evident that much of this was not in the normal form of a question and answer session but rather an opportunity for Mr Newman to recall the events of the day and give his account of what he and his family did, saw and heard. He does not speculate on what may or may not have happened, preferring to relate the facts just as they affected him and his family. *(The italicized comments in brackets, contained within the text, have been added at the editorial stage - ILG)*

Mr Newman also spoke about his part as an eyewitness in the Clay Shaw trial and gave a good insight into the personality and bearing of Jim Garrison.

Bill Newman's story

WILLIAM LAW opened the interview with the following words: "Well, Mr Newman, we'd just like to know what you saw on November 22nd, 1963."

BILL NEWMAN then related his recollections as follows:

"All right, I'll do my best to tell you what I saw. You know, it's been some time ago and what I have learned over the years is that you're influenced from the time, the day of the assassination up to this time. Your story tends to be tainted or influenced to what you have learned or what other people have seen.

On the morning of November 22nd 1963, Gayle and myself and our two sons, Clayton and Billy, went out to Love Field to see President Kennedy and Mrs Kennedy come in. We saw the 'plane land and there was a large crowd of people and I can remember, I believe I had Clayton with me - which was the youngest boy - and we kinda ran up to the fence line and we got a very good view of the President and First Lady but Gayle and Billy did not. The parade route had been published in the newspaper so we jumped in our car and we drove down near the intersection of Elm and Hous-

ton Street. We parked behind I think it was J P Awalt *(phonetic - JLG)* and Company, one of the buildings there.

We walked a short block or so to the intersection of Houston Street and Elm. There was a crowd of people there, as you are well aware, waiting for the parade to come by and we just walked in behind the crowd of people along the sidewalk towards the triple underpass and where the last two people were, we just fell in beside them. And if I remember correctly, it was an older lady - which is probably my age or younger now *(Bill Newman was in his mid-fifties at the time of this interview - IL(4)* - and a younger woman standing there. We were about probably halfway from the intersection of Houston and Elm to the triple underpass, on the north side of the street. We'd been there a very short time, probably no more than five minutes, and you could hear the noise and the crowds cheering as the parade came down Main Street. I can remember seeing the President's car turn right on to Houston and go that short block and turn left on to Elm and coming towards us.

"I thought someone had thrown a couple of **firecrackers"**

And the President's car was out the distance of one lane from the kerb [British for American "curb"] line and some one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet from us, some short distance, when the first two shots rang out. And it was a boom-boom. They were very close together and I could remember thinking, "Boy, that's a poor thing to do." I thought someone had thrown a couple of firecrackers at the side of the President's car.

At that moment I didn't realise that it was gunfire and the President had been shot. I can remember his arms go up and I even testified in the Dallas Sheriffs Department later that day that he raised up in the seat. I think if you were to read the statement you'll find that I said he raised up in the seat and there again, after seeing the Zapruder film many times, I realise that he didn't raise up - he just kinda came forward or made a motion, and apparently he was hit by one of the first two shots. As the car got closer to us I could see that something was wrong. I could see Governor

Connally and I could see his eyes protruding and I could see him holding himself and I could see the blood on his shirt. *(Bill and Gayle Newmans' affidavits given to the Dallas Sheriffs Department can be found as part of CE 2003 at 24H 218/219 -ILG)*

a **bewildered** look on **his face"**

I can remember that the President looked to me like he was sorta looking into the crowd with a bewildered look on his face. And as the car got directly in front of us, and we were on the kerb's edge, and the President was probably not much further than I am from you *(about ten feet - ILG)* the third shot rang out and I can remember seeing the side of President Kennedy's head blow off *(here, Mr Newman indicated with his right hand the area of his head immediately above his right ear - ILG).* There was white matter and then red and he fell across Mrs Kennedy, into her lap, and she jumped up and hollered "Oh my God, no. They've shot Jack."

And I turned to Gayle and I said "That's it - hit the ground." And we turned and pushed our kids down on the grass behind us. It's referred to now as the grassy knoll. We covered our kids - our two children that were two and four years old at the time.

the shots were coming from **behind us"**

And what ran through my mind was, with that third shot, that the shots were coming from behind us, directly over the top of our heads. Normally, when I'm talking with a group or someone like yourselves, I leave it at that and the person gets round to saying "Behind where? Behind to your left or behind to your right?" - the left meaning the school book depository and the right meaning the picket fence. From my view it was just "behind" and it was a visual impact I believe it had on me of seeing the head wound and seeing President Kennedy go across the seat. That gave me the impression of the shot being fired from behind and if I refer to it as "shots" I'm really talking about three shots - the first two and then the one that I recognised as gunfire.

and the car momentarily stopped"

And then I can remember that when we were on the ground -

I'd like to bring this up if I may - looking back over my shoulder I can remember, I believe it was the passenger in the front seat - there were two men in the front seat - had a telephone or something to his ear and the car momentarily stopped.

Now everywhere that you read about it, you don't read anything about the car stopping. And when I say "stopped" I mean very momentarily, like they hit the brakes and just a few seconds passed and then they floorboarded and accelerated on."

LAW: "But you don't really see that in the Zapruder film."

NEWMAN: "No, you don't. But anyway, that's the impression I'm left with."

LAW: "Several people said that the car stopped."

NEWMAN: "Yes, and then they shot on. You know, through the overpass, the railroad overpass, and that's the last we saw of them. We stood up and just a few moments later, a man by the name of Jerry Haynes, who was a local TV personality here, "Mr Peppermint," him and another fellow, came up to us and said "What happened? What did y'all see?" and we said, "Well we saw the President shot" and he said, "Would you go to WFAA with us?" *(WFAA-TV was a major local television station situated next to the Dallas Morning News building - ILG)* and we said yes we would and we started to cross in the direction of WFAA. If I remember correctly, on Commerce Street, he just stopped a car and said to the man: "This man saw the President shot - would you carry us to WFAA" and he said "Sure" and we jumped in his car and went to WFAA.

We said basically what I've said here. *(The film footage of this interview - the first to be given by any eyewitness to the assassination - can be found on "The Kennedy Tapes", a seven video set of the entire WFAA- TV coverage of the events of 22nd to 24th November 1963 - ILG.)*

At the Dallas Sheriff's Department

After that, there was a man there - I guess he was from the Sheriffs Office, Bill Decker's Office, because that's where he carried us. And we went to Bill Decker's office and Gayle and myself both gave an affidavit of what we saw and I think, if I remember correctly, there was sixteen of us and they detained us for several hours, three, four, five hours, and what they were actually doing was reviewing all these statements to try to see if - they kept us there just to requestion us if necessary and of course they did not requestion myself or Gayle at that time and they turned us loose.

It was probably ten o'clock at night or something. It seemed like it was after dark and I couldn't tell you what time of day. You know, in fairness, they looked after us, but they just detained us there. You know, in the event that they saw a conflicting statement and that's pretty much it."

Kritzberg: The above text is presented as Bill Newman remembers the event today. Serious readers must refer to the Dealey Plaza map to see that "behind" was the area of the stockade fence — not the Texas School Book Depository. Mr. Newman also gave an interview presented in "Six Seconds in Dallas" published in 1967 by author Josiah Thompson. On page 10, the Newmans are shown in a photograph with the pergola directly behind them. He told Thompson, p. 103, "Well, of course, the President's being shot in the side of the head, by the third shot — I thought the shot was fired from directly above and behind where we were standing. And that's what scared us, because I thought we were right in the direct path of gunfire....I was thinking it was the opposite of the building..." Newman also reportedly told Thompson that he was troubled by the Commission conclusion that the bullet exited in front of him when, Thompson wrote, "his own eyes told him a different story."

November 22, 1963

A Chronology
by Ron Friedrich

While on a mid-morning break from his job at Texas Instruments, Ed Hoffman imbibed in his traditional Dr. Pepper, dispensed from a vending machine into a cup. He enjoyed chewing on an ice cube after finishing the drink. On this particular day, however, his ice-chewing habit caused one of his teeth to break; a back molar cracked apart. Ed notified his shop lead man, Glynn Bourland, and his supervisor, Cecil Harris. Harris examined Ed's mouth, and dismissed him from work, so he could go to his dentist.

Ed's travels to his home in Grand Prairie took him through downtown Dallas. Exiting US-75 on Ross Avenue, he headed west, and was surprised to see crowds of people out on the street. Then he remembered that the President was to pass through town that day. Ed decided to delay his trip to the dentist, so he could see President Kennedy.

To remedy the pain of his broken tooth, Ed stopped at a little store, bought some chewing gum, and packed the gum around the broken tooth, hoping to hold it together. He then searched for a place to park from where he could see the President. Finding none, he found himself being directed by police out of the downtown area, west on Elm Street. He remembered from the newpaper maps that JFK would ride along Elm Street, and exit north onto Stemmons Freeway (Interstate 35E), so Ed took that same exit, and parked his car on the left shoulder of the freeway, behind other cars already parked there.

Ed left his car, and walked back down the entrance ramp from Elm Street. He didn't like this position, so he hiked up to stand on the left shoulder of the northbound lane. From this position, he would be able to see down into the President's car as it first passed below and then alongside him. Ed also had a better view of activity around Dealey plaza. People were standing along Elm just east

of the freeway, but no one else was on the freeway overpass with Ed. Ed says that he waited between 40 to 50 minutes before the motorcade arrived.

From his vantage point, Ed could see the first bridge of the Triple Underpass and the people on it. And he could see the area behind the wooden fence atop the "grassy knoll."

While Ed was waiting for the President, he saw...

(a) A stocky man in the dark blue business suit & black hat stood near the stockade fence.

(b) A tall, slender railroad workman stood by the tracks at the switch box.

(c) Three men in railroad work clothes stood on the first bridge of the Triple Underpass. (Ed does not use the term "triple underpass," but refers to it as the railroad bridge east of him.) Their backs were toward Ed as they leaned on the guard rail looking out over Dealey Plaza. We assume that Sam Holland was one of those three men that he saw on the railroad bridge.

(d) With less certainty Ed remembers a police officer at the south end of the same railroad bridge.

(e) A police officer (since identified as J. W. Foster) was standing on a railroad bridge over Stemmons north of Ed.

(f) A police officer stood at the north end of the stockade fence, slightly in front of it, facing the plaza.

Activity Ed Hoffman saw prior to the assassination included:

The man in the blue suit wandered back and forth between the fence and the switch box, appearing to exchange conversation with the "railroad man."

Two automobiles driving around the rail yard at different times - a white station wagon and a green Rambler. Ed assumed that they were looking for parking.

Lee Bowers sighted the same vehicles from his nearby perch in the railroad dispatch tower, and was able to offer a more detailed description than can Ed Hoffman.

In the moments immediately before the assassination, Ed saw:

A man in a plaid shirt walking from the north end of the stockade fence to the man in the business suit standing by the fence.

The conversation with the man in the plaid shirt lasted only a few seconds.

The man in the plaid shirt walked back round the north end of the fence. The police officer (f), who was standing at the north end of the fence, followed the man in the plaid shirt out in front of the fence, out of Ed's view.

The man in the business suit (Ed calls him the "suit man") walked over to the "railroad man" standing by the switch box, spoke very briefly with him, and then returned to his position behind the fence.

The "railroad man" bent down and seemed to work with something on the ground near the switch box. The "suit man" at the fence bent down, then stood up, and looked over the fence. Ed saw a puff of smoke by the "suit man" and assumed it was from a cigarette.

The man in the blue suit turned, holding a rifle, and ran the short distance to the man at the switch box. (Ed's immediate reaction at seeing the rifle was shock and concern for the President.)

The three men (c) on the triple overpass began what appeared to Ed as an animated discussion, looking and pointing toward the fence. Ed assumes that they could see the front of the fence, the side facing toward Dealey Plaza, and that they saw the same puff of smoke he did.

The "suit man" tossed the rifle over to the "railroad man." (There was a thin, horizontal pipe, about four feet off the ground, and a shallow ditch beneath the pipe, a couple yards from the railroad tracks, which separated the "suit man" and the "railroad man.")

The "railroad man" received the rifle, dismantled it, stashed in the "tool box," and started running north along the tracks. (Military people tell us that this kind of rifle can be dismantled in less time it takes to describe it — click and twist.) Ed emphasizes that both men acted very quickly.

Meanwhile, the men on the triple overpass still stood there, pointing toward the area of the smoke by the fence, and gesticulating rather visibly.

The man in the blue suit assumed a casual composure, and sauntered back toward the north end of the fence.

A police officer (d) ran from the south end of the triple overpass to the middle of the bridge where the three railroad men are standing, shouting, and pointing. It appeared to Ed that the police officer joined the three in their animated conversation.

The lead engine of a slowly moving freight train appeared at the south end of the triple underpass railroad bridge. The train traveled slowly northward. At this point, the people Ed had seen behind the fence and standing on the bridge were still in view.

A police officer (g) came around the north end of the fence. He saw and confronted the "suit man." The policeman held his service revolver in both hands, arms extended forward, legs spread and slightly squat.

The "suit man" first held both arms out to his side, as if to gesture, "It wasn't me. See, I have nothing." Then the "suit man" reached inside his suit coat and pulled out something (presumably identification) and showed it to the police officer. The officer relaxed, and both men mingled with the crowd coming around the fence.

We assume this police officer was Joe Marshall Smith, who testified before the Warren Commission about this encounter.

The lead engine of the freight train was now across the bridge.

When asked if he saw the President's limo stop between the first and second underpass (between the railroad bridge and the northbound lane of Stemmons Freeway), Ed answers, "No, I couldn't see the car until it passed under Stemmons on the entrance ramp. I was on the west shoulder of the highway, and highway was wide enough to block my view down to Elm Street on the east side of the highway." So Ed would have been unable to know whether or not the car stopped briefly, as some witnesses claim.

The President's limo passed under the northbound lane of Stemmons Fwy as it traveled below and past Hoffman onto the freeway. Ed's attention turned away from the activity at Dealey Plaza toward the President's limo. JFK was laying on his left side,

across the rear seat, with his head near the door. Jackie was kneeling on the floor at the right-hand seat. (Apparently the switch in positions occurred when she got out of her seat to retrieve a piece of her husband's skull from the rear of the car.) Jackie's back was toward Ed; he saw her hands holding the President. A Secret Service agent was standing on the seat, holding both the President and Mrs. Kennedy down.

Ed's most vivid memory of that moment was his view of a gaping wound in right side and rear section of JFK's skull. "It looked like bloody Jello." When asked about Governor Connally's wounds, Ed admits that he took no notice of the Governor. His attention was fixed solely on the President.

After the President's car passed, Ed looked back toward the Plaza to see if he could track the principles. The railroad man with the gun was no longer in view. The freight train was now blocking a clear view of the area behind the fence. He could see people and activity only through the spaces between the moving train cars.

Ed turned his attention toward the police officer (e) standing on the railroad bridge crossing Stemmons Freeway north of him. As Ed ran and waved his arms to get his attention, the Secret Service car passed to his left, making it's entrance to the freeway. When Ed saw an agent (George W. Hickey, Jr.) in the SS car standing, turning toward him, holding a rifle, Ed froze. Ed believes he saw, in that fleeting moment, an amo clip on the weapon, so he assumed it was a "machine gun."

After the motorcade passed, Ed looked one more time toward Dealey Plaza, hoping to spot the "railroad man" or the "suit man."

Ed ran back to his car and headed north on Stemmons. He took the first exit, Continental Ave., east toward downtown. While on Continental he could see the north end of the railroad yard on his right. He scanned the yard in hopes of finding the "railroad man."

Ed continued into downtown, and went to the police station where his uncle, a Lieutenant police officer, was stationed. Not finding his uncle there, Ed went to the FBI office, but found it practically deserted.

On his way back to Grand Prairie, Ed made one more detour to an auto body shop in southwest Dallas, in the section of town known as Oak Cliff. One of Ed's closest friends was an employee there, along with one other deaf man. Ed burst into the shop, excitedly telling the two deaf auto body men what he had just witnessed. The two men were understandably stunned. The hearing employees had no clue what Ed was telling his friends. His animated sign language, his emotional expressions, and unintelligible vocalizations amused them. Ed was hurt by their laughter. But they stopped laughing when their manager came in and made a solemn announcement.

Ed left the shop and continued on to Grand Prairie. He went straight to his father's flower store. Ed excitedly signed, "I saw them shoot the president! I saw who did it!" Frederick was puzzled by his son's midday appearance at the story, and he was uncertain what Ed was trying to tell him. "Why are you off work?" Frederick asked. Ed explained about the broken tooth, his stop in downtown Dallas, and what he saw as Kennedy came through Dealey Plaza. Frederick told Ed to go on to the dentist. They would sort this all out later.

At the dentist's office, Ed wrote a note alerting the doctor to the assassination. Ed sat in the chair with the suction tube hanging out the side of his mouth as the dentist ran back and forth between his patient and his radio. Ed was in this ignoble position when the dentist wrote the note telling him that President Kennedy was dead.

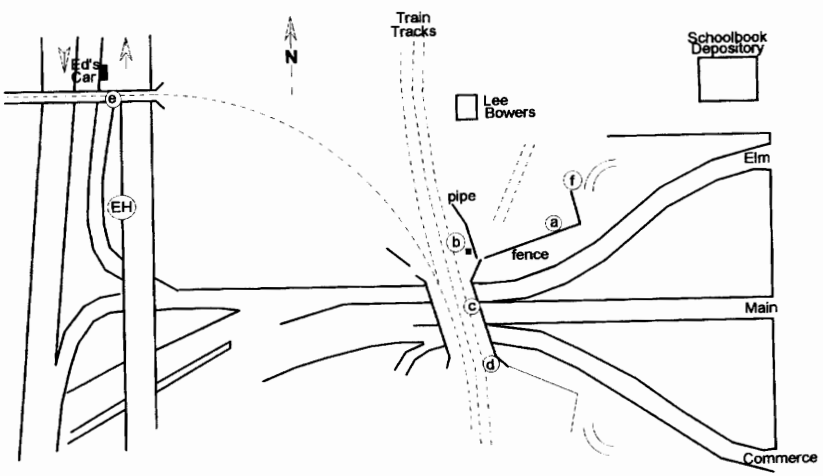
After the tooth was repaired, Ed hurriedly paid his bill, and returned to the family flower shop. By this time, Frederick had caught up with the news. Ed asked his father to call the authorities — or at least his uncle — for him. Frederick said, "No, you just go home. The police are busy now. They will catch the men. Let them do their job."

Ed went home and found his wife doing the family ironing, as she was watching television. Although there was no closed caption for the deaf in those days, Rosie, who is also deaf, understood

enough of what she saw to know the president had been shot. Ed told her, much to her surprise, that he had been there, and he had seen the men who shot the president.

As Ed watched the news on television with Rosie, he was puzzled by the focus of attention on the upstairs windows of the School Book Depository building. "Why are they looking there? That's not where the man shot the gun!" Ed drove back to the flower shop to plead with his father one more time to call the authorities and tell them what he had seen. Frederick told Ed that they had already arrested one man, and would, no doubt, soon catch the other.

Early that evening, images of Lee Harvey Oswald appeared on the screen as the suspect. Ed bolted from his chair. "NO! That's not him! That's not the man I saw!"



SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT
COUNTY OF DALLAS, TEXAS

Before me, the undersigned authority, on this 22nd **day of** November, **A.D., 19** 63 **personally appeared** Emmett Joseph Hudson, **Address** 107 South Bishop, Dallas Texas **Phone No.** WH 2-2009

Deposes and says: I am presently employed by the City of Dallas, Texas, in the Park Department. I have been so employed for the last 6 years. My position is to take care of the property located on the West side of Houston Street between Houston Street and the Triple Underpass.I also take care of the fountain in front of the Union Terminal. This day I was sitting on the front steps of the sloppng area and about half way down the steps. There was another man sitting there with me. He was sitting on my left and we were both facing the street with our backs to the railroad yards and the brick building. At the same time the President's car was directly in front of us, I heard a shot and I saw the President fall over in the seat. I do not know who the other man was that was sitting beside me. In our conversation we talked about having a hard time finding a place to park. We also talked about working somewhere over on Industrial Blvd. This man said Lay down and we did. I definitely heard 3 shots. The shots that I heard definitely came from behind and above me. When I laid down on the ground, I laid on my right side and my view was still toward the street where the President's car had passed. I did look around but I did not see anything unusual, either anyone running and I did not see any firearms at all. This shot sounded to me like a high powered rifle.

/s/ Emmett J. Hudson

WCH XIX, p.481

Hudson clarified his statement further when he talked to the FBI on November 26 ("Six Seconds in Dallas," Josiah Thompson, Archives, CD 5.) In that statement: "Hudson said the shots sounded as if they were fired over his head and from some position to the left of where he was standing. In other words, the shots sounded as if they were fired by someone at a position which was behind him, which was above him, and which was to his left.

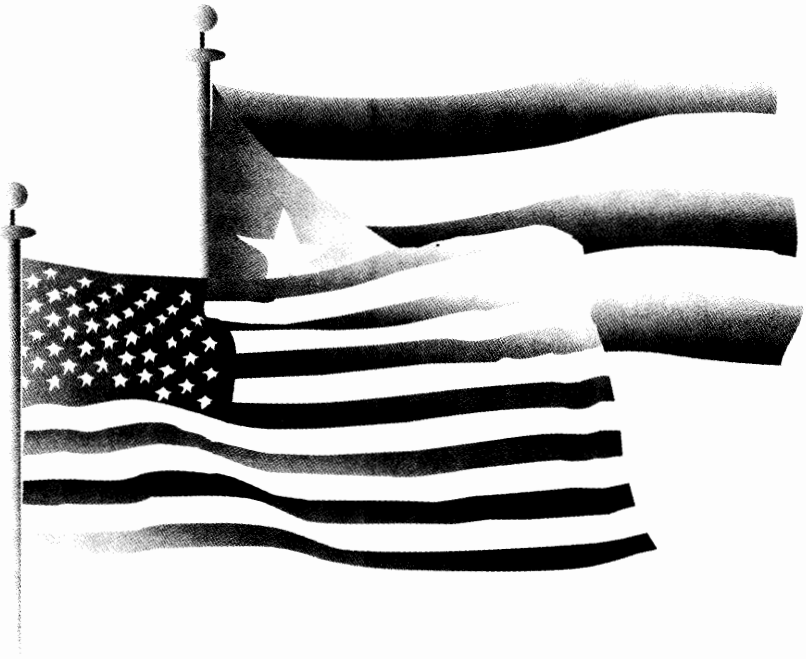
Dallas County Sheriff Bill Decker speaks to newsmen after the assassination of President John F. Kennedy.

— Photo © Andy Hanson

Newsroom of the *Dallas Times Herald*, afternoon of November 22, 1963. City Editor Ken Smart, seated, back to camera.

— Photo © Andy Hanson

FULL DISCLOSURE



By Larry Hancock

FULL DISCLOSURE

Chapter 1

JFK AT RISK

John Kennedy and his brother, Robert, had been "at risk" for the better part of two years. Threats and warnings had been monitored by both the FBI and the Secret Service; however there is no evidence that any of the threats had been brought directly to the attention of the President or the Attorney General prior to November 1963. The Warren Commission was never presented with these serious threats and warnings, especially the ones that might have suggested a pattern or framework for conspiracy. Being unaware of the pre-existing threats makes it much easier to accept Lee Oswald as the only suspect and to avoid questioning the very limited scope of the Kennedy murder investigation.

To fully comprehend what happened in Dallas requires an understanding of how and why these warnings failed to be trans-

lated into heightened security for President Kennedy. It also helps to explain why an investigation of any threat which seriously suggested a credible conspiracy was publicly abandoned within approximately forty-eight hours with the "Lone Gunman" scenario becoming the only official position on the assassination.

CRIMINAL THREATS AGAINST JFK/RFK:

As part of RFK's anti-mob crusade, a number of intelligence operations and wire taps were in effect against Midwestern and Northeastern criminals and those of the Teamsters who were associated with them.

As early as the summer of 1962, a trusted lieutenant of Jimmy Hoffa, Edward Partin, decided to turn government informant because of the vicious nature of the threats and the very real plans being discussed against Robert Kennedy. Partin described one specific plan to take plastic explosives to Nashville to use against RFK. **If that failed, Hoffa proposed using a gunman with a rifle and telescopic sight** (Scheim, Contract on America, p 87 and House Select Committee on Assassinations Report pp 76-177).

The assassin, Partin described, would be "without any identifiable association to the Teamster organization or Hoffa himself." Hoffa specifically discussed having the murder take place in the South where rabid segregationists could be blamed and of having Robert Kennedy shot "while riding in a convertible" (Scheim, Contract on America, p 87 and HSCA 9H p 176).

Partin's statements were well supported (Blakey and Billings, Fatal Hour p 231); however, there is no indication that these threats were reported to either Robert or Jack Kennedy or to the Secret Service.

An extension of this same threat was voiced, but unreported at the time, by Hoffa's most ardent supporter within the Mafia community, Carlos Marcello. While drinking in the late summer of 1962, Marcello described a strategy for ridding himself of RFK's extensive prosecution. Marcello described the wisdom of not kill-

ing the tail of the dog because its head would continue to bite you — the answer being simply to kill the head instead. This threat then, was clearly against JFK, not his brother (HSCA 9H 82-83; also as reported by Ed Reid in The Grim Reapers pp 151- 162).

Marcello also elaborated on the tactic of setting up a "nut" to take the heat for the murder "the way they do in Sicily." The Marcello dialogue was witnessed by private investigator Edward Becker who had come in contact with the Marcello organization during his involvement in one of the Billy Sol Estes agriculture swindles. A company owned by one of Marcello's close associates was defrauded during an Estes deal. Becker related his meeting with Marcello in an FBI interview on November 20, 1962 but did not mention the threat since he interpreted it as bluster at the time. He did testify extensively for the House Assassinations Committee, with considerable validation (Scheim, Contract on America pp 81-83; HSCA 9H pp 82-83 and Blakey, Fatal Hour, pp 279-280).

Even though the FBI wiretaps in New Orleans and Dallas were initially less than effective against the "First Family" of the US Mafia led by Carlos Marcello, a number of witnesses did come forward after the assassination in addition to Edward Becker. The House Select Committee on Assassinations also uncovered indications that there might have been a working contract on President Kennedy during 1963.

"Somebody will kill Kennedy when he comes down South"....

Eugene de Laparra, a long time FBI informant, reported statements made by Bernard Tregle in a conversation overheard in April 1963 among Tregle and other individuals closely associated with Vincent and Carlos Marcello. This account was first reported to the FBI in Philadelphia on November 27, 1963 with no follow up action known; it was again reported to the FBI in New Jersey on February 23, 1967 - the day after David Ferrie's death in New Orleans during the Garrison Investigation (Blakey and Billings, Fatal Hour p xxxvi).

A much more specific warning came immediately before the assassination on November 21 and 22, 1963. Rose Cheremie (a.k.a.

Roselle Renee Cheramie but legally Melba Christine Marcades) had been injured when dumped out of a car in Louisiana. Lt. Francis Fruge' of the Louisiana State Police picked up Rose late on November 20, and, in the course of questioning her during transport, first elicited a comment that her trip to Dallas had involved something related to the President. Lt. Fruge' took no special note of her remarks at the time, considering her lucid but disturbed by the effects of apparent drug withdrawal. His post-assassination investigation determined that she had worked for Jack Ruby (as she had claimed) and was traveling with two Cuban exiles. One was identified as Sergio Arcacha (HSCA Vol. 10 pp 201- 202), and the other was suspected to be Carlos Vidal Santiago.

Rose Cheramie appears to have relayed information to others well before the actual attack in Dallas. Individuals hearing of Kennedy's being in danger in Dallas included Doctor Bowers and Doctor Weiss as well as the nursing staff at the Jackson Memorial Hospital. Cheramie talked of it both during her examinations and on the morning of the assassination itself, while listening to coverage of the President's trip along with several nurses (HSCA pp 200-201 as well as interviews on the TV program "American Expose").

Although Lt. Fruge' subsequently verified a host of details corroborating her story and brought it directly to the attention of Dallas Police Department Captain Will Fritz, no follow-up was performed by the DPD or any other agency.

Cheramie's story was investigated in depth by the House Assassinations Committee and all points were verified including a statement from an attending doctor, Victor Weiss, that she had told him Kennedy would be killed. Doctor Weiss told the HSCA in his testimony that she had said **"the word was out in the underworld"** that Kennedy would be hit (HSCA, Vol. 10, pp 200-201).

Details of the Cheramie incident are contained in volume 10 of the HSCA documents as well as in the Garrison investigation interviews of Lt. Fruge (Exhibit 1-1). Another excellent reference is the summary article "Rambling Rose" by Chris Mills in Dallas 1963

Number 2, Vol 1, May 1994.

In Dallas on November 20th, there was another worrisome incident which went unreported. That day, two police officers on routine patrol in Dealey Plaza noted several men in the vicinity of the fence on the grassy knoll overlooking the plaza The men were engaged in what appeared to be mock target practice with a rifle. The officers moved to circle the fence and come up behind the pair, but the men fled the scene in a car parked behind the fence. Apparently no DPD incident report was filed but the officers did report the occurrence to the FBI on November 26th, 1963; no mention of this was made by the FBI to the Warren Commission, and no records remained. Only in 1978 did a FOIA records request produce a reference to the officers' report which had been recorded by the 112th Intelligence group, with military intelligence responsibilities for Dallas (Exhibit 1-2). If nothing else, this clearly indicates the continuing lack of proactive security planning or response to potential threats in conjunction with the Dallas motorcade.

CUBAN EXILE THREATS AGAINST JFK:

A record of exile threats and plots does exist although there is virtually no indication that these generated any in-depth investigation by US government agencies. In fact, it was, much the contrary.

One such documented warning came from Garrett Trapnell on August 19, 1963 in a statement to the FBI that he had been solicited by a Cubans in what was originally described as a kidnap and assassination attempt against Robert Kennedy. The remark, actually made against JFK at the recruiting meeting, was, "**We are going to get Kennedy in the fall**" (Russell personal interview with Trapnell at Marion Federal Penitentiary, The Man Who Knew Too Much pp 414 - 418). Trapnell may have been approached by the Cubans and their two American associates because in January , 1962, he had been the subject of a Secret Service advisory from SAIC Miami, John Marshall to FBI agent Aaron Wilheit (FBI Num-

ber 1166538) that Trapnell and another person were plotting to kidnap the children of President Kennedy (Warren Commission Document no. 196 p 10 also Dick Russell, The Man Who Knew Too Much, p 771).

Amazingly, we also find records showing that in late August, Lee Oswald was apparently planning a move to the Baltimore-DC area in the fall. One Oswald letter, written to "The Worker," a publication of the U.S. Communist Party, offers his services as a photographer and refers to his relocating in "a few weeks" while two more letters to Communist Party headquarters talk of his moving to the Baltimore-Washington D.C. area with his family in October (Dick Russell, The Man Who Knew Too Much, p 426 as well as WC vol. XX pp 262-267). It appears possible at least that Lee Oswald might have been maneuvered into a Kennedy conspiracy months before Dallas; and he certainly would have left a clear paper trail of Communist affiliations if something had happened in Washington, D.C.

Trapnell revealed to Russell that JFK was the intended target and Trapnell came to believe that the Cubans were exiles impersonating Castro intelligence operatives. His FBI report was actually made available to the Warren Commission and is document number 196. Unfortunately, there is no record of any follow-up on Trapnell's warning and no evidence that the Secret Service was informed by the FBI. (Russell personal and telephone interviews)

Years later, the House Select Committee inquiry as well as other private investigations of Trapnell developed support for his story. Details of his discussions with the Cubans and with two American males covered several tactical suggestions which were suggestive of actual events in Dealey Plaza, including rifle-equipped snipers firing from multiple locations and a point man to signal the start of the firing by waving his arm, a hat, or some other object (Russell, The Man Who Knew Too Much, pp 410-417). More information on Trapnell is available in Warren Commission Documents number 395 and 461.

A second warning involving a fall plot and attack has been de-

scribed in great detail, although there is no remaining record of the actual warning itself. The warning consisted of a letter to FBI Director Hoover in September of 1963 as well as a follow-along communication to the Secret Service on November 21, 1963. In this case, the individual involved with the warning - Richard Case Nagell - has clearly been proven to be ex-military intelligence with verified CIA contacts. References on Richard Case Nagell include Dick Russell's The Man Who Knew Too Much, Phillip Hemenway's Riding the Tiger's Back, Nagell's own draft Petition for Habeus Corpus, and related government documents located by Anna Marie Kuhns-Walko in the U.S. Government Archives and published by CTKA (a small sampling of documents pertaining to Richard Nagell is presented in exhibits 1-3, 1-4 and 1-5).

An extended study of Nagell's story leaves three points relatively well substantiated:

a) this military and contract intelligence agent was involved in infiltrating Cuban exile plots against John Kennedy,
b) he participated in monitoring Lee Oswald as part of this assignment, penetrated a plot to attack Kennedy in the DC area in September, and likely provided warning to Director Hoover as well as to the CIA and
c) Richard Nagell intentionally arranged to have himself arrested and confined in Federal custody by firing a revolver in a bank he clearly was not attempting to rob, which left him safe from the people trailing him but resulted in totally compromising his initial warning.

As an interesting side note, many of the hearings and judicial decisions in Nagell's extremely protracted legal saga were presided over by a judge (exhibit 1-5g), from Nagell's own legal petition—who had only taken the bench in the fall of 1963 after unexpectedly leaving office as a Texas Congressman on September 26, just days after Nagell's arrest on September 20. Federal Judge Homer Thorneberry was a long-term ally of Vice President Lyndon Johnson, taking Johnson's Congressional seat, and appointed to the Federal Bench by John Kennedy at the request of Vice President Johnson.

—Congressman Thorneberry was present in the Dallas motorcade, and accompanied President Johnson back to Washington, DC on Air Force One. He spent the evening of November 22 in Johnson's home, and stayed with him for the next several days. During the course of Johnson's Presidency, Judge Thorneberry was appointed to more elevated Federal judicial positions and actually nominated by Johnson for a seat on the Supreme Court of the United States (Austin American-Statesman, 12/13/77). Johnson had appointed Judge Thorneberry to take the position on the Supreme Court to be left vacant when his appointment of Abe Fortas to succeed Earl Warren took effect). Fortas himself had almost played a significant role in the Assassination investigation, as early as the abortive Texas Inquiry led by Waggoner Carr, Walter Jenkins had introduced Fortas (Johnson's private legal counsel) to Carr as being "assigned to coordinate the FBI, Department of Justice and (Johnson's) efforts regarding the assassination of the President" (Carr personal memorandum, Seth Kantor, The Ruby Cover-Up, p 159)

Monitoring Cuban and exile involvement in the threats against the President has been largely a matter of investigating their American counterparts, whether these were CIA agents involved in the war on Castro or were independent sympathizers and organizations such as INTERPEN (the Intercontinental Penetration Network).

INTERPEN members and alumnae represent a key trail to exile participation far beyond the scope of this section. The serious reader is referred to Noel Twyman's Bloody Treason, Chapter 28, for the best details on these connections, and to Hinckle and Turner's Deadly Secrets and Gaeton Fonzi's The Last Investigation.

As a footnote to the above, recent interviews with one of the key exile community activists, Gerald Patrick Hemming, (personal interviews, Noel Twyman, Bloody Treason, pp 659 - 748) have elicited a statement from Hemming that in May of 1963, he was in a meeting in Miami where money (mob money) was passed from John Martino to Felipe Vidal Santiago (a highly independent exile

connected to both Martino and Sergio Arcacha Smith). The money was intended to kick off an action against John Kennedy under the cover of the pre-existing mob-CIA Castro assassination project (Twyman, Bloody Treason, p 663). Hemming states he attended this meeting and observed the transactions and the attendance of major mob participants including Giancana and Nicoletti. The money involved came from Teamster funds and from Las Vegas skim operations which Roselli was directing for Giancana (see Rappleye and Becker, An American Mafioso for background on Roselli's activities in Las Vegas).

Exile threats continued throughout 1963, extending into the early November Presidential trips to Dallas and Miami. One of the more significant is described below. It is especially interesting in that the threat was officially reported and apparently was seriously monitored by the Secret Service until the investigation was reported to the FBI. **The FBI appears to have shut it down and eliminated virtually all the records pertaining to it.**

THREATS DURING PRESIDENTIAL TRIPS:

For whatever reason, criminal dialogs and exile activities seem not to have been communicated to the Secret Service; regardless, the growing threat to the President did become visible to them during the weeks immediately preceding the Texas trip. In the two months before Dallas, active surveillance and investigations occurred in conjunction with at least two Presidential trips.

Both the Chicago and Miami threats generated formal reports within both the Secret Service and the FBI; samples and background of these incidents are included in exhibits 1-6, 1-8, 1-9 and 1-10 with this chapter.

A truly comprehensive treatment of this subject is again beyond the limits of this section and was certainly not presented in either the Secret Service's report to the Warren Commission or in the FBI report on the Assassination. However, interested readers are referred to Vince Palamara's book **The Third Alternative** as well as

to "Full Disclosure," Chapters 2 and 4 for additional details and references to relevant House Select Committee interviews and testimony.

It does seem possible, that when the President's personal trip to Chicago was cancelled in early November, that some indication of danger might have been given to John Kennedy. However, there appears to have been no general communication of these threats within the Secret Service organization and, though some members from both trips were involved in the trip to Dallas, the advance and lead personnel deny having been briefed on or of being made aware of any recent incidents relating to the President.

In addition, the official records of the Protective Research Service (PRS) supposedly revealed suspects only in Houston (Memorandum from SAIC Bouck, see exhibit 2-10 in Chapter 2) even though Mr. Palamara has recently documented two specific Texas threats (a bomb threat against the President in an earlier 1963 visit to El Paso and a fall San Antonio warning from a KKK member; reference WC 17H p 566; Commission Exhibit 762).

In Chicago, as a matter of record, the SS investigated two separate threats to the President on his proposed November 2nd trip for the Army-Navy game at Soldier Field. The first related to an informant involved in arms trafficking who reported that a Cuban exile using mob money to purchase arms for attacking Cuba had reported that, with their new funding, it would be easy going as soon as Kennedy was removed. (Secret Service memorandum of November 27, 1963 on Homer Echevarria). On November 21, 1963 the suspect stated "**We now have plenty of money - our new backers are Jews - as soon as "we" (or "they") take care of Kennedy**" (exhibit 1-6). The investigation was cancelled at the request of the FBI for security reasons, and the majority of the records appear to have been collected and transmitted to that agency. (A possibly related curiosity is included as Exhibit 1-7, a document from 1975, where we find mention of an unidentified "Eshevarria" in Miami, where Homer "Echevarria" was known to have returned after his Chicago activities).

The second Chicago report involved a potential threat posed by an ex-Marine marksman named Thomas Vallee, who had a history of political activism and was in possession of M1 rifles and ammunition.

It is now clear that Vallee was the subject of a formal warning to the Secret Service, that he was placed under surveillance, and that he was picked up on his way into Chicago very early in the morning of the announced Presidential visit to the Army-Navy game in Chicago (exhibits 1- 8, 1-9 and 1-10).

However, it is interesting that Vallee does not show up on official PRS lists for 1963 even though he was extensively monitored for a number of years afterwards (the same being true of Richard Case Nagell). It is also clear that the Secret Service personnel remained very hesitant about discussing either the Echevarria or the Vallee threats (Exhibits 1-11 and 1-12). Even worse, a Chicago Secret Service Agent reporting on an expanded Cuban exile threat appears to have been silenced with false charges and a jail sentence.

Agent Abraham Bolden, a Chicago office Secret Service agent, tells a much broader story of a teletype received on or about October 30 and identifying four subjects. According to Agent Bolden, the office did contact, arrest, and interrogate two of these individuals. No records of this incident survive, and the House Assassinations Committee found that virtually the entire office staff, including secretaries, suffered severe memory loss and were unable to remember their activities or even related trip reports which they had written or typed. Agent Bolden was, shortly thereafter, charged with taking bribes and was imprisoned during the entire course of the Warren investigation. Although he tried to tell his story from prison, he was totally ignored. (Bolden's story can be found in the HSCA Report pp 231- 232 and 636 as well as HSCA Document 180-10070-10273, his 1978 interview.)

It is important to note that the President did not make this trip or participate in the Chicago activities, and that virtually no information is available as to any reason for this. Members of the

White House detail involved appear to recollect next to nothing about the trip other than it being cancelled at the last moment near the time of his scheduled arrival (exhibit 1-13).

Next, on November 9, 1963 in Miami, an FBI informant who was in contact with an exceptionally violent and radical right-wing organization member advised the agency that the man or his associates might pose a threat to John Kennedy.

In a wire tapping operation, the individual, Joseph Milteer, was recorded as describing the President being murdered by a rifleman firing **"from an office building with a high powered rifle" while perpetrators cover themselves by setting up a patsy to be picked up immediately** (extracts from the tape are in Exhibit 1-14, excerpted from The Continuing Inquiry newsletter by Penn Jones).

This tape resulted in a police advisory to the Secret Service and a communications to the FBI as well. The FBI produced an internal memorandum (FBI MM89-35FPG;CGR/R November 10, titled **"Threat to Kill President Kennedy by J.A. Milteer,"** November 9, 1963) based on information that had been provided to Special Agent Leonard Peterson. This document was provided to the Warren Commission but not published in the report or its companion volumes; page 121 of the report was actually withheld from the overall document. Withheld, perhaps because it relates a speech by Milteer after the assassination in which he assures his listeners not to worry about Oswald's capture because he does not know anything and assures him that **"the Patriots have outsmarted the Communists."** Several key pages of this report are shown in Robert Groden's, To Kill A President, pp 154-155.

Miami Secret Service agents verify being informed on Milteer and knowing about his statements (HSCA interview with Agent Robert Jamison, February 28, 1978, p 2) however, White House Detail staff members claimed to know nothing about the incident.

Additional Milteer references include Dan Christiansen "The Dade County Connections," Miami magazine, September 1976, as well as Bill Barry's initial investigation of the Miami police tapes he uncovered in 1967, published in The Continuing Inquiry, edi-

tor Penn Jones.

The Miami threat from a known KKK/National States Rights Party militant, was actually supported by yet another PRS report. This report (WC 17H p 566 CE 762), recently uncovered by Vince Palamara, relates a warning from within Texas on November 15, 1963 consisting of a PRS statement by yet another KKK member saying that a militant States Rights group will assassinate the President and other government officials in Texas. Either threat may be the source of yet another "missing" FBI report, this a November 17 Airtel teletype from FBI headquarters to its Southern offices including New Orleans and Dallas.

Unfortunately, only one FBI agent, William S. Walter, a Bureau security patrol clerk on night shift and the only employee on duty when it arrived at 1:45 a.m. EST, has gone on record as to the existence and eventual removal of this warning from the files. He reproduced a facsimile of the document, dated November 17, 1963 (exhibit 1-15). The Airtel specifically warned of a threat to the President on his upcoming Dallas trip and directed the Bureau offices to poll their contacts with known racial and hate groups to investigate the threat. There is evidence of an active FBI move to silence personnel in a position to speak to this warning, but no further information other than validation of Agent Walter's position and background was obtained by the House Assassinations Committee in 1978 (HSCA Report pp 191-2; for recent investigation and interviews see Ray and Mary La Fontaine, Oswald Talked, p 301).

What is clear from both the November Chicago and Miami events is that **records do exist of threats, investigations, and reports**. Although incidents were demonstrably reported to the appropriate federal agencies, the agencies themselves did little after the assassination to follow up or to reveal these incidents in their official reports. When the House Select Committed later attempted to pursue these incidents, they were frequently met with disclaimers of no knowledge, significant and suspect lapses of memory, and a general lack of cooperation.

It also seems highly likely that if the proceeding incidents and

information had been made available to the Warren Commission (as it was later uncovered by the House Select Committee on Assassinations) that the Warren Commission could hardly have avoided a far more serious investigation of conspiracy.

RELEASED PER P.L. 102-526 (JFK ACT)
NARA AB DATE 11/29/94 REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES
Reference copy, JFK Collection: HSCA (NO 233)

Orw N.O.

M E M O R A N D U M

May 22, 1967

TO: LOUIS IVON, CHIEF INVESTIGATOR

FROM: FRANK MELOCEE, INVESTIGATOR

I received information from LT. FRANCES FRUGE, State Police, on May 22, 1967, that we should talk with one MARY YOUNG who is manager of the business office at Charity Hospital. MARY YOUNG was recruited by LEE OSWALD to join some type of women's club while OSWALD was in New Orleans.

Also, there is an operator of a computer, name unknown, now employed by Charity Hospital who has been with them about a week who also was an operator of a computer at Standard Coffee Company while OSWALD was employed there.

Information was also received that several nurses employed at Jackson Mental Hospital who were watching television along with ROSE CHERAMI the day Kennedy was assassinated stated that during the telecast moments before Kennedy was shot ROSE CHERAMI stated to them, "This is when it is going to happen," and at that moment Kennedy was assassinated. Information states that these nurses had told several people of this incident.

FRUGE said that he will drive to Jackson, Louisiana, to investigate this matter further and will contact us on Tuesday, May 23, 1967.

1-1 Garrison Investigation Memo; contains supplemental information from Lt. Fruge pertaining to witnesses to Rose Cheremie's pre-knowledge of the assassination

112TH INTELLIGENCE CORPS GROUP

SPOT REPORT (REGION II)

DATE SENT: 22 Nov 63

TIME RECEIVED: 2235 hrs

1. FROM: Region II

2. SPOT REPORT NUMBER: 419

3. SUBJECT: Lee Harvey OSWALD

4. REFERENCE TO PREVIOUS REPORTS: 418

5. TIME, DATE, AND PLACE: 2000 to 22000 hrs, 22 Nov 63

6. PERSONNEL, ORGANIZATION, OR INSTALLATION INVOLVED: SUBJECT and Dallas Police

7. SUMMARY: The following related to S/As West and Lanyon, Region II by Capt Dowdy, Dallas Police. SUBJECT's wife has signed a statement stating that SUBJECT owned the rifle which is believed to be the weapon that fired the shot that killed President Kennedy and wounded Gov Connally. (this info has not been released to the public) The rifle was manufactured in Italy in 1940 (6.5mm) The police have interviewed a witness who has stated that a man fitting SUBJECT's description in company of another man were observed by this witness on 20 Nov 63 in the immediate vicinity of the place where President Kennedy was killed. These men were observed sighting in a rifle at two silhouette targets. When the police arrived on the scene they realized they were in the direct line of sight so attempted to approach the men by circling around to their rear. When the two officers arrived at the spot where the men were last observed the men had disappeared. The witness further stated that he saw an old model car parked in the vicinity of where the two men were observed with the rifle. The description of the car fits the description of the car that SUBJECT was driving. Witness believes there was a man sitting in the car. (this info has not been released to the public) The slugs that killed President Kennedy and wounded Gov Connally have not been recovered.

8. SIGNIFICANCE AND/OR EFFECT UPON MILITARY INSTALLATION, ACTIVITY,

OR FACILITY: cannot be determined

9. ACTION TAKEN BY REPORTING AGENCY: cont. Ln

10. SOURCE OF INFORMATION: Capt Dowdy

11. EVALUATION (B-2)

12. TIME AND DATE INFORMATION RECEIVED BY REPORTING AGENCY: 2225 hrs, 22 Nov 63

13. COMMENT BY REPORTING AGENCY: Region II agents were cautioned that most of the above info was not public knowledge

14. RELATED REPORTS AND DIRECTIVES: none

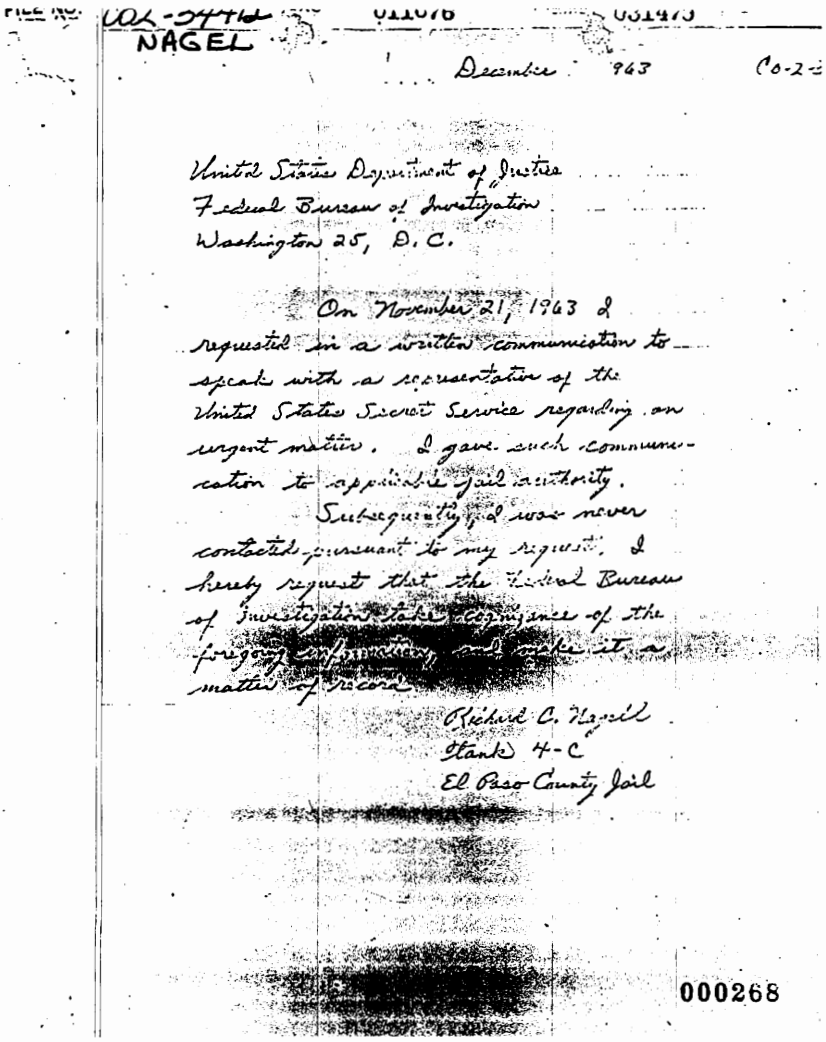
SENT BY: Lt Green

DISTRIBUTION:

RECEIVED BY: Maj Dippo

AKADB-INTC FORM 65(12 Jan 1962)

1-2 112th Intelligence Corps report; information on rifle sighting incident in Dealey Plaza on Nov. 20, 1963



FILE NO. 100-34716 011076 031473

NAGEL

December 1963 CO-2

United States Department of Justice
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington 25, D. C.

On November 21, 1963 I requested in a written communication to speak with a representative of the United States Secret Service regarding an urgent matter. I gave such communication to appropriate jail authority.

Subsequently, I was never contacted pursuant to my request. I hereby request that the Federal Bureau of Investigation take cognizance of the foregoing information and make it a matter of record.

Richard C. Nagell
Tank 4-C
El Paso County Jail

[redacted]

000268

1-3 Richard Case Nagell letter to Dept. of Justice; referring to his attempted Nov. 21, 63 communication

Form No. 1550 (Revised) Memorandum Report (7-1-60)

UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE
TREASURY DEPARTMENT

ORIGIN Chief's Office | OFFICE El Paso, Texas | FILE NO. CO-2-34,412

TYPE OF CASE	STATUS	TITLE OR CAPTION
Protective Research	Pending	Person Identified:
INVESTIGATION MADE AT	PERIOD COVERED	Name : Richard Case Nagell
El Paso, Texas	12/24/63 - 1/3/64	Address : El Paso County Jail, El Paso, Texas
INVESTIGATION MADE BY		
SAIC Oscar G. Weigheit, Jr.		

DETAILS

SYNOPSIS

This file covers investigation concerning a letter written by Richard C. Nagell to the FBI wherein he states he requested to speak to a Secret Service Agent on 11/21/63 concerning an urgent matter. His letter states he was never contacted and he wished to make the incident a matter of record. Investigation indicates Nagell, a former Military Intelligence Officer, attempted to rob the State National Bank, El Paso, Texas, on 9/20/63, where he was arrested after firing two shots. He has been in jail since his arrest, except for Court appearances; has rejected 3 lawyers, and refused to cooperate with medical authorities concerning an examination. He previously had been confined to the VA Hospital in Bay Pines, Florida. Criminal prosecution is pending against Nagell for bank robbery.

(A) INTRODUCTION:

This investigation is predicated upon receipt of Chief's O/M dated 12/19/63 to which was attached a letter written by Richard C. Nagell to Federal Bureau of Investigation, dated December 2, 1963. In the letter Nagell stated that on 11/21/63 he requested to talk to a representative of the Secret Service "regarding an urgent matter". He further states that he was never contacted and he wished to make the incident a matter of record.

(B) GENERAL INQUIRIES:

On 12/24/63 SAIC Herbert Hoxie, FBI, El Paso, Texas, made available their file on Richard Case Nagell. Nagell was arrested on 9/20/63 by James S. Bundren, a uniformed El Paso policeman, outside the State National Bank, El Paso, Texas. (Bundren was on duty in the bank guarding the Treasury Inter-District Display.)

DISTRIBUTION	COPIES	REPORT MADE BY	DATE
Chief	Orig & 1	000255	
Dallas	2cc	SPECIAL AGENT	
Jacksonville	2cc	APPROVED	DATE
El Paso	2cc	SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE	1/7/64

(CONTINUE ON PLAIN PAPER)

1-4 Treasury Department Protective Research Synopsis on Richard Case Nagell - note judgement on robbery without any supporting details while Nagell has not yet been to trial

Nagell was arrested as he was fleeing the bank after an attempted holdup during the course of which he fired two shots into the ceiling of the bank with a 45 calibre Colt revolver, Serial No. 204 976. At the time of his arrest he was driving a 1957 Ford, two door, Fairlane 500, 1963 California License LVZ 076.

The FBI file also indicates that to date Nagell has had three lawyers, all appointed by the Court, and all released by the Judge in Open Court at the request of Nagell, who has stated they are not competent to defend him. During the most recent appearance in Court of Nagell he presented a petition to the Court asking to have his personal property returned to him. This property consisted of personal papers in his possession or in his car at the time of his arrest. During this same appearance he also agreed, in the presence of the Judge, that he would agree to an examination at William Beaumont Army Hospital, El Paso, Texas. To date he has refused to comply with his promise. Inasmuch as Nagell has not yet been indicted, the Judge has requested an indictment before further legal steps are attempted. The FBI plans to present this case against Nagell to the Federal Grand Jury meeting in San Antonio, Texas, on 1/6/64. Nagell is presently in custody of the U. S. Marshal, El Paso, in lieu of $25,000.00 bond.

On 1/3/64, in the Property Room, El Paso County Jail, El Paso, Texas, the personal property of Richard C. Nagell was reviewed. It contained the following items: one Minox Camera; one Minolta - 16 Camera, with several film packs and developing tank; one U. S. Passport #D 576507, carrying renewal date of 8/6/63, with no indication that it had ever been used in foreign travel; one original birth certificate for Robert Lamont Nagell, born 3:31 A.M. on 11/20/60, in Japanese Hospital of Los Angeles; one marriage certificate witnessed by John Patterson, Counsel, Tokoyo, Japan; one ID Card in the name of Richard Case Nagell, U. S. Army Captain, ASN #02028346; one notebook listing following references - Bank of America, POB 191, Monterey, Calif., Commercial Credit Co., 476 Park Ave., San Jose, California, Shell Oil Co., POB 3147, San Francisco, California, Bernard F. Smith, 1124 S. Belvedere Ave., Baltimore, Md., Gene T. Nash, 1121 S. Isabella, Monterey Park, Calif., Martin T. Markely, Det. 7, 6003 SU Fort Ord, Calif., Thomas G. Irwin, 404 N. 11th Street, Wymore, Nebraska, Howard T. Wickert, 149-39 USMA, West Point.

Nagell's personal property also contained the following pamphlets: "Verdict First - Trial After", about Mrs. Dorothy Healey, Southern California Communist Party Chairman; "Liberty In Chains", by D. N. Pritt, published by Committee for Democratic Rights in U.S.A.; "A Proposal Concerning The General Line of The International Communist Party Movement by the Peking Press"; "Fair Play for Cuba" (Newsletter dated July, 1963), P. O. Box 26251, Los Angeles 26, California; "Formosa - Fact and Fiction", by John W. Powell; "The Case Against Cuba", by Corliss Lamont; "Your Question About New China" by Ralph Lapwood;

000256

1-4b Continued, note withholding of Nagell property and possession of Minox camera and Fair Play for Cuba material, similar to that taken into evidence from Lee Oswald

MEMORANDUM IN SUPPORT OF PETITION
FOR WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS
UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
WESTERN DISTRICT OF MISSOURI

Draft Copy *Draft Copy*

RICHARD CASE NAGELL, A-16606-H,)
)
Petitioner,)
)
VS.) CIVIL ACTION NO. _____
)
DIRECTOR, U.S. MEDICAL CENTER)
FOR FEDERAL PRISONERS, and)
UNITED STATES ATTORNEY GENERAL,)
et al,)
)
Respondents.)
_____)

COMES the petitioner in the matter pending, and, by his own counsel, files a MEMORANDUM IN SUPPORT of Petition For Writ Of Habeas Corpus, alleging generally and specifically as follows:

Petitioner was arrested at El Paso, Texas on September 20, 1963 and charged by state authority with vagrancy, flight to avoid prosecution, and suspicion of armed robbery. He was booked and lodged in the El Paso City Jail after interrogation at the city's Federal Building by agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

FIRST SPECIFIC ALLEGATION: That on September 20, 1963, while being transported by automobile from the State National Bank, El Paso, Texas to the city's Federal Building, petitioner exclaimed to Mr. Thomas H. White, Jr., a Special Agent of the FBI, "I would rather be arrested than commit treason" or "I would rather be arrested than commit murder and treason"; that another special agent of the FBI (not further identified) who was present in the automobile, asked petitioner what he meant; that petitioner did not then or ever later answer his question; that petitioner's outburst and the aforesaid question was heard by another person not herein identified; that either utterance by petitioner later

1-5 Richard Nagell Memo in support of Petition for Writ of Habeas Corpus - 7 selected pages of 40

developed into evidence important to his defense against the crime for which he was indicted; that such evidence was withheld by the FBI and suppressed by petitioner's court-appointed counsel, against petitioner's will at both trials on the merits and on appeal therefrom.

SECOND SPECIFIC ALLEGATION: That petitioner, while confined in the El Paso City Jail, after being ordered to remove all his clothing and ordered inside a strip cell, was abused by Mr. Pete Blanco and abused, threatened with bodily harm and assaulted by Mr. Carl D. Fortune, both officers of the El Paso Police Department; that such abuse, threat, and assault was without just cause or provocation and was witnessed by persons not herein identified; that shortly thereafter petitioner reported such abuse, threat and assault to a person not herein identified who investigated his complaint and found it to be fact; that petitioner was not permitted by his court-appointed counsel to raise the foregoing issue or subpoena witnesses in regard thereto, against petitioner's will, at either trial on the merits or on appeal therefrom.

The next day, September 21, 1963, petitioner was transferred to the El Paso County Jail where he was booked and lodged. He was arraigned before a U.S. Commissioner under the bank robbery statute. He pleaded not guilty to the charge and waived a preliminary hearing. Bond was set at $25,000.00. Petitioner failed to post bond and was remanded to the custody of the U.S. Marshal. The state charges were eventually dropped.

THIRD SPECIFIC ALLEGATION: That during an interview by FBI special agent, Thomas H. White, Jr., and the aforementioned, unidentified, FBI Special Agent, held on September 21, 1963, Mr. White exclaimed to petitioner, "We don't think you tried to rob that bank either, but we want to know why you want yourself arrested" or words similar and to that effect; that such exclamation later developed into evidence essential to petitioner's defense against the crime charged; that such evidence was withheld by the FBI and suppressed by petitioner's court-appointed counsel, against petitioner's will, at both trials on the merits and on appeal therefrom.

Thereafter (exact date unknown), the U.S. District Court judge at El Paso, on the government's motion, directed that petitioner be given a mental examination by Dr. R.J. Bennett, an El Paso psychiatrist. On October 11, 1963, Dr. Bennett reported to the court that on two occasions he had attempted to examine petitioner, without success, because he was unwilling to furnish any information.

Thereafter (exact date unknown), petitioner wrote the court stating, among other things, that he had always acted from love for his country and that

1-5b Continued, note Third Allegation and suggested FBI knowledge and interests

his conduct in the bank had been predicated on such love, "however incomprehensible it may appear."

The court first appointed Mr. James E. Hammond of El Paso to represent petitioner. During a hearing held at petitioner's insistence on November 4, 1963, petitioner informed the court he no longer desired the services of Mr. Hammond because he had disclosed some confidential information to the FBI. Mr. Hammond denied the charge, but was relieved as counsel.

FOURTH SPECIFIC ALLEGATION: That in the latter part of October 1963 (exact date unknown), while discussing his contemplated defense with Mr. James E. Hammond, court-appointed counsel, petitioner revealed he had made an unauthorized trip to Cuba; that several days later counsel admitted to petitioner he had disclosed this privileged communication and other information given him in confidence by petitioner to the FBI; that counsel cited his reasons for doing so; that such reasons were invalid; that such disclosure was later confirmed by persons not herein identified; that all such information revealed by petitioner to counsel was material and vital to his defense against the crime charged; that at no time did petitioner authorize the disclosure of any information he provided Mr. Hammond; that by the foregoing, petitioner's privilege to the standard attorney-client relationship was abrogated; that counsel's aforementioned conduct had a direct bearing on petitioner's refusal to accept the services of another El Paso lawyer (Mr. John Langford) appointed thereafter by the court; that counsel's aforementioned conduct bred in petitioner a distrust of other local attorneys subsequently appointed by the court to defend him; that petitioner was not permitted by his court-appointed counsel, against petitioner's will, to raise the aforesaid issue at either trial on the merits or on appeal therefrom.

At the same hearing, November 4, 1963, petitioner, by hand-written application, requested habeas corpus in order to ascertain the particulars of the government's case against him, and to compensate for his waiver of a preliminary hearing. FBI Special Agent Thomas H. White, Jr., testified for the government and a prima facie case was established. Petitioner offered no comment with respect thereto.

On November 19, 1963, during an interview held at the El Paso County Jail, petitioner alleged certain violations of his constitutional safeguards by the authorities to Mr. Edward J. Murphy and Mr. Lawrence W. Gorman, Special Agents of the FBI. He signed a written statement they took in that regard. When the interview terminated, petitioner wrote a note to FBI Special Agent Thomas H. White, Jr., and asked Mr. Murphy to give it to Mr. White. Mr. Murphy stated he would do so.

1-5c Continued, note Fourth Allegation and indication of Nagell's trip to Cuba

FIFTH SPECIFIC ALLEGATION: That on November 22, 1963, the aforesaid note developed into evidence vital to petitioner's defense against the crime charged; that such evidence was withheld by the FBI from the U.S. Attorney prosecuting petitioner's case then and ever later; that such evidence was withheld by the FBI from petitioner's counsel appointed by the court ever later; that such evidence was suppressed by petitioner's court-appointed counsel at both trials on the merits and on appeal therefrom, in that he refused to ask the court to issue a subpoena duces tecum for such evidence, after petitioner insisted he do so.

On November 22, 1963, at approximately 1:00 P.M. Central Standard Time, petitioner wrote a note and handed it to Mr. Mendoza (also known as "Chuy"), a deputy sheriff and jailer on duty at the El Paso County Jail, asking that he take it to the Jail Captain immediately. The note was a request to speak to the Secret Service as soon as possible, that it was "important." The writing of such note and the handing of such note to Mr. Mendoza was witnessed in its entirety by a person not herein identified.

Thereafter (exact date unknown), petitioner was visited by FBI Special Agent Thomas H. White, Jr. Petitioner stated to Mr. White that he had asked to speak to the Secret Service, not the FBI. He said he had sent a letter to the FBI in Washington prior to his arrest, "about Lee Oswald", and that the FBI had neglected to do anything about it. Mr. White asked petitioner where and how he had met Mr. Oswald and other questions. Petitioner answered several questions but refused to answer some others. He said he would speak only to the Secret Service. Whereupon, Mr. White became angry and left the interview room.

Thereafter (exact date unknown), petitioner was visited by Mr. White, another Special Agent of the FBI who stated he was handling the FBI's investigation into the assassination of President Kennedy, and a man who identified himself as a member of the Secret Service. Whereupon, petitioner refused to answer any questions truthfully or elaborate on any answers he gave, because of the presence of the aforesaid FBI agents.

That same night petitioner wrote a letter to the Chief, Secret Service Division, U.S. Treasury Department, Washington, D.C., advising that there had been a conspiracy to murder President Kennedy and other government officials; that he would be willing to give information in regard thereto; that he had been questioned by a member of the Secret Service in the presence of the FBI, and that he could not be expected to answer questions truthfully under those conditions. Petitioner never received a response to his letter from the Secret Service.

1-5d Continued, note November 22 communication to Jailor

Thereafter, the court appointed Mr. John Langford of El Paso to represent petitioner but petitioner informed him, and later the court, he did not desire the services of any court-appointed counsel, that he would defend himself. Mr. Langford was excused as counsel during a hearing held on December 4, 1963.

At the same hearing, petitioner, by hand-written application and verbal argument, contended he was being denied a speedy trial. His petition was summarily denied. Petitioner then informed the court that certain personal effects taken from him at the time of his arrest by agents of the FBI, had not yet been returned to him, and that he needed these effects to present as evidence for his defense if he was to stand trial. The presiding judge, the honorable R.E. Thomasen, thereupon instructed the Assistant U.S. Attorney present at the hearing, Mr. Fred Morton, to see that the personal effects belonging to petitioner were returned to him.

On December 14, 1963, FBI Special Agent Thomas H. White, Jr. brought most of the aforementioned personal effects to the El Paso County Jail and permitted petitioner to inspect them, but he would not return the items petitioner stated he needed. Petitioner was made to sign a receipt for what personal effects were returned to him but White refused to give petitioner any kind of a receipt for the items he kept.

SIXTH SPECIFIC ALLEGATION: That on September 20, 1963, agents of the FBI seized and confiscated personal and private property belonging to and in possession of petitioner, such property constituting evidence crucial to his defense against the crime charged; that such property consisted in part of two pocket-size notebooks (one of them containing names of certain agents and employees of the Central Intelligence Agency), two receipts for registered mail, ten or more photographs of various individuals, two Mexican tourist cards (one of them for multiple entrance) made out to the names, "Joseph Kramer" and "Albert" or "Aleksei Hidel;" that the FBI, having been duly apprised of the court's instructions to return the aforesaid property to petitioner, refused ever to do so; that such refusal precluded petitioner from presenting evidence crucial to his defense at either trial on the merits or on appeal therefrom; that prior to each trial petitioner insisted court-appointed counsel ask the court to issue a subpoena duces tecum for such evidence and that counsel refused to do so;

Meanwhile (exact date unknown), petitioner had written to U.S. Department of Justice complaining of an "illegal seizure of personal and private property by the FBI," and mentioning the statement he had signed for FBI Special Agents Edward J. Murphy and Lawrence W. Gorman on November 19, 1963. Petitioner never received an answer to his letter.

1-5e Continued, note Sixth Allegation and evidence indicating Nagell's possession on September 20th of a Mexican Tourist Card in the name of Aleksei Hidel - Hidel being a known alias of Lee Oswald who had gotten a Tourist Card for Mexico the preceeding week in his own name.

Richard Case Nagell Petition

On January 6, 1964, petitioner was interviewed at the El Paso County Jail by Mr. Murphy and Mr. Gorman, FBI. He was accused of having acted as an "unregistered agent" for a foreign power and of aiding and abetting in the commission of a capital offense. Petitioner was accused of having resigned his commission from the Army for reasons not included in his Letter of Resignation. Mr. Murphy said he thought petitioner had "something you want to get off your chest" or words similar and to that effect and added, "we are glad we got to you before you did anything to yourself" or words similar and to that effect. In the latter regard, Mr. Murphy drew a comparison between petitioner and one Jack Dunlap, a suspected spy, who allegedly committed suicide in July 1963. Mr. Murphy asked petitioner if he would be willing to go to "Springfield" for awhile, and when petitioner replied that he would not, that he wanted to stand trial because he was innocent of any wrongdoing, Mr. Murphy stated, "Well, you might have to go to prison for awhile" or words similar and to that effect, indicating petitioner would be convicted if he stood trial. Petitioner became angry and said that the FBI was "trying to cover everything up", to which Mr. Murphy asked, "What do you mean?" . . .to which petitioner retorted, "You know damn well what I mean."

At this interview, petitioner gave a signed statement admitting the reason he had entered the bank on September 20, 1963, and why he had wanted himself arrested by federal authorities. Petitioner told Mr. Murphy and Mr. Gorman he thought initially he would be tried for discharging a firearm on property subject to federal jurisdiction, but that now he could "see the handwriting on the wall."

SEVENTH SPECIFIC ALLEGATION: That the aforementioned admission, duly signed and witnessed, constituted evidence vital to petitioner's defense against the crime for which he was later indicted; that according to court-appointed counsel (Mr. Joseph A. Calamia), the FBI denied on his inquiry, before the first trial on the merits, that it was in possession of such evidence or that petitioner had ever given its agents such evidence; that if counsel's allegation is fact, the FBI knowingly withheld such evidence before and at the first trial on the merits; that counsel, at petitioner's second trial, having been provided with a copy of the aforementioned admission or statement per the court's order, refused to make any attempt to have the original introduced into evidence, despite petitioner's insistence he do so; that counsel's refusal amounted to suppression of evidence vital to petitioner's defense, for the court would surely have permitted the truth to be introduced; that had such evidence not been withheld or suppressed at either trial on the merits, but had it been introduced, together with other evidence that was withheld or suppressed, it probably would have been so persuasive to reasonable members of the juries as to have caused them to return a verdict of acquittal; that at the very least, introduction of such evidence at either

1-5f Continued, note September 20th statement and claimed FBI withholding of information of evidence and information.

reasons related to a conspiracy to murder the former Chief Executive of the United States, President John F. Kennedy.

At the same hearing, held in the afternoon of April 20, 1964, petitioner stated to the court he would not cooperate with his appointed counsel in so far as any defense dependent on mental incompetency, citing that such a defense was contrary and repugnant to the truth in his case. The upshot of this was that the court allowed both Mr. Calamia and Mr. Rallis to withdraw as counsel, at their request. The presiding judge, the Honorable Homer T. Thornberry, instructed that petitioner "will prepare his own defense" and stand trial the following Monday morning.

After the hearing ended, petitioner was returned to the El Paso County Jail, while then former counsel deposited all of petitioner's defense material (including written statements and advisements petitioner had given counsel, and photostats of documents petitioner had paid for at prior counsel's request) with the U.S. Deputy Marshal, whose office was in the Federal Building. Petitioner was told he could not take this material with him to his tank in the jail.

THIRTEENTH SPECIFIC ALLEGATION: That as a result of the court's instructions, aforesaid, petitioner was coerced by the sentencing court to accept, cooperate in, and abide by the defense of insanity or mental incompetency as his defense at the first trial on the merits, in that he was not given sufficient time to prepare a proper defense after abrupt notification he was to stand trial without counsel; that, all other factors set aside, under the conditions of petitioner's confinement it was virtually impossible for him to adequately prepare a defense in the short time allotted; that the defense of insanity or mental incompetency was contrary to the truth, inconsistent with, and opposed to the facts responsible for petitioner's conduct in the bank on September 20, 1963; that such defense was inadequate and ineffective then and ever later and resulted in petitioner's conviction at both trials on the merits.

At a hearing held on April 21, 1964, petitioner agreed to accept and cooperate in the defense of insanity or mental incompetency for the reasons already stated. Mr. Rallis and Mr. Calamia were reappointed by the court as petitioner's counsel.

At a hearing held on April 23, 1964, a continuance was granted counsel in which to prepare for trial.

On May 1, 1964, three days before the trial, petitioner was visited by both court-appointed counsel who attempted to persuade him to submit to an

1-5g Continued, note reference to Judge Homer Thornberry, presiding over Nagell's case in 1964.

2-1-611.0

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum CO-34,104 U. S. Secret Service

TO : Chief
Att.: Deputy Chief Paterni

DATE: November 27, 1963

FROM : Acting SAIC Martineau - Chicago

SUBJECT: Homer S. Echevarria
@ Homero Samuel Valdivia Echevarria

Reference is made to my office memorandum to you, dated November 26, 1963, subject, "Confirmation of Phone Call," relating to information received from 2-1-266. This information concerns a group of Chicago Cubans, allegedly anti-Castro, who may have had a connection with the assassination of President Kennedy.

After conferring by telephone with Deputy Chief Paterni on November 26, I telephoned Special Agent in Charge Marlin Johnson, Chicago office of the FBI, and advised him that a confidential informant of this office had reported that he had knowledge of a group of Chicago Cubans, allegedly anti-Castro, who were bitterly opposed to President Kennedy and a member of which group had made a remark to the informant, "We now have plenty of money — our new backers are Jews — as soon as 'we' (or 'they') take care of Kennedy ....".

I further told Mr. Johnson that this informant had worked with us in a recent counterfeiting case and had proved to be reliable.

I also told Mr. Johnson that I had been instructed by my Washington Headquarters Office to provide this information to the FBI; and, inasmuch as this group would constitute a threat to President Lyndon B. Johnson, that it was the feeling of my Headquarters Office that the FBI and the U. S. Secret Service should conduct a joint investigation with a complete exchange of information and reports. Mr. Johnson requested that he be allowed to call me back later in the afternoon.

I subsequently received a return telephone call from Mr. Johnson, in which he stated that he was assigning Special Agents Bob Baker and Walt Rogers of his office to this investigation. I then told Mr. Johnson that the informant, together with Special Agents Edward Z. Tucker and Joseph E. Nocnan of my office, would meet with his agents at 6:30 p.m. on Tuesday, November 26, at the intersection of Marine Drive and Lakeside Place, Chicago, Illinois.

000133

1-6a Secret Service memorandum pertaining to threat and investigation of Homer Echevarria, 3 pages of 4

Acting under my instructions, Special Agents Tucker and Noonan met with the informant at 6:00 p.m. at the above location, at which time they explained to him that he should keep this office advised of any contacts made with him by any other agency. This he agreed to do.

The meeting was held at the appointed time and place, at which time Special Agent Bob Baker stated that the reason he had come on this interview was because he had spoken to the informant before. In this regard, the informant had previously told me that shortly after the robbery of a Brink's truck in Chicago he had gone to the FBI with what he thought would be pertinent information relating to that robbery. It appears that it was on that occasion that Special Agent Baker had interviewed the informant.

After conversing with Special Agents Tucker and Noonan and with the informant, FBI Agent Baker stated that this was primarily a protection matter and that the continued investigation would be left to the U. S. Secret Service. He requested that his office be kept advised of any developments produced by our continued investigation. As nearly as Special Agents Noonan and Tucker can recall, FBI Agent Baker's words were, "This is primarily a protective matter — we'll let you guys carry the ball — let us know of anything you learn."

During this meeting in the presence of the FBI agents, 2-1-266 was instructed to contact Homer Echevarria, who is a co-worker with the informant as a driver of a Chicago Transit Authority city bus. Both the informant and the suspect work out of Keeler Station, 4221 West Diversey Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. The informant had stated that Echevarria is a displaced person who departed Cuba after the Castro take-over. He has been employed as a bus driver for some two years.

For a considerable time Echevarria has been condemning the United States and has spoken extensively on forceful recovery of Cuba by anti-Castro groups. In early September, Echevarria had indicated to the informant an interest in buying machine guns to be used in a Cuban revolution. The informant stated that he would be in a position to provide arms of this type, and Echevarria presumably relayed this information to higher authorities in the Cuban group of which he is a member. He subsequently told the informant that others in the group were interested in purchasing machine guns, but that they would first have to satisfy themselves that the informant was trustworthy and was not a CIA agent.

000134

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1-6b Continued, note that informant had been in contact with Echevarria over gun purchases since early Sept. 1963.

3.
2-1-611.0

On Thursday, November 21, 1963, Echevarria told the informant, "We now have plenty of money — our new backers are Jews — as soon as 'we' (or 'they') take care of Kennedy ...." The informant was unable to continue this conversation with the suspect because of the presence of other bus drivers.

Acting under instructions given to him, to continue his association with the suspect, the informant has arranged to meet with him at 12:00 o'clock noon on Thursday, November 28, 1963, for the purpose of being taken to Echevarria's associates for discussions as to the purchase of machine guns.

On November 27, I interviewed the informant, at which time he assured me that he had not gone to any other agency with this information prior to coming to this office.

Special Agents Noonan and Tucker have been instructed to make a background investigation of Echevarria, the details of which will be incorporated in a memorandum to be submitted by them.

It will be noted from the above that the FBI agents apparently had information as to the identity of our informant prior to their meeting him, as described above. On November 27, Deputy Chief Paterni verified that the identity of the informant had not been given to the FBI at the Washington level.

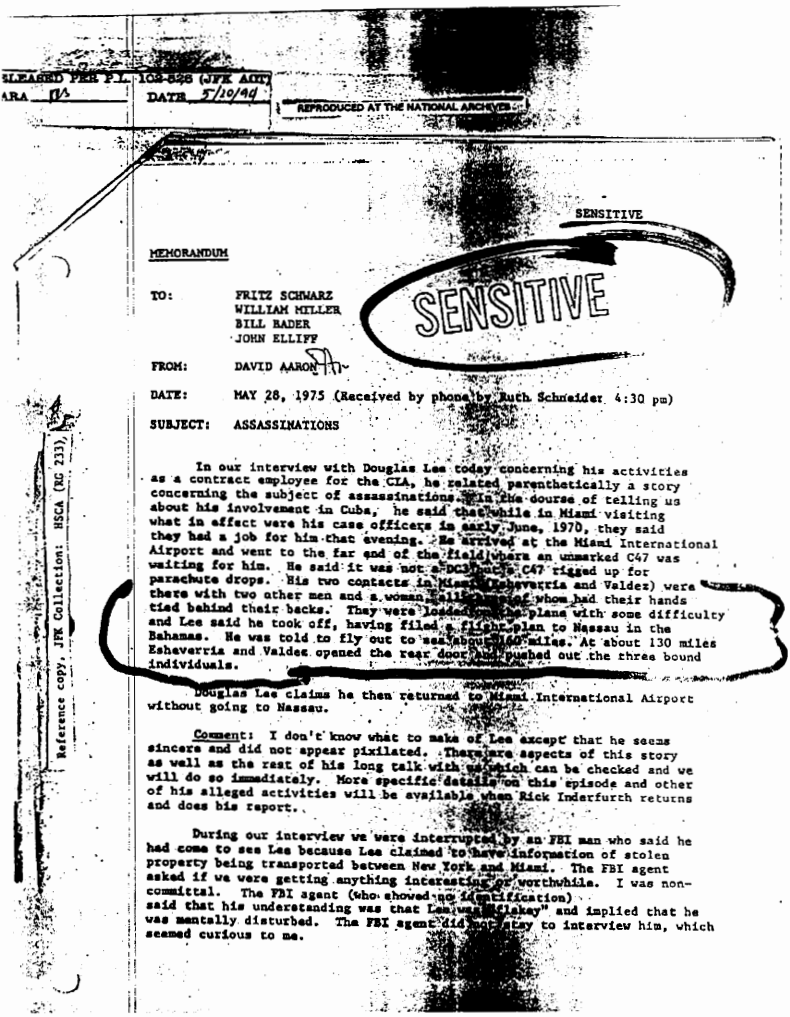
On November 27, after my telephone call to Deputy Chief Paterni, Agents Tucker and Noonan again interviewed Special Agent Walter Rogers, FBI, at his office. Rogers was asked if he or Baker knew the identity of our informant prior to their meeting with him, and he stated that they did not. He further stated that the reason he was accompanied by Special Agent Baker when he interviewed the informant was because Baker, being attached to the major theft section of the FBI, has had extensive experience in interviewing informants.

On further discussion of this matter with Agents Tucker and Noonan, I am informed that at the time of this meeting Agent Tucker joined the FBI agents in the latters' car prior to taking them to the automobile in which the informant was waiting. It is now Agent Tucker's recollection that he mentioned the informant's name to the FBI agents prior to taking them to the automobile where they were introduced to the informant.

000135

193

1-6c Continued, note that Echevarria made remark on Nov. 21 concerning "taking care of" John Kennedy



RELEASED PER P.L. 102-526 (JFK ACT)
DATE 5/10/99
REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

SENSITIVE

MEMORANDUM

TO: FRITZ SCHWARZ
WILLIAM MILLER
BILL BADER
JOHN ELLIFF

FROM: DAVID AARON

DATE: MAY 28, 1975 (Received by phone by Ruth Schneider 4:30 pm)

SUBJECT: ASSASSINATIONS

In our interview with Douglas Lee today concerning his activities as a contract employee for the CIA, he related parenthetically a story concerning the subject of assassinations. In the course of telling us about his involvement in Cuba, he said that while in Miami visiting what in effect were his case officers in early June, 1970, they said they had a job for him that evening. He arrived at the Miami International Airport and went to the far end of the field where an unmarked C47 was waiting for him. He said it was not a DC3 but a C47 rigged up for parachute drops. His two contacts in Miami (Echeverria and Valdez) were there with two other men and a woman all three of whom had their hands tied behind their backs. They were loaded on the plane with some difficulty and Lee said he took off, having filed a flight plan to Nassau in the Bahamas. He was told to fly out to sea about 160 miles. At about 130 miles Echeverria and Valdez opened the rear door and pushed out the three bound individuals.

Douglas Lee claims he then returned to Miami International Airport without going to Nassau.

Comment: I don't know what to make of Lee except that he seems sincere and did not appear pixilated. There are aspects of this story as well as the rest of his long talk with us which can be checked and we will do so immediately. More specific details on this episode and other of his alleged activities will be available when Rick Inderfurth returns and does his report.

During our interview we were interrupted by an FBI man who said he had come to see Lee because Lee claimed to have information of stolen property being transported between New York and Miami. The FBI agent asked if we were getting anything interesting or worthwhile. I was non-committal. The FBI agent (who showed no identification) said that his understanding was that Lee was "flakey" and implied that he was mentally disturbed. The FBI agent did not stay to interview him, which seemed curious to me.

Reference copy, JFK Collection: HSCA (RG 233)

1-7 HSCA memo on CIA contract employee Douglas Lee, referring to an "Echevarria;" note elimination of two men and one woman

KENNEDY

SELECT COMMITTEE ON ASSASSINATIONS

NAME Edward Tucker Date 1/19/78 Time

Address L-3 First National Bank of Chicago, FNB Plaza Dearborn and Madison Streets Chicago, Illinois Place His Office

Interview:

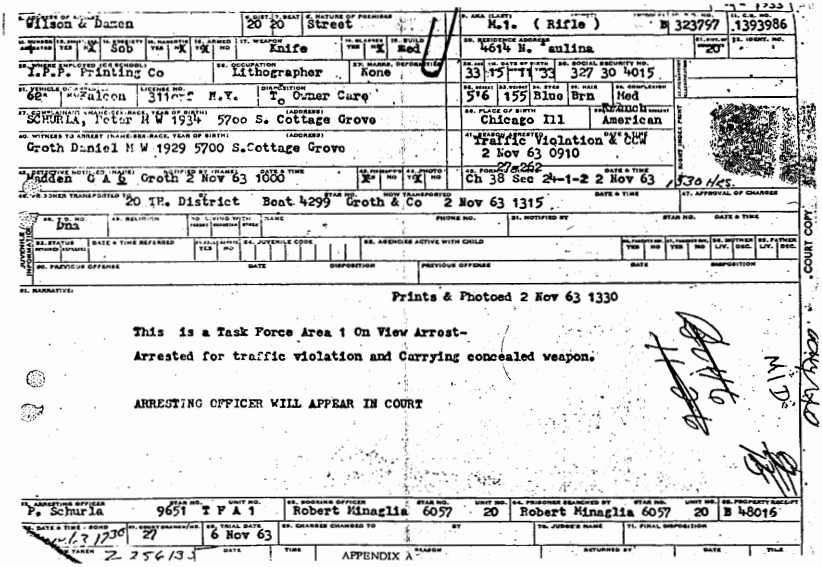
On 1/19/78, the writers interviewed subject at his office (L-3) at captioned address. Tucker was with the Chicago office of the Secret Service in November 1963. We talked to him about a projected visit by President J. F. Kennedy which we had been told was cancelled at the last minute.

Tucker told us that for security reasons, on or about October 30, 1963, he recalls going to interview a subject named Vallee, who was supposed to represent a threat to the President. This was a customary practice prior to Presidential visits. Accompanied by Agent Tom Strong, he visited Vallee at his roominghouse on the northside of Chicago. He was troubled by his conversation with Vallee, whom he says had one or more rifles in his possession.

Absent any Federal sanctions, Tucker reported back to the Secret Service office about his misgivings. The next day Vallee's landlady, whom Tucker suspects was the informant, called the Secret Service office and said that Vallee had

Interviewer James P. Kelly - Harold A. Rose
(Signature)
James Kelly & Harold A. Rose
(Name)
Date Transcribed 1/23/78 mcp by (I

1-8 HSCA interview of Special Agent Edward Tucker pertaining to an interview with threat suspect Thomas Vallee, pg 1 of 4



Wilson & Damen | 20 20 | Street | M.1. (Rifle) | B 323797 | .1393986

Knife | Red | 4614 N. Paulina | 20

I.F.F. Printing Co | Lithographer | None | 33 15 11 33 | 327 30 4015

62 Falcon | 311 M.V. | To Owner Care | 5'6 | 155 | Blue | Brn | Med

SCHURLA, Peter R W 1934 5700 S. Cottage Grove | Chicago Ill | American

Groth Daniel M W 1929 5700 S.Cottage Grove | Traffic Violation & CCW 2 Nov 63 0910

Madden G A P Groth 2 Nov 63 1000 | Ch 38 Sec 24-1-2 2 Nov 63 1530 Hrs.

20 TR. District | Beat 4299 | Groth & Co | 2 Nov 63 1315

Dna

Prints & Photoed 2 Nov 63 1330

This is a Task Force Area 1 On View Arrest-
Arrested for traffic violation and Carrying concealed weapon.

ARRESTING OFFICER WILL APPEAR IN COURT

P. Schurla 9651 T F A 1 | Robert Minaglia 6057 20 | Robert Minaglia 6057 20 | B 48016

6 Nov 63

APPENDIX A

1-9 Arrest Report of Thomas Vallee

1-9b Photo associated with arrest of Thomas Vallee

KENNEDY

SELECT COMMITTEE ON ASSASSINATIONS

NAME Peter Schurla Date 1/18/78 Time 9:05 a.m.

Address 2942 S. Darnell Place Intelligence Unit
Chicago P.D.
Chicago, Ill. Maxwell & Morgan Streets.
Ph: 842-3755

Interview:

Peter Schurla stated that he remembers that he and his partner, Dan Groth, received orders to report to Captain Linskey's office on November 1, 1963. This was the Task Force. At the Task Force office they were told about Thomas Vallee possibly being a threat to President Kennedy. They were given a description of Vallee and his car and told to conduct a surveillance on Vallee. They were also told that Vallee may have guns.

Schurla stated that they started their surveillance very early on the morning of November 2, sometime around 5 a.m. A short time after starting their surveillance, Vallee entered his car and drove off. While following Vallee, Schurla and Groth observed him making an improper turn and pulled him over. They observed a large hunting knife on the front seat. They placed Vallee under arrest, searched the vehicle and found 750 rounds of ammunition in the trunk. They notified Capt. Linskey, who was at Soldiers' Field.

When Vallee was transported to the Task Force office, Schurla and Groth turned him over to Investigators Coffey and

Interviewer Harold Rose
(Signature)
H. Rose/J. Kelly
(Name)

Date Transcribed 1/23/78 by

1-10 HSCA interview of Officer Peter Schurla pertaining to surveillance and early morning arrest of Thomas Vallee pg. 1 of 2

Kennedy

SELECT COMMITTEE ON ASSASSINATIONS

NAME Robert L. Kollar Date 3/1/78 Time 3:30 p.m.

Address 2091 Tudor Court Place Secret Service Office,

Riverside, California Rancho Mirage, California

Interview:

Agent Kollar was appointed to the Secret Service on July 23, 1962. His first assignment was in the Los Angeles Field Office. December 2, 1962, assigned to Protective Service for Vice President Lyndon Johnson. From 1963 until July 1969, Agent Kollar worked the White House detail. On July 27, 1969 he went to the Los Angeles Field Office. Agent Kollar stated that he assisted David Grant to advance the Chicago trip scheduled for November 2, 1963. He recalls arriving in Chicago about a week prior to the visit which he puts his arrival on October 26, 1963.

He stated that he was not given any advance notification that the trip was going to be cancelled. He remembers receiving word of the trip being cancelled on the morning of November 2, 1963 and that he was never told why the trip was cancelled. Agent Kollar stated that while aiding David Grant to advance the trip, he has no recollection of any subject named Thomas Arthur Vallee nor does he remember ever being told of Thomas Arthur Vallee being considered a "threat" to the President or being told that Vallee had been taken into

Amkel

Interviewer Harold A. Rose
(Signature)
Harold A. Rose
(Typed)
Date Transcribed 3/9/78

1-11 HSCA interview with Robert Kollar, assistant to David Grant in Chicago trip advance; describes very last minute cancellation of Kennedy visit the morning of Nov. 2

Robert L. Kollar Interview
Page 2.

custody by the Chicago Police Department. He also stated that he had never heard of any other possible threat to the President in the Chicago area during his advance trip to Chicago.

Agent Kollar stated that his records show that he was in Miami, Florida on November 18, 1963 as part of Presidential Protection, arriving at 4:50 p.m. and leaving at 9:50 p.m. He stated that he has no recall of any particular events of the Miami visit. His records also indicated that immediately prior to going to Miami, he was in Palm Beach and Tampa, Florida. He stated that John Marshall was the SAC in Miami.

Agent Kollar stated that he did not make the Dallas trip because he was detailed to protecting the President's home in Middleburg, Virginia.

I asked Agent Kollar if he knew Abraham Bolden and Conrad Cross. He stated that like any other agent he was aware of Bolden because of the trouble he had gotten into. He stated that the name Conrad Cross was not familiar to him.

Amxu

1-11b Continued, note Kollar denies knowledge of any other threats in Chicago and no threats in Miami - where the Milteer threat report and tape recording are in evidence

SELECT COMMITTEE ON ASSASSINATIONS

NAME JAMES S. GRIFFITHS Date Feb. 1,'78 Time 9:20AM (6)(3)

Address 1809 Chapel Hill Road Silver Spring, Md. Place Room 3461, House Annex Two Washington, D. C. 20515

Interview:

James Griffiths stated that he started as an agent in August, 1961 in Chicago, Illinois. When first asked about recalling President Kennedy's scheduled visit to Chicago on November 2, 1963, Griffith stated that he had no recall of a proposed Presidential visit on November 2, 1963. When refreshed about the information of the President attending the Army-Air Force football game at Soldier's Field; he stated, "Isn't that the one that was canceled at the last moment?" He stated that he was assigned to the airport for that proposed trip. We informed him that the work sheet showed that he was assigned to the Conrad Hilton Hotel and he stated that to the best of his knowledge, he was assigned to the airport and this is where he was when word came of the cancellation of the trip. Griffith stated that the name of THOMAS VALLEE was familiar and remembers a case concerning VALLEE, but does not remember any of the details. He stated that he does not remember anything outstanding regarding a threat to the President for that particular visit.

Interviewer Harold Rose (Signature) James Kelly (Name)

Date Transcribed Feb. 2, 1978 by IJR (Ini)

(see page two)

000094

1-12 HSCA interview with James Griffiths on Chicago Presidential trip; note memory problems then recollection of "last minute cancellation"

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Nationalists (11/50), Greer was transferred as an agent to drive. He does not recall formal training as an agent in Treasury or Secret Service schools. All of his Agent career was as a chauffeur for the President.

In 1963 Greer was listed as agent/driver for President Kennedy on the tree trips in November: Chicago on 11/2; Miami on 11/18 and Dallas on 11/22.

Greer said that the standard procedure was for the Social Security to ship the cars out by C-130 cargo plane prior to Air Force One. Greer always travelled with the President and took over the driving functions when they arrived at their destination. Greer says that he was only vaguely familiar with most of the routes. He followed a pilot car or lead car, usually driven by a local police official which also contained the Advance (Secret Service) Agent and the local SAIC.

Greer had no independent recollection of going to Chicago on November 2, 1963. He claimed his trip book would verify it and he has three books salted away in the attic and it was too much trouble at the time for him to go rooting around in a cold crawl space looking for them. He assured us he would xerox the material we needed and forward it to Washington.

Greer told us that he was never informed by the Secret Service or Gerald Behn, head of White House Detail, about the existence of any threats in any of the cities that they visited. He complained that he was not too well informed about local conditions by the Advance man or SAIC of the local office, except in the case of Dallas, he recalls. In Chicago, he was scheduled to drive President Kennedy. He recalls the

1-13 HSCA interview with William Greer - the Presidential Driver assigned to the Chicago, Miami and Dallas trips

1963 meeting in New Orleans as a representative of the Dixie Klan, a notoriously violent faction of the KKK based in Chattanooga, Tenn. and advocated a coordinated assassination program that would eliminate a long list of prominent government officials and businessmen. He felt that the "patriot" organizations should act swiftly because Kennedy was on the verge of turning the U.S. government over to the United Nations.

Somersett, in recounting the meeting, said that the visible leaders didn't discuss violence but he said, "Not only Milteer, but others said they would start as soon as it was deemed necessary to prevent the UN from taking over the U.S. . . . They felt that the President of the U.S. or the Congress was handing over the United States to the UN, that these people were the conspirators, and (that) they should be killed immediately. I am satisfied Milteer is one of the high command in the policy group."

Earlier Somersett had said of Milteer: "He is one of the most violent-minded men in the country."

Several times during his debriefing, Somersett referred to "the national hidden hand of this organization." He theorized that it included Milteer, several admirals and ex-generals and assorted rightwing big shots.

As he gave the testimony about New Orleans, Somersett was earning respect and credibility with Miami authorities. The FBI, in its documents about the incidents, called Somersett "a source who has furnished reliable information in the past." Gelber characterized his informant in even more respectful terms: "Somersett frequently uses the expression 'the most violent man I know' in describing a particular person (Milteer) . . . I am beginning to suspect he is intuitively separating the talkers from the doers. Whereas we can only guess, Somersett obviously senses who among them spells danger."

Somersett smelled danger at the COF meeting. Toward the end of the questioning about his New Orleans trip, he said, "If the Congress of the U.S. doesn't cut the UN out, if it continues that way for twelve months, there has got to be some violence. You could tell if you had been there and stood around and seen the people, the expression on their faces, heard the way they talked. Those people are people of means, financially, and educationally. They are not there just for an ice cream party. This can't continue on, with the people financing these things, something must happen. I will bet my head on a chopping block there will be some people killed by this time next year and it will be in high places."

Somersett encountered Milteer again in early October at a meeting in Vero Beach. At that meeting, Milteer again proposed violence and announced that "the National States Rights Party is going to move in Miami fast."

At Vero Beach, Milteer promoted an impending convention of the Constitution Party the following week in Indianapolis. As a member of that group's board of directors, Milteer helped formulate "plans to put an end to the Kennedy, King (Martin Luther), Khrushchev dictatorship over our nation."

Gelber's diary reveals that "before they parted, Milteer confided to Somersett he was certain that Dixie Klan Imperial Wizard Jack Brown . . . either placed the bomb, or engineered the act, which caused the death of four children in the Birmingham church bombing." (The case remains unsolved today.)

In Indianapolis, Milteer persisted in calling for violent action. Jack Brown, the man Milteer had blamed for the Birmingham bombing, was there. According to Somersett and another informant, Stanley Pospisil, Brown implicated himself in the Birmingham bombing, and was "virtually bragging about his role there." Brown, according to Harold Weisberg, was a gas station operator extremely active in the Klan. "He was reported to be a 'contact man' for the United White Party; to have been an NSRP presidential elector; to have died of a heart attack in 1965."

After the Indianapolis meeting, Gelber suggested Milteer be tape-recorded during his upcoming visit to Miami.

Milteer arrived in town the weekend of Nov. 9 and scheduled breakfast with Sommersett at his apartment. Detective Everett Kay, Sommersett's police contact, set up a tape-recorder in a broom closet off the kitchen early, then left. Somersett was to plug the recorder in when Milteer knocked on the door.

The wall laid plans of the Miami PD almost went awry when Milteer showed up unexpectedly and caught Somersett outside the apartment. Willie kept his cool, however, and plugged the tape-recorder in as he looked at the nearby refrigerator, saying, "This damn box gets all frosted up if I let is run overnight. I just pull the plug at night and put it back in the morning." With that, he and Milteer began their notorious talk.

As Somersett led his duped friend through a series of loaded questions, startling revelations emerged. Not only did Milteer implicate Brown in the church bombing again, he also told how Brown had tried to kill Martin Luther King. "He followed him for miles and miles, and couldn't get close enough to hit him."

Then he dropped his tape-recorded bombshell.

Somersett: . . . I think Kennedy is coming here on the 18th . . . to make some kind of speech . . . I imagine it will be on TV.

Milteer: You can bet your bottom dollar he is going to have a lot to say about the Cubans. There are so many of them here.

Somersett: Yeah, well, he will have a thousand bodyguards. Don't worry about that.

Milteer: The more bodyguards he has, the easier it is to get him.

Somersett: What?

Milteer: The more bodyguards he has the more easier it is to get him.

Somersett: Well, how in the hell do you figure would be the best way to get him?

Milteer: From an office building with a high-powered rifle. How many people does he have going around who look just like him? Do you know about that?

Somersett: No, I never heard he had anybody.

Milteer: He has about fifteen. Whenever he goes anyplace, he knows he is a marked man.

Somersett: You think he knows he is a marked man?

Milteer: Sure he does.

Somersett: They are really going to try to kill him?

Milteer: Oh, yeah, it is in the working. Brown himself, Brown is just as likely to get him as anybody in the world. He hasn't said so, but he tried to get Martin Luther King.

After a few more minutes of conversation, Somersett again spoke of assassination.

Somersett: . . . Hitting this Kennedy is going to be a hard proposition, I tell you. I believe you may have figured out a way to get him, the office building and all that. I don't know how the Secret Service agents cover all them office buildings everywhere he is going. Do you know whether they do that or not?

Milteer: Well, if they have any suspicion they do that, of course. But without suspicion, chances are that they wouldn't. You take there in Washington. This is the wrong time of the year, but in pleasant whether,

1-14 Excerpt from Penn Jones, The Continuing Inquiry Feb. 1977; copyrighted article by Dan Christensen from Miami Magazine Inc. article on Joseph Milteer tape of Nov. 9th and Miami visit of President Kennedy, 2 pages of 6 total

he comes out on the veranda and somebody could be in a hotel room across the way and pick him off just like that.

Somersett: Is that right?

Milteer: Sure, disassemble a gun. You don't have to take a gun up there, you can take it up in pieces. All those guns come knock down. You can take them apart.

Before the end of the tape, the conversation returns to Kennedy.

Milteer: Well, we are going to have to get nasty . . .

Somersett: Yeah, get nasty.

Milteer: We have got to be ready, we have got to be sitting on go, too.

Somersett: Yeah, that is right.

Milteer: There ain't any countdown to it, we have just got to be sitting on go. Countdown, they can move in on you, and on go they can't. Countdown is all right for a slow prepared operation. But in an emergency operation, you have got to be sitting on go.

Somersett: Boy, if that Kennedy gets shot, we have got to know where we are at. Because you know that will be a real shake . . .

Milteer: They wouldn't leave any stone unturned there. No way. They will pick up somebody within hours afterwards, if anything like that would happen, just to throw the public off.

Somersett: Oh, somebody is going to have to go to jail, if he gets killed.

Milteer: Just like Bruno Hauptmann in the Lindbergh case, you know.

The entire tape-recording lasts roughly a half-hour and much of it is either garbled or irrelevant. Each voice is distinctly unique. Somersett spoke his words quickly, infusing each syllable with a thick Southern accent. Milteer's "high pitched, effeminate voice dilutes the deadliness of his words.

Kennedy came to Miami Nov. 18, 1963 for the Inter-American Press Association convention at the Americana. The Secret Service, alerted about the tape by Miami authorities (and certainly by the FBI who received the information directly from Somersett), abandoned a planned motorcade. Instead, the President helicoptered to Miami Beach.

In his diary, Gelber says a police detective assigned to the case assured him the Secret Service knew where Brown and Milteer were. Bob Newbrand, a local Secret Service spokesman, says that he doesn't understand Gelber's statement: "I know for sure we didn't put him (Milteer) under surveillance. We were never that much involved with that. If anybody made a threat we wouldn't put him under surveillance, we'd lock him up!" (What really happened?) The contradictions of Newbrand's statement and Gelber's diary are staggering. If Milteer and Brown weren't under observation, why weren't they? Was this simply considered a frivolous threat? Miami PD took it seriously.

Milteer and Somersett were to meet once more. On Nov. 23, the day after the assassination, Somersett traveled to Jacksonville where he rendezvoused with Milteer before making a quick trip to Columbia, S.C. for a session with KKK members. When he returned to Miami, he reported to the police what he had learned: "During the journey to S.C. he (Milteer) told me that he was connected with an international underground. He said there would be a propaganda campaign put on how to prove to the Christian people of the world that the Jews, the Zionist Jews, had murdered Kennedy.

"He was very happy over it and shook hands with me. He said: 'Well, I told you so. It happened like I told you, didn't it? It happened from a window with a high-powered rifle.' I said, 'That's right. I don't know whether you were guessing or not, but you hit it on the head pretty good.' He said, 'Well, that is the way it was supposed to be done, and that is the way it was done.'

"From the impression he gave me, and what he told me, the Oswald group was pro-Castro. This group was infiltrated by the patriot underground who arranged from there to have the execution carried out and drop the responsibility right into the laps of the Communists. I don't think there was any agreement with this little flim-flam organization that Oswald belonged to . . . I don't believe Milteer did it, but it might be a possibility that he knows who engineered it. The impression I get from him, I think the thing was set up to kill Mr. Kennedy in the South, in some southern state . . . Milteer is too much enthused about it, before hand and after, not to know something about it."

Later, Miami authorities tried to get Milteer and Brown to come to Miami where they again could make tape-recordings. On Dec. 4, Somersett got a shock when he called Milteer and discovered the FBI had questioned Milteer and Brown as part of a mass roundup of extremists. From Gelber's diary: "Somersett is extremely concerned about this turn of events. Milteer did not accuse him of being an FBI informer, but inasmuch as the questioning appeared to be based on the statements made to Somersett, suspicion would inevitably rest on him . . . There is no chance of getting Milteer and Brown to Miami now and there is a possibility they will show considerable caution in future conversations in Somersett's presence . . . I wonder why the FBI picked these people up after the President's assassination rather than before the act? All this manages to do is jeopardize the safety of our undercover agent. Based on the Milteer tape, I had anticipated such government action prior to the President's visit to Miami . . . I did not expect it as an afterthought . . . There is nothing of substantial value to be gained by this dramatic move except to scare hell out of Milteer, Brown and a few others . . . It ruins our investigation and further weakens the effectiveness of the undercover agent, not only for us, but also for the FBI."

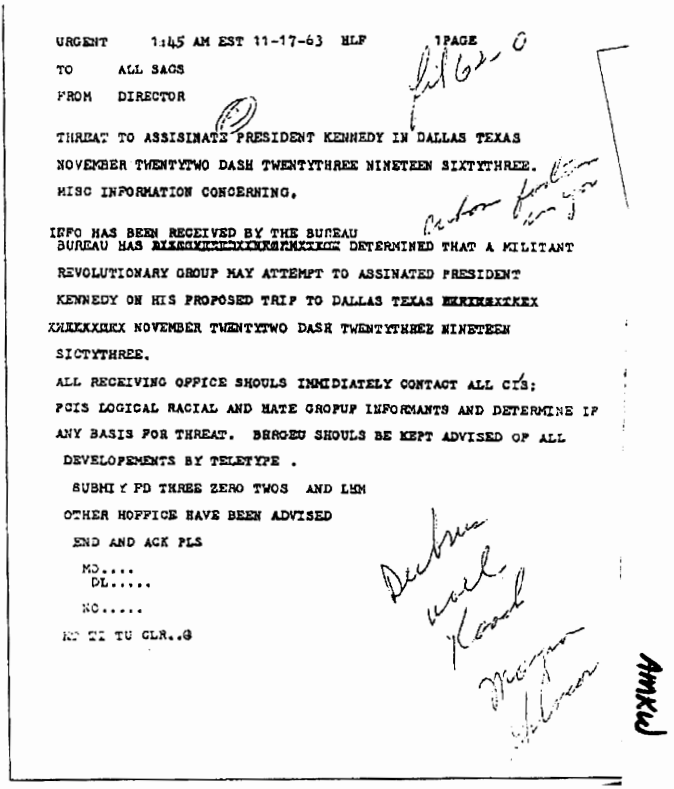
Declassified FBI documents, obtained by Harold Weisberg under the Freedom of Information Act, prove the Bureau was doing just what Gelber's diary suggests. Without naming him, they identify Somersett as the informant.

Perhaps the most fascinating document the FBI released deals with its interview of Joseph Milteer by agents from the Atlanta office. Milteer, in that report, "emphatically denies ever making threats to assassinate President Kennedy or participating in any such assassination." He said he didn't know Lee Oswald or Jack Ruby.

A 1968 Miami police memo on Somersett relates how he traveled to New Orleans and spoke with some of then-District Attorney Jim Garrison's agents. Garrison was conducting his JFK assassination probe and requested Somersett's help. Somersett told his story and mentioned a letter he had received from Milteer, dated Nov. 18, 1963 and postmarked Valdosta, Ga. Garrison's men wanted the letter, but the memo never indicated whether Somersett gave it to them. He never revealed its contents, but Detective Kay confirms the existence of the letter. Neither he nor anyone else knows where it is today.

Other unusual disappearances of information have hampered our investigation. The state attorney's office, which keeps all its records of old cases on file in a North Miami warehouse, says the records on this case, and all others pertaining to

1-14b Continued, note description of sniper firing from an office building on with a high powered rifle (previous page) and the use of a patsy to throw off suspicion.



URGENT 1:45 AM EST 11-17-63 HLF 1PAGE

TO ALL SACS

FROM DIRECTOR

THREAT TO ASSISINATE PRESIDENT KENNEDY IN DALLAS TEXAS NOVEMBER TWENTYTWO DASH TWENTYTHREE NINETEEN SIXTYTHREE. MISC INFORMATION CONCERNING.

INFO HAS BEEN RECEIVED BY THE BUREAU
BUREAU HAS [redacted] DETERMINED THAT A MILITANT REVOLUTIONARY GROUP MAY ATTEMPT TO ASSINATED PRESIDENT KENNEDY ON HIS PROPOSED TRIP TO DALLAS TEXAS [redacted] NOVEMBER TWENTYTWO DASH TWENTYTHREE NINETEEN SIXTYTHREE.

ALL RECEIVING OFFICE SHOULS IMMEDIATELY CONTACT ALL CIS; FOIS LOGICAL RACIAL AND HATE GROPUP INFORMANTS AND DETERMINE IF ANY BASIS FOR THREAT. BUREAU SHOULS BE KEPT ADVISED OF ALL DEVELOPEMENTS BY TELETYPE .

SUBMIT FD THREE ZERO TWOS AND LHM

OTHER HOFFICE HAVE BEEN ADVISED

END AND ACK PLS

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NO.....

NO TI TU CLR..@

1-15 FBI Agent William Walter's recreation of warning Airtel received in New Orleans FBI office on Nov. 17

Chapter 2

DALLAS WAS DIFFERENT

During one of it's first organizational meetings, the Warren Commission representative from the intelligence community, and presumably also their expert on conspiracy (former CIA head Allen Dullas) presented his fellow Commission members with copies of a tract on political assassinations which would help set the perceptions of their mission. This monograph clearly suggested that such assassinations all follow a pattern of lone nuts acting out their hostilities (reference Walt Brown, Treachery in Dallas, p 276). Of course the concept of a maniacal, unpredictable and solitary "lone nut" also helps sustain the impression that protection from such a nut is virtually impossible.

Even so, the Commission asked for and received volumes of reports on planning and security from both the Secret Service and

the Dallas Police. Unfortunately, these extensive reports were taken into evidence without any real comparison as to what was "normal" security for a Presidential trip or a Presidential motorcade. The basic premise held that the Texas and Dallas trips were routine and that the assassination of the President had been unavoidable, since it was the random action of a "lone nut" assassin with no history, no warnings and no good reason for special security precautions in Texas, or in Dallas itself.

Now however, with the information available and through the efforts of a few highly motivated and extremely diligent private researchers, it can be seen that security in Dallas was nowhere near the standards set for other trips or even for the other cities on the same Texas journey.

The clues withheld from the Warren Commission can now be seen. The threats, warnings, and events of the preceding sixty days should have raised more than a little special concern for and action to protect the Presidents. Unfortunately, the advance men who were charged with carrying out the preparations swear that they were given no warnings from the documented Chicago and Miami threats, heard no rumors of radical conspiracies such as those indicated by the Miami tape or the San Antonio PRS report, and certainly were unaware of the mysterious and now missing Chicago and New Orleans FBI telegrams. Certainly they had heard no rumors or tales of mob or exile street talk; especially rumors of an impending Presidential hit.

Most unfortunately, the experienced Kennedy security and political staff, Jerry Bruno and Gerald ("Jerry") Behn, and the President's press secretary, Pierre Slazenger (who might have seen the differences from standard motorcade preparations) were not in Texas before hand — and none was in Dallas on November 22.

In Dallas, where only weeks before, Adlai Stevenson, our UN Ambassador, had been attacked, and where in recent months General Edwin Walker, a local political figure, had been the target of a sniper attack. Where the previous year, Vice President Lyndon Johnson had been surrounded and heavily jostled during a Dallas

visit. And after both Stevenson and Senator J. William Fullbright had each personally warned JFK not to go to Dallas.

No "first stringers" in the President's team accompanied him to Dallas — a city well known as one of the most politically reactionary cities in America; where prominent citizens of the city and the state were concerned and talked about it publicly.

Author William Manchester quotes Stanley Marcus of Neiman Marcus as pleading, "Talk him out of it," and "Frankly I don't think the City is safe for it." Manchester describes Federal Judge Sarah Hughes, who was later personally requested by Johnson to preside at his swearing-in ceremony in Dallas, as having dreaded an incident. U.S. Attorney Barefoot Sanders had told Cliff Carter, aide to Johnson, that the trip was "inadvisable," and had actually warned the President and his staff that it was too dangerous for him to appear.

The mayor and city council had even rushed through a special law attempting to deal with the potential violence just for this visit alone. **Chief of Police Jesse Curry publicly stated that if uniformed officers were inadequate to protect the President, private individuals were entitled to make citizens' arrests** — effectively deputizing the general citizenry! Certainly the fears and concerns were expressed in the local newspapers as well (exhibit 2-1 and Ordinance No 10046, exhibit 2-2), and Manchester documents an amazingly tense and volatile situation in Dallas (complete with a "Wanted Poster," exhibit 2-3) in his prologue "Lancer," an introduction to The Death of a President.

Yet the reports of security preparations for the motorcade show a focus on traffic control as the main concern, and both the political advance man, Jack Puterbaugh and Special Agent in Charge Winston Lawson and Special Agent Grant described no warnings, briefings or concerns about the Dallas trip in their testimony to the HSCA.

TRIP COORDINATION

There were two separate elements associated with President Kennedy's trips. One element was strictly concerned with motorcade security and appearances. This was handled by Secret Service advance men. The advance men for JFK's last major trips were Special Agent Grant for Chicago, Special Agent Lubert deFreese for Miami, and Special Agent Lawson for Dallas (assisted by Grant). Other special agents were in charge of San Antonio, Houston, and Austin on the Texas trip. The other element of trip coordination was political. This was usually handled by the President's staff, designated individuals from the area, or organizations involved in the political objectives of a trip. The normal advance man for JFK was Jerry Bruno, who handled major political appearances.

However, Bruno did not travel to Dallas. The job was delegated to Jack Puterbaugh, who coordinated details involving invitations, seating and organization for the motorcade and luncheon appearance. Although the Warren Commission questioned Special Agent Lawson extensively about arrangements, it did not call Mr. Puterbaugh. Lawson testified that Puterbaugh, as the civilian political advance man (introduced in Dallas as a member of the White House staff), recommended the Trade Mart for the luncheon speech. Puterbaugh was also in charge of protocol and seating for the motorcade itself (HSCA 180-10074-10396; also exhibit 2-4).

Puterbaugh did attend the police and Secret Service motorcade planning sessions with SA Lawson, however Mr. Puterbaugh was not actually on the White House staff, but apparently was on loan to the Democratic National Committee. His actual job was Deputy Administrator of State and County Operations of Agriculture Stabilization and Consumer Services (exhibit 2-5).

Puterbaugh's familiarity with Dallas or Texas politics is undocumented. Reportedly he had been involved in Texas affairs in his capacity as a high official with the U.S. Department of Agriculture and observed at state political and social affairs (Penn Jones, The Continuing Inquiry newsletter, Madeleine Brown, private correspondence; also Chapter 3). He may also have had some involve-

ment in the Billy Sol Estes agriculture fraud investigations although that, too, is undocumented.

The Department of Agriculture had been experiencing a number of headaches in Texas during the early 1960's, based in what turned into a monumental cotton allotments scandal and related fraud investigation, starting with Billy Sol Estes and eventually involving various Congressmen, Ag. Department members and working itself all the way to speculation about Vice President Johnson's involvement with Estes. The situation was made especially tense by the very mysterious deaths of the local west Texas Ag agent most heavily involved as well as several other individuals associated with the case.

It is known that N. Battle Hales, the original "Ag" staff member who "blew the whistle" on the Estes scandal was rather dramatically replaced, and his secretary actually institutionalized for a time, apparently to ensure her silence. The result was an immensely embarrassing affair for both the Department of Agriculture and Vice President Johnson. Some details of the Hales affair and his replacement are covered by J. Evetts Haley in his book, A Texan Looks At Lyndon, pp 125-131.

Indeed, a number of researchers including Glen Sample, detail some extremely interesting connections between the Estes affair and the killing of John Kennedy. (See Sample and Collom, The Men on the Sixth Floor). One example of such a connection is provided in a series of documents uncovered by Sample and purportedly written by one of Estes' lawyers (documents sourced by Stephen Pegues, author of the yet unpublished Texas Mafia). One of these documents, accusing LBJ and his associates of multiple murders, is shown in exhibit 2-7.

What is documented though, is that Puterbaugh's only prior involvement with Presidential trips had been earlier in the fall when he did advance work for a Presidential multi-state tour in Minnesota and Wisconsin. Puterbaugh, when called by the House Assassinations Committee, related that he had been recruited for Dallas by John Hughes and Jerry Bruno. Puterbaugh described him-

self as a "foot soldier" who only carried out orders and left items like security to the experts, as it was not his concern. He did, however, participate in all security related meetings with the Dallas Police Department and Secret Service and stated that he drove alternate motorcade routes with the Dallas Special Agent in Charge, Forrest Sorrels (HSCA Record Number 1801008010069).

Lawson and Puterbaugh were both in the Dallas motorcade; Lawson in the lead car with senior law enforcement officials and Puterbaugh ahead of them in the pilot car (exhibit 2-12). Unfortunately, the only vehicle to actually scout the route well in advance had nothing to do with security, but was driven by Perdue Lawrence of the Dallas Police Traffic Division and dealt solely with traffic control along the route.

SA Lawson certainly implemented no extra security precautions and very specifically denied receiving any information pertaining to threats made against the President in either Chicago or Miami (exhibit 2-5e). He also received no information on any possible violence in Dallas such as that which had occurred on the Stevenson visit just weeks before (HSCA 180-10074-10396).

This seems strange since his fellow agents, Grant and Floyd Boring, were both involved in Dallas trip planning and advance work. Both had been in Miami where the Milteer threat was well documented (on tape, no less) and reported. The apparent lack of an accurate perception of potential danger in Dallas seems bizarre, considering the newspaper articles, the last minute actions taken by both the city council (**the new City Ordinance refers to "an urgency and an emergency in the preservation of the public peace"**), Chief Curry's statements and the appearance of a full page advertisement that accused the President of treason (exhibits 2-2c and 2-3).

It would appear that being present in Dallas for even a few days should have produced some awareness and concern for additional security. Lawson's statements also seem to be contradicted by activities of local Secret Service staff including Sorrels and Howlett who were indeed taking special precautions (as shown in exhibit

2-8). In the meantime details of the trip and motorcade route were well known to all of Dallas by November 19th (exhibit 2-9).

* PROTECTIVE RESEARCH

The Protective Research Section of the Secret Service had the responsibility for maintaining records on potential threats in each state. Interestingly enough, even after three separate checks in the days before the Texas trip, absolutely no threats or potential trouble makers were officially identified in the entire state of Texas (except, finally, for Houston, exhibit 2-10).

However, it is uncertain whether the full story of this period had been told. Based on the number and type of outstanding threats to the President, as described in the preceding chapter, there should have been increased surveillance. And recent research by Vince Palamara has uncovered the fact that beginning on November 14, although not officially explained or acknowledged, a PRS agent was actually assigned to the White House detail. From that time on, each trip was staffed by one or more PRS agents. This seems to be a completely new procedure when compared to previous travel. In Miami, as many as three PRS agents accompanied the SS Detail (RIFS 154-10002-10419, 10421 and 10422, RIF 154-100011-0064).

Unfortunately, this increased PRS involvement seems to have provided no identifiable intelligence for Texas and specifically none for Dallas. However, SA Bennett of the D.C. PRS office was in the follow-up security car in both Miami and Dallas. He was also in New York City, according to the recently released duty rosters, (reference RIF's itemized above) despite his failure to mention the New York and Miami trips in his statements.

* MOTORCADE SECURITY

A basic tenant of the motorcade, as first expressed by SAIC Kellerman of the President's car, was that security in Dallas was exceptional, as comprehensive as or better than on other trips.

His statement that "the precautions employed in Dallas were

the most stringent and thorough ever employed for the visit of a President to an American City," (exhibit 2-11) was initially reported by Chief James Rowley but it was so striking that it was later retracted when challenged for an explanation during Committee hearings. Commission staff member Rankin challenged this position and inquired as to what these especially stringent procedures might have been. The Chief later stated that Kellerman had denied that he actually made such a statement (WC 18H p. 707 - 708).

Given the facts of the situation it appears that a retraction was certainly understandable. One example of "less than normal" security shows the number and position of motorcycles in Dallas were atypical. On the Texas trip alone, in each of the preceding cities, motorcades had used approximately eighteen motorcycles with six to nine riding parallel to, and flanking, the Presidential vehicle. **During the planning for Dallas, the motorcycle detail was reduced in size, moved to the rear of the President's car and a proposed Dallas Police car totally removed** (exhibits 2-4c and 2-4d).

A large motorcycle screen was very standard on both domestic and foreign trips and the House Assassinations Committee, after its evaluation of security, described the Dallas cycle formation as "**uniquely insecure**" (HSCA 11-527-529). This lack of motorcycles not only exposed the President to street level attack but removed the human shield the cycles would have presented for street level snipers or snipers on lower elevations. **And of only six motorcycles assigned to flank the President, only four actually assumed their assigned positions!!**

One of the flanking cyclists, Officer Baker, stated that he was told to fall back from the Presidential limo beyond the press car and six to seven vehicles behind the President, this based on **last minute instructions at Love Field**.

Bakers counterpart, Officer McClain also fell back on the other side of the limo and both officers were more than a block behind at the time of the shootings on Elm. Although questioned about

this last minute change, SA Lawson had no good explanation and in fact suggested that Mr. Puterbaugh might have somehow been involved (HSCA 180-10074-10369).

In any event, at the time of the attack, the so called flanking cycles were not even parallel to the Presidential Limo, being back by the Secret Service car instead (note illustrations in November Patriots).

It was also common for officers to be assigned atop municipal and other buildings on the parade route. This can be seen in film footage from Fort Worth immediately before Dallas (but is not seen in Dallas) and is widely observed in other motorcades during the year of 1963 in smaller cities such as Nashville, Tennessee and Tampa, Florida.

Another normal procedure was to have officers facing and watching the crowds, again seen in Fort Worth, but not in Dallas. This is especially odd in light of the Stevenson attack and other Dallas incidents, and in the face of legitimate concerns expressed by local officials and leading citizens about possible crowd violence. There is no indication that officers were given even these most basic instructions.

In addition, another standard element of Presidential motorcades (especially political appearances) was the presence of a flatbed truck or other similar vehicle in the front of the parade immediately preceding the President. The flatbed truck was used for press, still and movie photographers, and assisted in developing the extensive, forward-looking film footage used for political and press purposes. It was also standard procedure to place press cars and buses close to the President for a similar purpose. Only in Dallas was this type of photographic coverage and professional film footage missing. Not only was there no film platform at the front of the motorcade, but the press photographers were moved to the middle, leaving the Presidential car generally out of their view (exhibit 2-12b). It is for this reason that almost all the film record of the attack is available only from private photographers or amateurs.

Note: The preceding points are developed from extensive work by researcher Vince Palamara and a list of readings and references accompanies his work in Chapter 4. The list includes his own book The Third Alternative.

Given the diminished security described above, and SA Lawson's statement that he specifically did not call upon or arrange for any military support (exhibit 2-4) there does seem to have been an undefined and unreported military intelligence presence of some sort in Dallas and especially in Dealey Plaza. SA Lawson is very clear in his statement that no military organizations were requested to participate and none show up on the meetings list or planning documents (exhibit 2-6). However it now appears that the 112th Army Intelligence fielded a team to Dallas. In addition, a member of the 112th (James Powell) took a key photo of the School Book Depository only seconds after the shooting and rushed inside, later to be sealed in by police. No records or debriefings were provided by the 112th, although in later years their commander, a Colonel Jones, did describe sending in 8-12 plain clothes personnel to "supplement the manpower of the Secret Service" and did verify that his men had prepared debriefing reports (Senate Intelligence Committee testimony, Genzman interrogation of Colonel Jones, pp 24-25 and p 37).

Interestingly, it seems no reports were filed by or requested from the 112th (since officially they were not part of the security arrangements and not identified by SA Lawson) at all nor was an explanation given for the last minute addition of a military intelligence officer to the pilot car in the motorcade. This addition can be seen in comparing the seating plans for the motorcade to a report prepared afterwards describing actual events. In that report is found the addition of a Lieutenant Colonel Whitmeyer as a passenger in the pilot car along with Mr. Peterbaugh (exhibits 2-12, 2-13b and 2-13c).

And on another somewhat mysterious note, Texas advance man Marty Underwood related to Vince Palamara that there were numerous rumors of threats and violence at the time of the trip.

He personally expressed these to John Kennedy, who received similar concerns from Texas Congressman Henry Gonzalez. The President is described by Gonzalez as replying:

"HENRY, THE SECRET SERVICE TOLD ME THEY TOOK CARE OF EVERYTHING...."

* COMPROMISE OF THE SECURITY DETAIL

Much of the preceding may simply be the result of tragic neglect or inexperience. It may be due to the fact that the advance staff in Dallas was not the "first string," and, in fact, had relatively little experience. Certainly the senior staff, including Bruno, Boring and others were not in Dallas or even in Texas.

But to make matters even worse an incident occurred which suggests grave implications not only for Secret Service operations but which may also have contributed to the rather dramatic lack of agent response during the attack on the President.

This incident was documented for the Warren Commission; however it was not presented in its Report nor was it investigated for any implications of conspiracy. If it had been made more public, there would likely have been broad-based comment on what is frequently noticed in films of the shooting on Elm, the virtual lack of reaction on the part of the entire detail in the follow up security car. This slow reaction is even more dramatic when compared to footage such as that of the attack on President Reagan where his Secret Service agents literally covered him with their bodies within two seconds.

The incident in question involves extensive Agent participation including the majority of the White House detail (all three shifts including the security detail for the Dallas parade), in a reception at the Fort Worth press club and later in a round of extremely late night partying at "The Cellar," a well known Fort Worth drinking establishment.

Of course any drinking was a direct violation of standing orders; and only a few of the agents did admit to drinking at the Press Reception (including SA Grant, Lawson's partner in

coordi1020, pp 682 - 90) with some staying even later before returning to an 8 a.m. duty call (9CE 1020, pp 679). **The largest number of actual participants from a single security shift was from that of Emory Roberts – the shift leader for the follow up car on the President's motorcade the next day.**

It is, therefore, possible that the lack of reaction we see during the Presidential attack was not entirely due to shock produced by the shooting. However, not a single agent was charged or disciplined in any fashion for their activities (WC 18H p 665 - 702).

It has even been reported (Jim Marr's, "Crossfire" and his personal correspondence with this author) that the Secret Service staff was so involved in Ft. Worth partying that the only official personnel doing security for the President the evening of November 21st were Ft. Worth Fire Department members.

When all is said and done, this type of partying speaks volumes about the level of security in Dallas, and, when combined with the comparisons to previous trips, motorcades, and general Presidential security, it seems to give lie to the premise that security in Dallas was exceptional or even normal. It also adds to the clear impression that **Dallas was different** in terms of security, a fact certainly not made visible early on and one which suggests that many assumptions about John Kennedy's killing change on contact with the actual facts.

Dallas Times Herald
Tuesday, November 19, 1963
Front page - Cols. 2 & 3
Cont'd. P. A-13 - Cols. 7 & 8

Yarborough Gets JFK Table Spot

By JIM LEHRER
Staff Writer

The controversy over an alleged "snub" of Sen. Ralph Yarborough was settled Tuesday with the official announcement that he has been invited to sit at the head table at the Friday luncheon in Dallas for President Kennedy.

A spokesmen for the three sponsoring organizations said that both Sens. Yarborough and John Tower and their wives have been issued invitations to sit at the head table with the Kennedys.

Sen. Yarborough, a Democrat, has indicated he will be present at the Trade Mart for the non-political, invitation-only affair. Republican Tower has said he has no plans to attend.

Details of security arrangements became firm Tuesday also as the official motorcade route from Love Field to the Trade Mart was announced.

Further, Police Chief Jesse Curry said that between 175 and 200 local law enforcement officers will join Secret Service agents in insuring the President's security during his three-hour visit to Dallas.

He said Dallas County sheriff's deputies and officers of the Department of Public Safety will help with traffic control and security at Love Field, along the motorcade route and at the Trade Mart.

Sheriff Bill Decker and DPS Mayor Guy Smith have been in on the planning, he said.

While the formal announcement of the details of the President's Texas and Dallas trip was to be made in Washington at 4 p.m., a White House representative in

See TABLE on Page 12

★ TABLE

Continued From Page 1

Dallas released the motorcade route.

From the airport, the President's party will proceed to Mockingbird Lane to Lemmon and then to Turtle Creek, turning south to Cedar Springs.

The motorcade will then pass through downtown on Harwood and then west on Main, turning back to Elm at Houston and then out Stemmons Freeway to the Trade Mart.

The return trip will be much shorter, going directly from the luncheon site to Harry Hines to Mockingbird and then to Love Field.

PUBLIC TO BE KEPT OUT

Authorities said that all but the main entrance of the Trade Mart will be sealed off to luncheon goers. The many exhibit room passageways that lead into the main courtyard where the luncheon is being held will be roped off and manned by guards.

People—with tickets—will be allowed to sit in the three high balconies overlooking the courtyard area, but guards will be on hand there also to insure that only those with tickets are admitted.

The spokesman said it looked "unlikely" at this point that a platform and a public address system would be set up at Love Field so the President could say a few words to his greeters at planeside.

The head table seating announcement closed argument that had been ranging over complaints that Sen. Yarborough, who is up for re-election in 1964, had been deliberately omitted.

Others setting at the head table will be President and Mrs. Kennedy, Vice President and Mrs. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Erik Jonsson, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson Sterling, Dr. and Mrs. Lloyd Berkner, Mayor and Mrs. Earle Cabell and Gov. and Mrs. John Connally.

The luncheon is being jointly sponsored by the Dallas Citizens Council, the Dallas Assembly and the Science Research Center.

ALGER NOT COMING

In Washington, Dallas Congressman Bruce Alger, a Republican, announced that he would be unable to attend the luncheon because of a conflicting House committee hearing.

"I am confident that President Kennedy will be accorded a welcome in the best tradition of Big D hospitality," said Rep. Alger, who, along with all congressmen in the Dallas area, was invited by the sponsoring organizations.

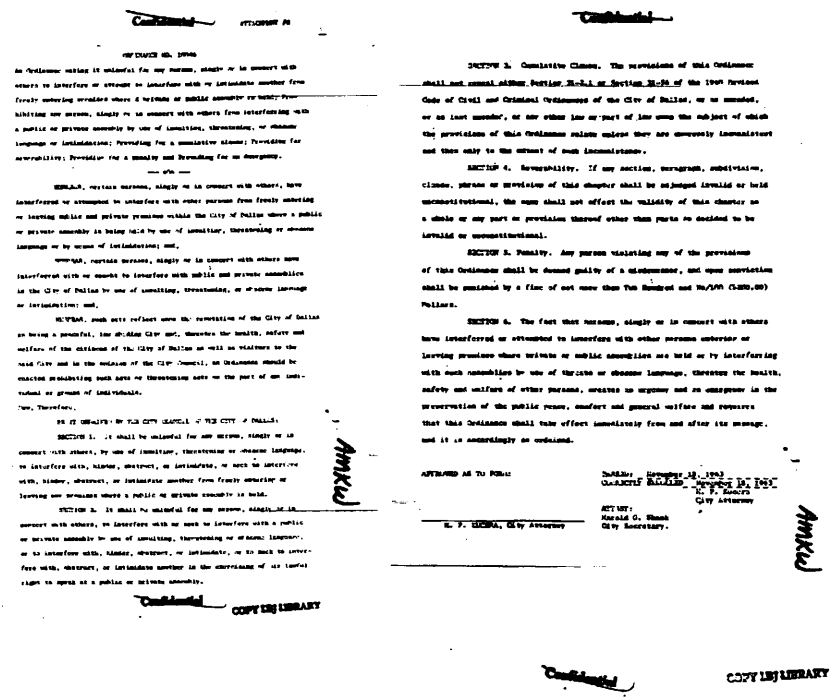
Local law enforcement officers on the President's security detail will have a new crowd control city ordinance to enforce — if it becomes necessary.

City Manager Elgin Crull said Tuesday that the new ordinance, passed in record time Monday by the City Council, will be in full effect Friday.

Work on the new ordinance began shortly after the reception given to U.N. Ambassador Adalai Stevenson during a visit here recently.

The ordinance gives police more power to arrest persons who picket in an unruly fashion or who interfere in the conduct of both private and public meetings.

2-1 Dallas Times Herald, November 19th; Security, Motorcade Route and New City Ordinance; note official confirmation and description of route on Tuesday, Nov. 19th



2-2 Dallas Ordinance No. 10046, passed November 18th, 1963
2-2b (page 429) City Ordinance No. 10046 text (typed for clarity)
2-2c (page 430) City Ordinance No. 10046 text (typed for clarity)

ORDINANCE NO. 10046

An ordinance making it unlawful for any person, single or in concert with others to interfere or attempt to interfere with or intimidate another from freely entering premises where a private or public assembly is held. Prohibiting any person, singly or in concert with others from interfering with a public or private assembly by use of insulting, threatening or obscene language or intimidation; Providing for a cumulative clause; Providing for severability; Providing for a penalty and Providing for an Emergency.

—-o0o—-

WHEREAS certain persons, singly or in concert with others, have interfered or attempted to interfere with other persons from freely entering or leaving public and private premises within the City of Dallas where a public or private assembly is being held by use of insulting, threatening or obscene language or by means of intimidation; and,

WHEREAS, such acts reflect upon the reputation of the City of Dallas as being a peaceful, law abiding City, and threaten the health, safety and welfare of the citizens of the City of Dallas as well as visitors to the said City and in the opinion of the City Council, an ordnance should be enacted prohibiting such acts or threatening acts on the part of an individual or groups of individuals.

Now therefore,

BE IT ORDAINED BY THE CITY COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF DALLAS:

SECTION 1. It shall be unlawful for any person, singly or in concert with others, by use of insulting, threatening or obscene language, to interfere with, hinder or obstruct, or intimidate, or seek to interfere with, hinder, obstruct or intimidate another from freely entering or leaving any premises where a public or private assembly is held.

SECTION 2. It shall be unlawful for any person, singly or in concert with others, to interfere or seek to interfere with a public or private assembly by use of insulting, obscene or threatening language, or to interfere with, hinder, obstruct or intimidate, or to

seek to interfere with, obstruct or intimidate another in the exercising of his lawful right to speak at a public or private assembly.

SECTION 3. Cumulative Clause. The Provisions of this Ordinance shall not repeal either Section 32-2.1 or Section 31-56 of the 1961 Revised Code of Civil and Criminal Ordinances of the City of Dallas, or as amended, or as the last amender, or any other law or part of law upon the subject of which the provisions of this Ordinance relate unless they are expressly inconsistent and then only to the extent of such inconsistency.

SECTION 4. Severability. If any section, paragraph or subdivision, clause, phrase or provision of this chapter shall be judged invalid or held unconstitutional, the same shall not affect the validity of this chapter as a whole or any part or provision thereof other than parts so decided to be invalid or unconstitutional.

SECTION 5. Penalty. Any person violating any of the provisions of this Ordinance shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be punished by a fine of not more than Two Hundred and No/100 ($200.00) Dollars.

SECTION 6. The fact that persons, singly or in concert with others have interfered or attempted to interfere with other persons entering or leaving premises where private or public assemblies are held or by interfering with such assemblies by threats or obscene language, threaten the health safety and welfare of other persons creates an urgency and an emergency in the preservation of public peace, comfort and general welfare and requires that this Ordinance shall take effect immediately from and after it's passage, and is accordingly so ordained.

APPROVED AS TO FORM: PASSED: NOVEMBER 18, 1963
CURRENTLY ENROLLED: NOVEMBER 18, 1963
H.P. Kucera
City Attorney
ATTEST:
Harald G. Shank
City Secretary
H.P. KUCERA, City Attorney

WANTED
FOR
TREASON
THIS MAN is wanted for treasonous activities against the United States:
1. Betraying the Constitution (which he swore to uphold):
He is turning the sovereignty of the U. S. over to the communist controlled United Nations.
He is betraying our friends (Cuba, Katanga, Portugal) and befriending our enemies (Russia, Yugoslavia, Poland).
2. He has been WRONG on innumerable issues affecting the security of the U.S. (United Nations-Berlin wall-Missle removal-Cuba-Wheat deals-Test Ban Treaty, etc.)
3. He has been lax in enforcing Communist Registration laws.
4. He has given support and encouragement to the Communist inspired racial riots.
5. He has illegally invaded a sovereign State with federal troops.
6. He has consistantly appointed Anti-Christians to Federal office. Upholds the Supreme Court in its Anti-Christian rulings. Aliens and known Communists abound in Federal offices.
7. He has been caught in fantastic LIES to the American people (including personal ones like his previous marraige and divorce).

Exhibit No. 7
One of the handbills distributed by agitators along the parade route which was left lying in the street.

2-3 Flyer: "Wanted for Treason," from WC exhibits

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Pre-Departure Contact with PRS

Mr. Lawson, in the course of "many conversations back and forth with (Floyd) Boring and (Roy) Kellerman", who were the two chief assistants of the WHD, did not discuss PRS matters. His pre-departure contact with PRS indicated that no reports were available from PRS abou any threat subjects developed on the basis of President Kennedy's visit to Texas for the funeral of Representative Sam Rayburn in 1961.

Mr. Lawson stated that he learned about the October 1963 attack in Dallas on Adlai Stevenson "only by his own reading."

Advance Activities in Dallas

(a) Arrival

Mr. Lawson recalled that he arrived at night, was met by a local agent, then went to a local office, where meetings began for the purpose of planning the itinerary in light of manpower available and of threat levels. Constant meetings began also with the Dallas Police Department (DPD). Initially, however, the SS only paid a courtesy call and avoided making a specific early commitment about plans.

(b) Use of a Motorcade

Mr. Lawson could not identify any person or persons as responsib for the decision to use a motorcade in Dallas, but he "thinks th decision was made in D.C."

000038

(c) Selection of a Speech Site

Mr. Lawson's response to questions about whether there was contr versy over the selection of the speech site was that the Secret Service "found what we found at the Fair Grounds, at the Trade M and then phoned back." Specifically, he characterized the Trade Mart, in comparison with the Women's Building, as "newer", as having "many more doors, a guard system, a card system for identi

2-4 Special Agent Lawson, excerpt of statements on planning and security for the Dallas Trip; Lawson was chief Security Advance Man for Fort Worth and Dallas; note descriptions of Mr. Puterbaugh's duties

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conies and bridges going across." He did not describe the feat of any alternative site and compare it to the Trade Mart. Mr. Lawson did not identify any one person or organization as conspicuously preferring or trying to influence the selection c the Trade Mart.

He indicated that the selection of the Trade Mart as the speech site and destination for the motorcade took place prior to the mapping out of the route. The final decision (to go to the Trade Mart) was made in Washington and at very least involved Gerald Behn (WHD chief) and Ken O'Donnell, Presi dential Appointments Secretary. He also recalled that Jack Puterbaugh, a civilian political advance man for the Democratic National Committee, recommended the Trade Mart. Mr. Lawson was "not able to recall" the influence (if any) on motorcade planni of local press representative Felix McKnight or of Democratic State Chairman Eugene Locke. Puterbaugh, who accompanied Lawso to Dallas, stayed at the same hotel, and who attended many of the same DPD/SS planning meetings, was also in charge of the protocol of the motorcade, the arranging of the seating and vehicle sequence for Congressmen and other dignitaries. The motorcade was the primary focus of such protocol.

(d) SS - Dallas Police Department Collaboration 000039

In planning the motorcade route Mr. Lawson informed the Committe in this interview that the motorcade route was not automatically determined by the prior selection of the Trade Mart, but was mapped out subject only to the requirements that (1) the motorca pass through downtown Dallas and (2) that the motorcade proceed from Love Field to the Trade Mart. These conditions ruled out a direct route from Love Field to the Trade Mart that would have taken no more than five minutes.

2-4b Continued, note comment about lack of discussion with local officials Sorrells, Batchelor and Lumpkin of any potential threats or security issues

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(6) Lawson interview

(d.-1) Activities on November 14

A comparison of CE 769, p.2 (17 H 619, Lawson's 12/3/63 statement in re November 14) and Sorrells' Exhibit No. 4, p.1 (21 H 547) local Dallas S.S.Chief Forrest Sorrells' 11/20/63 statement) indicates that Mr. Lawson ~~had~~ w.s provided information in this interview which is not included in the earlier materials First, Mr. Lawson stated that he did not accompany Mr. Sorrells on the tour of the route which they each say that they made together on November 14th. Second, Mr. Lawson stated that he "does not recall" that the route traveled by Sorrells included Dealey Plaza, since it was not certain on the 14th that the Trade Mart would be the destination. Only Main Street was travelled at this point.

(d.-2) The Main - Elm - Houston Turn

Mr. Lawson stated that the purpose of the turn was to place the motorcade on the freeway because this afforded greater security than the alternative. The alternative would have been ~~(1)~~ to continue west on Main without turning onto Houston, and to proceed on Main ~~over~~ under the triple overpass to a point west of the overpass, and then to take Industrial Boulevard to the trade Mart. However, Mr. Lawson did not recall whether the alternative was suggested. ~~(2) Take Industrial Boulevard to the Trade Mart.~~

(d.-3) Activities on November 18

Since the motorcade route had been selected by November 18, the events of that day included a tour of the selected route by Lawson, Sorrells, and DPD Assistant Chiefs Batchelor and Lumpkin (21 H 547). Mr. Lawson did not recall any discussion during that ride of possible harm to JFK. The conversation was addresse

000040

2-4c Continued, note removal of DPD squad car from motorcade

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to such topics as "crowd" control, "motorcycle type stuff", an interest in "filling in the gap" of time between the landing of AF-1 at Love Field and the time of the speech, and a "prime concern with things falling from overpasses".

As for other events of November 18, Mr. Lawson recalled meeting at a private club in the late afternoon of the 18th about which he testified before the Warren Commission (4 H 341 (H341)). Mr. Lawson' comment on that part of his WC testimony was to the effe that Mr. Jack Puterbaugh was in touch with Washington at this ti (1) was "probably" "getting instructions" "from the Democratic Party" e.g., on resolving matters of protocol at the local level and (2) was "possibly" getting instructions on this matter from Betty Harris, who was Puterbaugh's primary local contact. Mr. Lawson expressed the view that Puterbaugh cleared such matters through Washington.

Mr. Lawson also remarked that no changes were made in the route which he announced at the meeting on the 18th, but that the possibility existed at that meeting that the route could have been changed.

000041

(d.-4) Activities on November 21

In the Stevenson Exhibit No. 5053 (21 H 562 at 570), it is indicat by DPD officer Stevenson that a plan to include a DPD squad car in the motorcade behind the Vice President's car was changed by Lawson at a DPD-SS meeting on the 21st. When asked why no mention of the inclusion of the DPD squad car was made in his preliminary report of the 19th (CE 767, 17 H 593 at 596), Mr. Lawson stated that "the DPD could have put it in on their own" and that he could "not recall who took it out". He added that

2-4d Continued, note reduction in motorcycle screen and displacement to rear of Presidential vehicle

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"it would have been listed if it had been scheduled", that he is "not sure it was scheduled to be there", and that he "doesn't know who cancelled the DPD car because he doesn't know who decided "to include it." As for the meeting on 11/21, he said that "maybe it (the matter of the squad car) came up." 4 H 321. Also in the Stevenson report (21 H 571) it is stated that Lawson changed a plan to have the JFK motorcycles parallel to the JFK limousine and instead decided to deploy the JFK motorcycles parallel to the rear fender. In this interview Mr. Lawson said he had "no recall of changing plans."

(e.) Onsite Formation of the Motorcade

A comparison of CE 767 (Preliminary Report of 11/19; 17 H 593 at 596) with CE 768 (Final Report of 11/30; 17 H 601 at 615), both authored by Lawson, indicates that the intended sequence of vehicles on 11/19 was changed. In the actual motorcade of 11/22, as described in CE 768, Congressional Car #1 was placed immediately behind the SS Vice-Presidential Follow-Up Car rather than in its original position on 11/19 as the fifth car behind Vice Presidentia Follow-Up. Mr. Lawson was unable to explain the change except to say that he is "not sure that 768 is what it (the vehicle sequenc was."

As for the onsite (Love Field) formation of the motorcade, Mr. Lawson said that he is not sure whether the deployment of the wire service car and press cars was done by the "local press man" in charge of press cars or by Mr. Lawson. He was also unable to remember whether the local press man in charge was Felix McKnight, Sam Bloom, or a White House press man.

2-5e Continued, note lack of threat information being passed from Chicago or Miami; also note unexplained addition of military intelligence officer to scout car despite expressed lack of any coordination with local military or intelligence (Army 112th) units

SELECT COMMITTEE ON ASSASSINATIONS

Name Jack Puterbaugh Date 4/14/78 Time

Address Route 2, Box 259 Place County Courthouse
Grandy, Minnesota
Stanchfield, Minn.

(612) 396-2282

Interview:

On April 14, 1978, the writer interviewed subject at the County Courthouse in Grandy, Minnesota. Puterbaugh's name was given to us by Jerry Bruno, who did the political advance for the White House on the November 1963 Texas trip. Puterbaugh told me that he had done an advance in Duluth, Minnesota for President Kennedy in September 1963 and had done earlier trips with Kennedy when he was a candidate in 1960. In 1963 Puterbaugh was Assistant to the Deputy Administrator of State and County Operations of Agriculture Stabilization and Consumer Service.

In October 1963 Puterbaugh received a call from John Hughes asking if he would like to go to Dallas on an advance. Shortly thereafter he got a call from Jerry Bruno at the Democratic National Committee. He visited Bruno, who briefed him on the political problems faced by the Democrats in Dallas and statewide in Texas as well. He outlined the problems which had risen to divide the three political factions in Texas. These factions, Bruno said, were headed by Governor Connally, President Johnson, and Senator Yarborough.

Interviewer Signature James P. Kelly

Typed Signature James P. Kelly

Date transcribed 5/11/78 /am

By: am Form #4-A

Reference copy, JFK Collection: HSCA (RG 233)

2-5 Jack Puterbaugh, excerpt from statement to HSCA

PER P.L. 102-526 (JFK ACT) REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES
DATE 1-31-96

~~Confidential~~

CONCLUSION

Persons assisting and cooperating with this Service in preparation for this visit:

Mr. Robert Cullum, President, Dallas Chamber of Commerce
Mr. Sam Bloom, Sam Bloom Agency, Dallas, Texas
Mr. Felix McKnight, Executive Editor, Dallas Times Herald, Dallas, Texas
Mr. M. Howard Megredy, Assistant Director of Aviation, Love Field, Dallas, Texas
Mr. John Stemmons, Dallas Market Center, Dallas, Texas
Mr. W. E. Cooper, Dallas Market Center, Dallas, Texas
Chief Jesse Curry, Dallas Police Department, Dallas, Texas
Assistant Chief Charles Batchelor, Dallas Police Department, Dallas, Texas
Deputy Chief M. W. Stevenson, Dallas Police Department, Dallas, Texas
Deputy Chief E. H. Lunday, Dallas Police Department, Dallas, Texas
Deputy Chief N. T. Fisher, Dallas Police Department, Dallas, Texas
Sheriff William Decker, Dallas County, Dallas, Texas
Major Guy Smith, Texas Department of Public Safety
Lieutenant C. H. Cheshire, Texas Department of Public Safety
Deputy Chief Raymond Burrees, Dallas Fire Department, Dallas, Texas
Mr. Jack Puterbaugh, Representative of Democratic National Committee (handled political contacts)
CWO Arthur Bales, Jr., White House Communications Agency (coordinated communications, public address and power facilities)

Approximate number of personnel participating in overall security measures were:

Dallas Police, uniformed		
	Trade Mart	180
	Route	90
	Escort	20
	Love Field	55
	Cruising	100
Dallas Police, detectives		40
Texas Department of Public Safety, uniformed		40
	Rangers	5
	plain-clothes	16
Dallas County Sheriff Department		14
Dallas Fire Department		26
Agents, Office 1-16 (White House Detail)		20
Agents, Office 1-22 (Vice President's Detail)		4
Agents, Office 3-3 (Dallas Office)		4

~~Confidential~~

2-6 Excerpt from Secret Service report on preparations for visit to Dallas, list of staff and assignments

DOUGLAS CADDY
Attorney-at-Law
General Homes Building
7322 Southwest Freeway
Suite 610
Houston, Texas 77074
(713) 981-4005

August 9, 1984

Mr. Stephen S. Trott
Assistant Attorney General
Criminal Division
U.S. Department of Justice
Washington, D.C. 20530

RE: Mr. Billie Sol Estes

Dear Mr. Trott:

My client, Mr. Estes, has authorized me to make this reply to your letter of May 29, 1984.

Mr. Estes was a member of a four-member group, headed by Lyndon Johnson, which committed criminal acts in Texas in the 1960's. The other two, besides Mr. Estes and LBJ, were Cliff Carter and Mack Wallace. Mr. Estes is willing to disclose his knowledge concerning the following criminal offenses:

I. Murders
   1. The Killing of Henry Marshall
   2. The Killing of George Krutilek
   3. The Killing of Ike Rogers and his secretary
   4. The Killing of Harold Orr
   5. The Killing of Coleman Wade
   6. The Killing of Josefa Johnson
   7. The Killing of John Kinser
   8. The Killing of President J. F. Kennedy

Mr. Estes is willing to testify that LBJ ordered these killings, and that he transmitted his orders through Cliff Carter to Mack Wallace, who executed the murders. In the cases of murders nos. 1-7, Mr. Estes' knowledge of the precise details concerning the way the murders were executed stems from conversations he had shortly after each event with Cliff Carter and Mack Wallace.

In addition, a short time after Mr. Estes was released from prison in 1971, he met with Cliff Carter and they reminisced about what had occurred in the past, including the murders. During their conversation, Carter orally compiled a list of 17 murders which had been committed, some of which Mr. Estes was unfamiliar. A living witness was present at that meeting and

2-7 Copy of letter purportedly from Douglas Caddy (Attorney for Billy Sol Estes) to the Justice Department; one of several related documents published in The Men on the Sixth Floor by Glen Sample and Mark Collom

should be willing to testify about it. He is Mr. Kyle Brown, recently of Houston and now living in Brady, Texas.

Mr. Estes states that Mack Wallace, whom he describes as a "stone killer" with a communist background, recruited Jack Ruby, who in turn recruited Lee Harvey Oswald. Mr. Estes says that Cliff Carter told him that Mack Wallace fired a shot from the grassy knoll in Dallas, which hit JFK from the front during the assassination.

Mr. Estes declares that Cliff Carter told him the day Kennedy was killed, Fidel Castro also was supposed to be assassinated and that Robert Kennedy, awaiting word of Castro's death, instead received news of his brother's killing.

Mr. Estes says that the Mafia did not participate in the Kennedy assassination but that its possible participation was discussed prior to the event, but rejected by LBJ, who believed if the Mafia were involved, he would never be out from under its blackmail.

Mr. Estes asserts that Mr. Ronnie Clark, of Wichita, Kansas, has attempted on several occasions to engage him in conversation. Mr. Clark, who is a frequent visitor to Las Vegas, has indicated in these conversations a detailed knowledge corresponding to Mr. Estes' knowledge of the JFK assassination. Mr. Clark claims to have met with Mr. Jack Ruby a few days prior to the assassination, at which time Kennedy's planned murder was discussed.

Mr. Estes declares that discussions were had with Jimmy Hoffa concerning having his aide, Larry Cabell, kill Robert Kennedy while the latter drove around in his convertible.

Mr. Estes has records of his phone calls during the relevant years to key persons mentioned in the foregoing account.

II. The Illegal Cotton Allotments

Mr. Estes desires to discuss the infamous illegal cotton allotment schemes in great detail. He has tape recordings made at the time of LBJ, Cliff Carter and himself discussing the scheme. These recordings were made with Cliff Carter's knowledge as a means of Carter and Estes protecting themselves should LBJ order their deaths.

Mr. Estes believes these tape recordings and the rumors of other recordings allegedly in his possession are the reason he has not been murdered.

III. Illegal Payoffs

Mr. Estes is willing to disclose illegal payoff schemes, in which he collected and passed on to Cliff Carter and LBJ millions of dollars. Mr. Estes collected payoff money on more than one occasion from George and Herman Brown of Brown and Root, which was delivered to LBJ.

2-7b Continued, note purported involvement of Johnson, Cliff Carter and Malcolm Wallace (with docmented Communist affiliations) along with Jack Ruby and Lee Oswald.

In your letter of May 29, 1984, you request "(1) the information, including the extent of corroborative evidence, that Mr. Estes has about each of the events that may be violations of criminal law; (2) the sources of his information, and (3) the extent of his involvement, if any, in each of those events or any subsequent cover-ups."

In connection with Item #1, I wish to declare, as Mr. Estes' attorney, that Mr. Estes is prepared without reservation to provide all the information he has. Most of the information contained in this letter I obtained from him yesterday for the first time. While Mr. Estes has been pre-occupied by this knowledge almost every day for the last 22 years, it was not until we began talking yesterday that he could face up to disclosing it to another person. My impression from our conversation yesterday is that Mr. Estes, in the proper setting, will be able to recall and orally recount a vast and detailed body of information about these criminal matters. It is also my impression that his interrogation in such a setting will elicit additional corroborative evidence as his memory is stimulated.

In connection with your Item #2, Mr. Estes has attempted in this letter to provide his sources of information.

In connection with your Item #3, Mr. Estes states that he never participated in any of the murders. It may be alleged that he participated in subsequent cover-ups. His response to this is that had he conducted himself any differently, he, too, would have been a murder victim.

Mr. Estes wishes to confirm that he will abide by the conditions set forth in your letter and that he plans to act with total honesty and candor in any dealings with the Department of Justice or any federal investigative agency.

In return for his cooperation, Mr. Estes wishes in exchange his being given immunity, his parole restrictions being lifted and favorable consideration being given to recommending his long-standing tax liens being removed and his obtaining a pardon.

Sincerely yours,

Douglas Caddy

Douglas Caddy

2-7c Continued, note exchange of letters between Justice Dept and Douglas Caddy for Billy Sol Estes on this subject

LEASED PER P.L. 102-526 (JFK ACT)
RA AT DATE 1-31-96
REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

~~Confidential~~

Mr. James J. Rowley - 9 - 1-16-602.111

PROTECTIVE RESEARCH

Notice of the proposed Presidential trip to Dallas was furnished to the Protective Research Section on November 8, 1963. The indices were searched, and no active subjects were of record. No subsequent information was received from the Protective Research Section of any subject requiring attention.

A list of catering personnel, wash room attendants, and the organist who might be in close proximity to the President at the Trade Mart and a list of persons who would serve the food were forwarded to the Protective Research Section by SAIC Sorrels, Dallas Office, on November 18, 1963.

On November 21, 1963, at a police meeting in Chief Curry's Office, I was given a copy of a locally distributed circular (Attachment #11) describing President Kennedy as being wanted for treason. The distributors of the circular were not known to the police. SAIC Sorrels has forwarded copies of this circular to the Protective Research Section for record purposes, and an investigation is being conducted.

Informants of the Right Wing Movement were interviewed by SA Howlett, Dallas Office, to identify any possible trouble makers. Motion-picture films of the assault on Ambassador Stevenson which occurred in Dallas were viewed with members of the Criminal Intelligence Division of the Dallas Police Department at Station KLRD TV-Radio. Still photographs were obtained of persons involved in this incident. SA Howlett was on duty at check point entrance at Trade Mart with copies of these pictures. Detectives in the lobby and luncheon area were also furnished copies of these photographs and were screening for these individuals. A number of individuals who resembled those in these photographs were placed under surveillance at the Trade Mart.

At approximately 12:30 p.m. November 22, 1963, President Kennedy and Governor Connally of Texas were struck by gunfire while riding in SS-100-X during a motorcade to the Trade Mart. The President died at Parkland Hospital, Dallas, Texas, at 1:00 p.m. CST, November 22, 1963.

COMMUNICATIONS

To the information contained in communications attachment in preliminary report, the following should be added:

Charlie Radio communications between Dallas Base Station and the following points were maintained with portable or installed equipment:

~~Confidential~~

COPY LBJ LIBRARY

2-8 Excerpt of memo from James Rowley on the subject of Protective Research for the Texas trip; note acknowledgment on Nov. 21 of "Wanted Poster" and special security precautions including surveillance implemented at the Trade Mart

LEASED PER F.... LOC.ASS.SUPV. MEM.
Rs AT DATE 1-31

6D

The Dallas Morning News
Tuesday, November 19, 1963
Front page - Cols. 3, 4, 5, 6 & 7

KENNEDY LUNCHEON

Yarborough Seating Pondered

By CARL FREUND

Sponsors of the Dallas luncheon for President Kennedy pondered Monday what they should do with U.S. Sen. Ralph Yarborough.

Leaders of groups sponsoring the Friday luncheon conferred in an attempt to decide whether to invite the senator to sit at the head table.

The tentative seating arrangement for the head table did not list Yarborough. Presumably, if the senator attended the nonpartisan luncheon in the Trade Mart, he would sit with congressmen at the No. 2 table.

This brought protests from Yarborough supporters. They argued that, as a senator, he rated a seat at the head table. And they charged that sponsors of the luncheon were "snubbing" Yarborough because of his political views.

ASKED IF Yarborough had been deliberately relegated to a lesser table, a spokesman for the sponsoring groups told The Dallas News Friday, "We have not been informed officially that he will be here."

There was speculation in political circles Monday that Yarborough would protest privately to President Kennedy if not invited to sit at the head table here or to attend an Austin reception.

(There is no problem involving Sen John Tower, a Republican. He has stated he does not plan to attend the luncheon.)

President Raymond Buck of the Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce, which is sponsoring a Friday breakfast for President Kennedy, said Sen. Yarborough has been invited to sit at its head table.

MEANWHILE, Police Chief Curtis Hightower of Fort Worth announced the route the President's motorcade will follow from the breakfast at Hotel Texas to Carswell Air Force Base on the city's west edge.

Hightower said the motorcade would move north on Main, swing around the Tarrant County Courthouse, and then go west on Belknap. It will proceed over Jacksboro Highway and River Oaks Boulevard to the Carswell south gate, the chief said.

The route will take the President through areas with a heavy Democratic vote.

President and Mrs. Kennedy will board a jet airliner at Carswell for a short flight in Dallas Love Field. It will arrive here about 11:30 a.m.

DEMOCRATIC leaders say they are hopeful the President will "make a few impromptu remarks" outside the Fort Worth hotel after the breakfast there and at Love Field upon arriving here.

Hightower said he anticipates "there may be some pickets" in Fort Worth during the President's visit. The chief said state laws give citizens the right to picket peacefully and officers will not interfere as long as they do so.

Hightower joined Dallas officers in expressing hopes they can avoid "incidents" during the Kennedy visit.

THE NEWS LEARNED Monday evening that the presidential motorcade will travel 18 miles to the Trade Mart using this route: Dc/fa.S

From Love Field in Mockingbird Lane, along Mockingbird Lane to Lemmon, then Lemmon to Turtle Creek, Turtle Creek to Cedar Springs, Cedar Springs to Harwood, Harwood to Main, Main to Pacific, Houston to Elm. Elm under the triple underpass to Stemmons Expressway and on to the Trade Mart.

The return trip will be most direct: Stemmons to Harry Hines, Harry Hines to Mockingbird and on to Love Field—a distance of 12 miles.

2-9 Dallas Morning News, November 19th, article on Kennedy visit with confirmation of exact motorcade route.

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...THE NATIONAL ARCHI...

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT ~~CONFIDENTIAL~~ 2

Memorandum U. S. Secret Service

TO : Chief DATE: Dec. 3, 1963

FROM : SAIC Bouck - PRS

SUBJECT: PRS Activities in Relation to the Texas Trip and the Assassination of President Kennedy

On about November 8, 1963, PRS was officially notified of the itinerary for the proposed trip of President Kennedy and Vice President Johnson to Texas.

A clerical employee of this office immediately checked the trip index file for PRS subjects of concern in relation to the Texas trip. No cards were found in the file that would indicate the presence of any known seriously dangerous PRS subjects as residing in the Dallas area, nor in any other area in Texas where stops were scheduled except for Houston.

The file jackets on the two Houston cases were withdrawn and taken to the Acting ASAIC who reviewed them and directed that an alert be prepared. He also examined the cards in the check-up control box and found no other subjects in the areas involved that appeared to warrant including in the alert. On November 14, 1963, the above indicated clerical employee prepared an office memorandum advising the name of one PRS subject who had previously been referred to the interested offices and was still of concern, and furnishing identifying data on a new PRS subject who had not previously been included in the alert. The original of this memo was immediately transmitted to the White House Detail and a copy was mailed to the Houston Secret Service office.

Shortly after 1:30 p.m., November 22, 1963, PRS received word that President Kennedy had been shot. Information as to the identity of the assassin was unknown at that time. Early in the afternoon word was received that a Dallas police officer had been shot by a man named Lee Harvey Oswald, and that this man was a possible suspect in the assassination. A search of PRS files was made for any record of that name but none could be found. Other government agencies were contacted and by mid afternoon we began receiving information from these sources. By the time information from Dallas began to indicate that Oswald was probably the ~~assassin we had received considerable~~ background material on him from the other agencies. The processing and organizing of information received on the assassin and the assassination has been continuing from that time.

Amkd

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2-10 SAIC Robert Bouck memorandum concerning PRS Activities for the Texas Trip; note that only Houston has PRS suspects

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BY AT DATE 1-31 ...
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- 2 -

When Oswald was murdered we again made a search of PRS files with negative results for any information on the murderer, Jack Rubenstein, alias Jack Ruby.

Robert I. Bouck
Special Agent in Charge

Amxw

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2-10b Continued, reference to search for information on Jack Ruby

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On November 22, 1963, Special Agents FRANCIS X. O'NEILL, Jr. and JAMES W. SIBERT witnessed the arrival of the President's body on Air Force #1 at Andrews Air Force Base. They accompanied the body in the White House motorcade to the Bethesda Naval Hospital, Bethesda, Maryland. During the course of the subsequent autopsy of the President's body, which was witnessed by aforementioned Agents, they spoke to Mr. ROY KELLERMAN, Assistant to the Agent in Charge of the White House Detail of the Secret Service, and Mr. WILLIAM GREER, a Secret Service Agent who was the chauffeur of the President's vehicle at the time of the assination. Mr. KELLERMAN was also present in the presidential vehicle, riding next to the driver at the time of the assassination.

Mr. KELLERMAN advised that as the ranking Secret Service Agent with the President's party, he was responsible for the presidential security in Dallas. He stated the advanced security arrangements made for this specific trip were the most stringent and thorough ever employed by the Secret Service for the visit of a President to an American city.

He advised the presidential vehicle had just completed traversing through a throng of people of approximately 250,000, and he had just breathed a sigh of relief as they were approaching an underpass.

He advised he heard a shot and immediately turned around, looking past Governor CONNALLY, who was seated directly in back of him, to the President. He observed the President slump forward and heard him say, "Get me to a hospital." Mr. KELLERMAN then heard Mrs. KENNEDY say, "Oh, no!", as the President leaned towards her. He immediately advised the driver to take the President to the nearest hospital. He said that from the time of the shooting to the time they got to the hospital took approximately eight minutes.

He stated he distinctly heard three shots. He advised he did not see the Governor get hit, nor did he observe the second bullet hit the President.

Mr. KELLERMAN said that the President was breathing and gasping for breath on arrival at the hospital, but did not appear to be conscious.

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2-11 Excerpt from Secret Service report on Dallas, note observation by SAIC Kellerman (in command of Presidential vehicle) on the level of security in Dallas

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ATTACHMENT #3

SCHEDULED MOTORCADE LIST

Motorcycles

Pilot Car - Jack Puterbaugh, Deputy Chief G. L. Lumpkin, Detectives Turner and Sinkle

Motorcycles

Lead Car - Chief Curry, Sheriff Decker, SAIC Sorrels, SA Lawson

President's Car (SS-100-X) - President, Mrs. Kennedy, Governor Connally, Mrs. Connally, ASAIC Kellerman, SA Greer driving

Motorcycles (position varied)

SS Follow-Up Car (SS-679-X) - SA Kinney driving, ATSAIC Roberts, SAs Hill, Landis, Ready, Bennett, McIntyre.
Note: See Post Assignments Section for additional persons who were in follow-up car.

Vice President's Car (Lincoln Convertible) - Vice President, Mrs. Johnson, Senator Yarborough, DPS driver Herschel Jacks, ASAIC Youngblood

SS Follow-Up Car (Mercury) - DPS driver Joe H. Rich, ATSAIC Johns, SAs Kivett and Taylor

Car #1 (Comet Convertible) - Mayor and Mrs. Earle Cabell, Congressman Ray Roberts

Telephone Car - Wire Services, WH Press Officer

Press Pool Convertible (Chevrolet) - Pool White House Newsreel and Motion Picture

Press Pool Convertible (Chevrolet) - Pool White House Still Photographers

Press Pool Convertible - Local Press Pool of both Still and Newsreel Photographers

Car #2 (Mercury Convertible) - Congressman Rogers, Thomas, Thornberry and Mahon

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2-12 Excerpt from Secret Service report showing the Scheduled Motorcade List, note Army intelligence officer not on roster for the Scout Car

secured parking lot to get to the front door. At about 12 noon, the officers manning the barricade at the east end of the building were instructed to let no more pedestrians pass.

At this time some of the officers who had been assigned in the interior of the parking area were reassigned to the north parking lot for security. A crowd of spectators about four (4) deep had assembled along the barricade which ran from the northwest corner of the building to Stemmons Service Road.

Around 11:30 a.m., a man came to the front area of the building and began to distribute small placards on sticks which read, "Hurray for President Kennedy". Upon observation, it was noted that this man was selling these placards on the property of the Trade Mart. He was contacted by Sergeant Sam Varner upon the instructions of Batchelor and told that he could not sell placards on the property. About this time, there were also two (2) men who showed up carrying placards which were anti-Kennedy in nature. They were on the property of the Trade Mart. Mr. William Cooper, Manager of the Trade Mart, objected to them being on his property and Batchelor went with Mr. Cooper and contacted these men. Mr. Cooper told them they could not carry the placards on their private property. Batchelor advised them that they must get on public property or they would be trespassing. They left the property and went across the street on Industrial Boulevard. Later, when it had been announced on the radio that the President had been shot, these men and three others got into an argument with spectators across the street. They all were arrested and taken to jail. These men were: William Lee Cummings, age 17, 2502 Waldon Dr.; Gary Dwayne Joiner, 2502 Walorum, age 17; Bobby Saville Joiner, 1725 Armstead, Grand Prairie, age 34; Gene Audra Guinn, 636 Lagwood, age 31; Roy Eugene Joiner, 2413 Christopher, Grand Prairie, age 17. These men were arrested by Officers T. T. Wardlaw and M. H. Brumley and charged with Investigation Conspiracy to Commit a Felony: To Wit Murder, which charge was changed to Trespassing.

Personnel assigned to the parade reported at 9:30 a.m. in the Assembly Room at Police Headquarters. This operation was under the command of Deputy Chief R. H. Lunday, aided by Inspector J. H. Sawyer and Captain P. W. Lawrence. The detail was one hundred sixty-eight (168) men composed of one hundred nine (109) Dallas Police supervisors and patrolmen, fifteen (15) detectives, eighteen (18) motorcycle officers for the presidential escort and twenty-six (26) Dallas Police Reservists. Additionally, at 7:00 a.m., a three-wheel motorcycle Sergeant and four (4) three-wheel motorcycle officers had reported for the purpose of placing "No Parking" signs at necessary areas along the route. All signalized intersections,

2-13 Excerpt from Secret Service report relating actual events during the Motorcade and assassination, note reference to argument and arrest of Trade Center demonstrators after the assassination

railroad overpasses and traffic overpasses had men assigned according to plan. The twenty-six (26) reservists, five (5) patrolmen and fifteen (15) detectives were assigned to patrol mid-block for security. Thirty-eight (38) officers, among which were three-wheel motorcycle officers and officers having cars who were assigned to the parade route from Mockingbird Lane and Cedar Springs to Pacific and Harwood, had assignments to report to the Trade Mart immediately after the motorcade had passed. This was for the purpose of containing what was expected to be large crowds of people along the bank of Stemmons Freeway Service Road and Industrial Boulevard. These same officers had third assignments after the luncheon at the Trade Mart along Hines and Mockingbird Lane which was the return route to Love Field.

About 9:30 a.m., November 22, 1963, Deputy Chief G. L. Lumpkin, joined by Homicide Detectives F. M. Turner and B. L. Senkel and Lt. Colonel George Whitmeyer, U. S. Army, Dallas Sub-section Commander, proceeded to Love Field over the route, as pilot car, to be taken by the President on the return trip. At this time, Detectives Senkel and Turner and Colonel Whitmeyer were told that our mission would be to travel the motorcade route from Love Field to the Trade Mart. They were instructed we would travel approximately one-fourth (1/4) mile ahead of the motorcade, and that we would be alert for motor vehicle accidents, fires and obstructions along the route. We would report anything we observed in the crowd or along the route that would be detrimental to the main party.

We would observe buildings and other points as security measures and should anything arise that, in our opinion, might cause the motorcade to be stopped or to be placed in danger, it was to be immediately radioed by Channel II to the lead car occupied by Chief J. E. Curry, Sheriff J. E. Decker and two Secret Service agents.

Upon arrival at Gate 28 at Love Field, we found a crowd of several thousand people congregated behind a chain link fence separating the field proper from the service entrances. We found that there had been an area roped off outside of the fence where a number of newspaper photographers had congregated.

We contacted Mr. Forrest Sorrells and Mr. Lawson and were introduced to Mr. Jack Putervaugh, a member of the White House Staff, whom Mr. Lawson had requested to ride in the pilot car. About this time, the Vice-President's planes landed and taxied into position in front of Gate 28. A few minutes later, the presidential plane landed and taxied into position in the vicinity of Gate 28. The presidential party alighted and, at that time, Lumpkin instructed Turner to ride in the right front seat where he

2-13b Continued, note reference to Scout car and the introduction of the "White House Staff Member," Mr. Puterbaugh

could observe from the right front of the car, Detective Senkel to ride in the left rear seat to observe from the left rear of the car. White House Staff Member Putervaugh was seated in the right rear seat to assist in the observations, and Lieutenant Colonel Whitmeyer in the center in the rear seat to observe. At this time, we moved the pilot car to the field exit nearest Cedar Springs, and awaited word from Chief J. E. Curry that the presidential party had started moving out. Upon receiving word from Chief Curry that the motorcade was moving at about 15 MPH, we proceeded to keep a distance of about one-fourth (1/4) mile or about 3 minutes ahead of the motorcade.

Upon reaching Mockingbird Lane, we radiod for a motorcycle as there was a slight traffic congestion, which was cleared up. We proceeded Mockingbird Lane to Lemmon Avenue. At Lemmon Avenue and Mahon, we radiod that we needed a traffic man to work the signal light, and requested a motorcycle. We reported that there was quite a crowd along the streets and all seemed to be well behaved.

We proceeded Lemmon Avenue to Turtle Creek. The crowd increased considerably. This information was radiod to the lead car. Then from Turtle Creek to Cedar Springs, Cedar Springs to Harwood, where all parking had been removed from the streets and the considerable crowd was very orderly. Harwood Street to Main Street. At this time we were maintaining about 3 minutes ahead of the motorcade. The crowd was increasing considerably along Main Street, but at this time were standing well back on the curb. We saw nothing that would indicate any disturbance.

Deputy Chief G. L. Lumpkin turned Main Street to Houston Street, stopped momentarily at the corner of Houston and Elm Street and notified the man working traffic at that corner that the motorcade was about 2 or 3 minutes behind us.

We proceeded to Elm Street, to Stemmons Expressway. There were cars parked on the shoulder on Stemmons Expressway and some spectators. Mr. Putervaugh remarked that the motorcade was 2 or 3 minutes behind time, but staying on schedule remarkably well.

About halfway to the Trade Mart on Stemmons Expressway, at 12:31 p.m., Chief J. E. Curry transmitted on Channel II, "Go to the hospital, Parkland Hospital, have them to stand by". "Get a man on top of the overpass and see what happened up there." Radio traffic was heavy at this point. We slowed the pilot car down in preparation of taking whatever action was deemed necessary by the Chief.

2-13c Continued, note the unscheduled addition of Lieutenant Co. Whitmeyer as compared to the Motorcade list in exhibit 2-12

"The Texas Mafia"

by Madeleine Brown

Was the Texas Mafia involved in the murder of President John F. Kennedy? If I had a concrete answer to that question, I am convinced that I would not be alive today.

In my book, *Texas in the Morning,* I voiced my suspicions. One person — an old and dear friend of mine — knows more about it than anyone else. Billy Sol Estes recently said that I have always been loyal to him, and that he loves me dearly. Billy Sol has always wanted the truth to be known, and gone farther than anyone else to divulge what he knows about many Texas murders.

Billy Sol has testified before a grand jury about more than ten Texas murders and the possible involvement of Lyndon Johnson in them, but the federal government doesn't seem to want to know more.

To people who study the Kennedy assassination, I ask, have you heard any of these names — Jesse Kellum, Malcom Wallace, Kinser, George deMohrenschildt, Jack Puterbaugh, Jim Wright, Jake Pickle, Fred Florence. Jesse Jones, Jim Wright, Ralph Yarborough, John Connally, Sid Richardson, Clint Murchison and H. L. Hunt? What do the names mean to you? I knew them all. Not all were my personal friends, but I either knew them socially or in my work as an advertising account executive, I did business with them.

As a Dallas native, I fondly remember the days when it was simply our home town. A place where the druggist knew what medicine would cure you, and send it to your home by a delivery boy whom you called by name. One of those nice youngsters who came to our door was named "Rocky" White. When you call a person by their first names for years, it's difficult to think of them as criminals. But it is true that Dallas, and all of Texas, changed over the years. Oil first brought about the changes.

The big oil strikes from the 1900s to 1930s changed the face of Dallas. Neiman-Marcus became the place were movie stars visited to buy fur coats. Ranchers' wives flew in to Dallas to shop, and then back to huge ranches where parties were as sophisticated as any given on the Riviera. Dallas was called "Big D — the biggest and best."

Texas in the Morning is available at major book stores. The booklet "Dallas Did It!", written by Connie Kritzberg and me, will be revised and reproduced soon.

Thinking about Billy Sol conjures up images of money and multiple murders and the madness of a witch hunt. How did such a basically kind, generous, religious and good man inflame the evil passions that ran amok in Texas and Washington, D. C.? Why was Billie Sol and his lovely family destroyed by powerful, devious men?

The answers began unfolding along with "cloak and dagger" rumors that President Kennedy and Attorney General Robert Kennedy would dump Lyndon from the '64 ticket. Both the President and Attorney General saw an opportunity to publicly hu-

miliate Lyndon forever when Billie Sol's financial entanglement involving the United States Agriculture Department caused the largest scandal in Texas history. Kennedy, seizing a golden opportunity, ordered an "investigation" (witch hunt) and the Justice Department sent in seventy-six FBI agents to investigate one millionaire.

Billie Sol, with only twenty-eight thousand dollars in his pocket after moving to the dusty West Texas desert town of Pecos, had become, in a ridiculously short time, one of the wealthiest men in the Lone Star state. With his cash-on-hand, Billie Sol bought cheap land. Then by simple irrigation, doubled its productivity and hence its value. Pecos' farmers had tried irrigation before, but the high cost of electricity to run the pumps proved insurmountable. Yet with singular elegance, Billie Sol located the nearest natural gas pipeline and formulated the plan to get it extended to the Pecos' area so that irrigation pumps could be driven by much less expensive natural gas.

Using his own natural management style and marketing ability, coupled with favoritism and resources from the U. S. Agriculture Department, his personal friendship and association with Lyndon and Cliff Carter, Jack Puterbaugh, and Orville Freeman, Billie Sol gained first-hand knowledge on the "inside" government operations of the Cotton Allotment Program. Billie Sol skillfully used this information to achieve the best possible development of the West Texas desert soil. His drive, sincere manner, and imagination were his major assets. Eventually, he caused the deserts to bloom in fruitful abundance, fueling a massive shot of money into the Texas agricultural economy.

The Jet Set called him the "King of the Texas Wheeler-Dealers" and everyone respected him as a wizard of financial enterprise. He was a pillar of his church, the benefactor of people down on their luck — making sure the homeless had a roof over their heads, the hungry had a sack of groceries, and the children an education. Billie Sol was indeed, in character, much like my dear father George, Lyndon and my son Steven, and my grandfather Lee, always dis-

playing loving, tender care for all mankind, especially the needy.

Jesse Kellum told me that Lyndon had requested Billie Sol to meet with him at the Driskill along with Cliff Carter, Lyndon's hatchet man in Washington, Puterbaugh, and Freeman, in the early cold spring of 1961. As they were approaching an intersection near the Driskill, they came upon a blind beggar with outstretched hands holding a rusted tin cup. Billie Sol reached deep into his pocket and filled to over flowing the beggar's cup with sizable bills. Jesse, in a disapproving voice said, "Hey, don't do that. He's richer than all of us together. He owns a big ranch in South Texas."

With his usual warm smile and fingers pointing to his eyes, Billie Sol in a companioned tinged voice exclaimed, "You're so very wrong, Jesse, he could have all the capital in the world and we all would be richer by far — we can see the sun, the moon and the stars!"

But those were the nice memories. Just as vividly, I remember one occasion when, before joining Lyndon in his suite, I met briefly with Jesse in his office where I negotiated a contract for our client, Southland Life Insurance Company. As I left his office, I caught a glimpse of Lyndon and Mac Wallace, heads together in one of the KTBC executive suites. (I would often see Lyndon, Cliff Carter, Mac Wallace, Jerome Ragsdale and Jesse Kellam together in the KTBC executive offices.) Noting the cold look in Lyndon's eyes, sadness overcame me as I remembered the John Kinser murder on the golf course in Austin. My morbid curiosity was aroused about whose life and which political issue was at stake.

Jesse told me he didn't understand why everyone in Washington was so upset. Sid Richardson, Clint Murchison and H. L. Hunt were always wheeling and dealing along similar lines. Sid made his and Mr. Sam's protégé, Robert Anderson (an aid to Eisenhower who was being groomed to be vice president), a millionaire by a phony deal which permitted him to buy oil stock for a dollar a share and then sell it for a profit of almost a million dollars.

H. L. and the others entertained us often about similar deals. No one ever got upset and certainly there wasn't a government

investigation. However, when Henry Marshall, the U. S. Agriculture official, started investigating Billie Sol, mayhem and murders started popping up overnight.

On June 3, 1961, one Henry Marshall was found dead on a remote section of his farm near Franklin, Texas, shortly before his investigation became public. His death was ruled a suicide (without an autopsy — even though the family requested one), despite the fact that he had been shot in the abdomen five times with a single shot bolt action rifle clearly an improbable suicide, but a probable murder.

John Kinser, who was killed by Malcolm Wallace, taught me to play golf. So, in natural ways, I knew so many who might have, and some may still be, members of the Texas Mafia. Henry Marshall may have been murdered by Wallace, as well. There were members who I don't know of course.

After Mr. Sam's [Rayburn] demise, Billie Sol got the word that his allotments had been canceled. He immediately contacted Clifton Carter and East Texas Senator Ralph Yarborough and then flew to Washington in early 1962. The outcome of that meeting was that the cancellation of Billie Sol's allotments was overturned and they were quickly reinstated.

It is still difficult to believe that almost a year later, Billie Sol was in jail in lieu of a half-a-million dollar bond; grand jury charges were prepared; suits and countersuits were filed. Senator Yarborough and other politicians were anxiously scanning every news release; Lyndon was discreetly silent. Federal agricultural authorities began investigating as to whether the millions of bushels in government grain in Billie Sol's storage were intact.

Among the most important of the many-sided Billie Sol Estes enterprises was his anhydrous ammonia fertilizer business which, with rigorously competitive procedures, he was building into a virtual West Texas monopoly.

Then Robert E. Manuel, counsel for the minority Republicans on the House Subcommittee conducting the investigations, grew impatient with the closed hearings and cover-up procedures and

"leaked" a 175-page Agriculture Department report on Billie Sol's cotton allotments. It incorporated the work of the late Henry Marshall, who was, the papers casually reported, shot to death while investigating Billie Sol's acquisition of extensive cotton allotments.

Manuel revealed that when Billie Sol was in Washington in January, he had pressured Carl J. Miller, an Agriculture Department employee, by invoking the names and influence of Lyndon and Clifton Carter. For such improper and embarrassing conduct, the Democratic-dominated House committee at once fired Counsel Manuel.

But when Manuel "leaked" the sculpted Agriculture report with the results of Marshall's investigation, he fanned the fires of suspicion smoldering in Texas. Already many were asking: "Did Marshall really commit suicide?"

On the night of April 4, 1962, at the western end of Texas, a rancher came upon the body of George Krutilek in the sandhills near the town of Clint, slumped in his car with a hose from his exhaust stuck in the window. He had been dead for several days and the El Paso County pathologist, Dr. Frederick Bornstein, held that he certainly did not die from carbon monoxide poisoning.

Krutilek was a forty-nine-year-old certified public accountant who had undergone grilling by FBI agents on April 2, the day after Billie Sol's arrest. The investigation concerned the Billie Sol affair. Krutilek had worked for Estes and had been the recipient of his favors, but he was never seen or heard of again after the FBI grilling until his badly decomposed body was found.

On May 18, 1962, at Bryan, Texas, District Judge John Barron ordered a grand jury probe into "the mystery death" of Henry Marshall, "to clear the clouds connecting this with the Billie Sol Estes case . . . " and indicated that Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman, former governor of Minnesota, would be called to testify, particularly in view of his public statement on May 7 that "much of Billie Sol's case was cloudy because many of the facts died with Marshall."

Marshall's body was exhumed and for days pathologists, doctors and scientists tested, sifted and analyzed the findings. They discovered enough carbon monoxide in Marshall's lungs to have incapacitated him, which was strange since his body was not found in his pick-up truck. A blow on his head was likewise serious enough to have incapacitated him. The single shot bolt-action .22 caliber rifle, which he would have had to hold at arm's length, with the bolt operated by hand after each shot, was found at the scene. Five shots had entered the body from the front. One severed his aorta near the heart, another penetrated his liver and another had gone through his lung, any one of which could have been fatal.

For anyone who knows guns, the conclusion of murder was inescapable. But after almost two weeks, the Texas grand jury, impaneled with twelve "good men and true" . . . "were unable to agree" on whether or not Marshall's death was a murder or a suicide. Billie Sol told me years later that he believed that someone was deliberately placed on the jury to "hang it," to prevent a forthright honest verdict. Whatever the reason, the verdict stunned the entire state of Texas as the Mac Wallace murder case in Austin had ten years earlier.

In March of 1984, Clint Peoples, U. S. Marshal, encouraged Billie Sol to come forward after twenty-three years of wondering about Marshall's death. Billie Sol testified with [partial] immunity from prosecution before a grand jury that he had attended at least three meetings with Lyndon — two in Washington and one at the Driskill Hotel — during which they discussed the need to "stop Marshall from disclosing Estes' fraudulent business dealings and his ties with Johnson." Billie Sol wanted to clear his conscience about Marshall's death and named Malcolm "Mac" Wallace as the triggerman.

Billy Sol and I were so concerned that Clint Peoples, Former U. S. Marshal who was becoming elderly, tell what he knew about the murders, that we arranged to see Clint and photograph him on camera. I had to cancel a meeting I had on a Friday, and rescheduled for the next Friday. Next Tuesday, a car forced Clint's car off the road. He died on June 23, 1992, but not before he told his wife

that it was "another Texas murder."

Just this year, in 1998, Steven Pegues, who had gone to school with my son, was researching and writing more about the Texas Mafia. Before his book was published, he died. He was still a young man, and some believe he was another victim of the Texas Mafia.

So yes, I knew Jack Puterbaugh and others in the "Ag department" as we called it long before the assassination of President Kennedy. It was a natural outgrowth of knowing Lyndon Johnson and Texas politics.

But nothing upset me so much as seeing Malcom Wallace target shooting at the Dallas Gun Club a few days before the assassination. I had thought we were rid of the stone killer; that he was in California. When I saw him shooting that gun in Dallas, I was frightened. Now, all these years later, I still believe he was involved in the assassination.

Chapter 4

THE "BREAKDOWN" OF THE INFRASTRUCTURE OF THE SECRET SERVICE ON NOVEMBER 22, 1963

by Vince Palamara

While it is a relatively easy task to point out the Secret Service's general deficiencies in regard to the tragic events of November 22, 1963 in Dallas, Texas, it has been a more difficult feat to lay bare all of the specific things that went wrong in regard to security. This has been achieved primarily through a combination of luck, hard work, and, perhaps most importantly, dealing with primary

sources (documents) and primary people (the actual former agents themselves). However, one very significant element has been missing up to now due in no small part to then constant evolution of my own thinking on the subject: who in the agency benefited? Who did not? JUST HOW WERE THESE LAPSES IN SECURITY ALLOWED TO HAPPEN?

After discarding the options of mere innocence, guilt, negligence, and, more recently, the notion of a "benign" security-stripping test that "backfired" into the assassination, I have now come to the FIRM conclusion, based on seven-plus years of heavy, primary research and numerous interviews, that the Secret Service actions (and inactions) in Texas were due largely to a significant breakdown in both the chain of command and the respect of superior authority. In addition, I believe a "malignant" test of the President's security was involved on/around November 22, 1963, with the actual intent to HARM AND/OR EMBARRASS President Kennedy, rather than merely shaking him into seeing that the Service needed more funds, equipment, and personnel (benefits which would arise from any attempt to harm JFK, successful or otherwise). Furthermore, it is now my strong belief, after shaking off years of equivocation, that several agents HAD to have been involved in the ACTUAL assassination by getting wind of the impending threat and letting it happen, not by an unruly mob out to treat Kennedy like Adlai Stevenson (the byproduct of a "malignant" test), but by a "flurry of shells," to quote Agent Kellerman in a much different kind of context.

If Dallas was the "Superbowl" (a very appropriate analogy), then the "game" was not merely rigged, it was fixed from the very start by a combination of inexperienced "third-stringers" and "benchwarmers." These men, knowingly or unknowingly, let the assassination happen through sheer incompetence, inexperience, and a desire to usurp the authority presented by the chain of command, whether those in this command were present in Texas or "out of the loop" in another part of the country at the crucial moment or moments. Key elements of this "team" chose to call their OWN

"plays" in Dallas and, just as in the game of football, the consequences of defeat can wreak havoc on General Management (Treasury officials), the coaches (the brass), and, ultimately, certain players (the agents themselves). A look at the consequences of Dallas — the breakdown of the infrastructure of the Secret Service — is now in order.

C. DOUGLAS DILLON, the Secretary of the Treasury, was responsible for the overall operations of the Secret Service during the Kennedy presidency. Dillon was certainly "out of the loop" on 11/22/63—he was on a crowded Cabinet plane bound for Japan via Hawaii with Dean Rusk, Orville Freeman, and most of the major players, including Press Secretary Pierre Salinger, whose absence on the Texas trip planning was profound. Agent Bob Lilley told me that Salinger, who normally made these trips, was "extremely knowledgable" about proper motorcade planning and security concerns, as the agency had "worked closely with Pierre on all our advance work"—except in Dallas [author's interviews with Lilley, 1992-1996]. As William Manchester accurately reported, even Andy Hatcher, the number two man, was left behind, ostensibly because he was a Negro, leaving a "third-stringer," Malcolm Kilduff, to make his first major trip on his own (The Death of a President, 1988 edition, p.12; author's interviews with Sam Kinney, 1992-1994. Interestingly, a Negro agent, Robert R. Faison, was a prominent member of the Secret Service on the Texas trip). In Dillon's place, ASST. SEC. ROBERT A. WALLACE had, among other duties, issued an "official" denial to the press at 3:33 p.m. that an agent was killed in Dallas, as the AP, UPI, and all the networks were continually reporting as fact—at this time, AFI was on its way back to Washington with JFK's body [NBC video, 3:40 p.m.] Another deputy, ACTING SEC. G. d'ANGELOT BELIN also "stepped in" in Dillon's absence during crucial parts of 1963 and 1964 [18H810-815; 933-934]; in fact, this man was "confused" by Chief Rowley as being the General Counsel of the Warren Commission (18H810-815]!

Fallout? Although Dillon, a member of the "Stop Castro" lobby

in Washington [Destiny Betrayed by Jim DiEugenio, p. 334] and the primary member of the "Dillon Committee" that whitewashed and covered-up the agency's performance on November 22 (ironically formalized on November 22, 1964), a duty he would repeat for another agency as a member of the Rockefeller Commission with another Belin (David), he was replaced in January 1965 by UNDERSECRETARY HENRY "JOE" H. FOWLER.

CHIEF JAMES J ROWLEY was a close, personal friend of J EDGAR HOOVER who usually left day-to-day operations up to his top men, except on important trips (i.e. Germany, June, 1963) [author's interview with Rowley 9/27/92]. However, although quite aware of both the Chicago (11/2/63) AND the Florida (11/18/63) threats before Dallas ["The Third Alternative" by the author, p. 53; HSCA audio tape of Rowley, 9/78], Rowley was left "out of the loop" back in Washington, D.C., attending a luncheon on 11/22/63 [Truman Library Oral History, 1988]. Meanwhile, DEPUTY CHIEF PAUL PATERNI, a member of the OSS during WWII and a former partner of James Jesus Angleton and Ray Rocca ["Who's Who in the CIA"], would provide the only significant hands-on participation from the Chief's office on 11/22/63: he was principally involved in the limousine inspection at the White House Garage with Floyd Boring whereupon bullet fragments, skull particles, and vehicle damage was "noted" before the FBI got their hands on the car [CD8O, p. 3].

Fallout? Rowley took much heat before, during, and after his FBI, WC, and HSCA appearances, in place of many of his more deserving deputies [see also The Day Kennedy Was Shot, by Jim Bishop, 1988 edition, p. 558]. He was ultimately replaced during the Watergate crisis by H. STUART KNIGHT (more on him later).

SAIC GERALD A. BEHN went against protocol, not by removing himself from the 11/18/63 Florida trip (manned by Floyd Boring), but by his absence—coinciding with his first full vacation—on the Texas trip (Behn was also in Washington "out of the loop"). Former Chief U. E. Baughman stated that the SAIC [Behn] or his immediate assistant [Boring] always accompany the President when he

leaves Washington [Secret Service Chief by Baughman, p.129]; in fact, a prominent member of the press corps in Dallas, Jerry ter Horst, wrote that Behn, who "traditionally accompanied" JFK, "would never forgive himself or be forgiven by others" for missing the Texas trip [The Flying White House, p 214]. Instead, yet another "third stringer," ASAIC [#3] ROY H. KELLERMAN, was making his first major trip on his own without either Behn OR Boring [author's interviews with Sam Kinney, 1992-1994]!

ASAIC [#2] FLOYD M. BORING, although also back in Washington, was IN CHARGE OF PLANNING THE TEXAS TRIP [author's interviews with Boring and Kinney, 1993-1994; Truman Library Oral History, 1988, p. 63; The Day Kennedy Was Shot", 1988 edition, p. 558]! **Boring had given ADVANCE AGENT WINSTON G. LAWSON the Dallas assignment** [4H342] **and had been working prominently with another advance agent, David B. Grant,** Lawson's often forgotten partner of 11/13-11/22 [17H601], **on Kennedy's (cancelled) trip to Chicago (11/2) and Florida (11/18) AND Texas (11/21-11/22); Grant was the sole advance agent on the first two of these three major trips.** In addition, Boring was involved both in the critical checks of the PRS for potential threats to JFK for Dallas-which yielded NOTHING-and the important Trade Mart (vs. Women's Building) decision, which ultimately determined the motorcade route choice(s), the speed of the car(s), and the security of the (inferior) building selected (4H337; 21H546; 11HSCA516; 2H1 07-108; 11 HSCA516; 2H107-108; 11H5CA523; The Third Alternative, pp 11, 50; "Boring is Interesting", May 1995 Fourth Decade]. Among other things, not the least of which was Behn's adamant stance against the Trade Mart, **Boring HAD to have** known of the prior (11/2-11/18/63) threats against JFK, as did his aforementioned partner, David Grant.

ADVANCE AGENT DAVID B. GRANT—joined Lawson late on the night of 11/16/63 and was involved in the extremely important meetings (with Betty Forsling Harris, the DPD, and others) which resulted in the following: a deleted squad car, the changes in the motorcade's order of vehicles, the depletion of 18 motor-

cycles for JFK down to a measley 4 non-flanking units, and the removal of the press, photographers, Cecil Stoughton, Dr. Burkley, Godfrey McHugh, and Ted Clifton towards the rear of the motorcade in defiance of traditional protocol—being close to JFK [The Third Alternative pp. 18, 49; "Boring is Interesting", May 1995 Fourth Decade; Deep Politics and the Death Of JFK by Peter Dale Scott, pp. 277-278; HSCA interview w/Winston Lawson, 1/31/78-new documents just released]. While Lawson, a former Army counter-intelligence agent [4H318] rode in the lead car, Grant was stationed at the Trade Mart on 11/22/63 (Interestingly, as revealed in the newly-released HSCA/Secret Service interviews, Lawson stated that Lt Col. George Whitmeyer, who taught Army intelligence, rode in the pilot car, although he wasn't scheduled to be in the motorcade in the first place!).

ATSAIC [deputy of the ASAIC's] **EMORY P. ROBERTS was in command of the other 7 agents in the Secret Service follow-up car for all three major trips in November, 1963: Chicago (11/2-cancelled), Florida (11/18) and Texas**(11/21-11/22). While the other two ATSAIC's, Stewart G. Stout and Arthur L. Godfrey, were elsewhere (Stout at the Trade Mart, Godfrey in Austin at the Commodore-Perry Hotel [author's interviews with Godfrey, both in 1996), Roberts was in a position to exhibit alot of power, made manifest first by his critical positioning of the other seven agents in the car, especially agents HENRY J. RYBKA (a member of the car on 11/21-11/22 before Dallas [Shift Reports of 11/21-11/22/63 via ARRB; Sturges film, Carswell AFB; 25H787]) and PRS agent GLENN A. BENNETT, who was making his very first trip ever [HSCA interview of Bennett, 1976; author interview of Kinney], riding in this most important of protective vehicles (Bennett was an administrator—if there were ostensibly, NO threats found by PRS of Dallas, WHY was Bennett placed here [he needed reminding by Lawson-17H631]? Could it be that he was (covertly) actively searching for KNOWN threats and this was covered-up afterwards [see author's article in the April 1997 "JFK/ Deep Politics Quarterly"]? As for Rybka, as discovered by this author, he was recalled by Rob-

erts at Love Field [seeWFAA/ABC video and author's COPA 1995-1996 presentation videos], although Roberts would later cover this up by "mistakenly" placing Rybka IN the car via TWO written reports after-the-fact [18H739; Shift Report of 11/22/63 via ARRB]; even Lawson made this same "mistake" in his Final Survey Report (LBJ Library copy)].

In addition, once on Elm Street and **after recognizing the first shot as a RIFLE blast** (not a firecracker), **Roberts recalled agent John D. Ready, the closest agent to JFK on the follow-up car, an action which he later erroneously blamed on the speed and distance between the two cars** [18H734-735; 749-750] **and ordered the other agents not to move** [author's interviews with Sam Kinney, 1994]! From this moment on, Roberts totally usurped ASAIC Kellerman's proper authority in Dallas, and overtook the reigns of command, especially at Parkland Hospital [see "The Strange Actions (and Inaction) of Agent Emory Roberts", October 1996 "JFK/DPQ" by the author]. However, Roberts wasn't the only agent to usurp Kellerman's authority on Elm Street...

Driver William R. Greer, as has been documented many times by this author [see "47 Witnesses: Delay on Elm Street" Jan/March 1992 Third Decade for example], turned around in his seat twice to stare at JFK without speeding up and evacuating the scene, and disobeyed a direct order from his superior, Roy Kellerman, who was sitting less than two feet away from him in the front seat of the limousine; this all occurred before the fatal head shot arrived. For his part, Kellerman proved to be an inexperienced "third-stringer," not making any attempt to come to the aid of the wounded President although, like Greer, he also saw JFK hit via turning around in his seat. Kellerman claimed that JFK said both "Get me to a hospital" [Sibert & O'Neil interview of Kellerman 11/22/63; 2H73] and "My God, I've been hit" [2H73] AND made the equally-ludicrous claim that JFK, with "his left hand in back of him appear [ed] to be reaching to a point on his right shoulder," an action not seen by any other witness or photographic artifact associated with 11/22/63!

SAIC OF VP (LBJ) DETAIL, H. STUART KNIGHT was also absent from the Texas trip, although he was replaced by his deputy in Dallas, ASAIC RUFUS W. YOUNGBLOOD, on 11/25/63, he was back in Washington on 11/21-11/22/63, inactive ("20 Years in the Secret Service," by Youngblood, pp. S6-97; author's interviews with Knight 1992-1994 and Youngblood 1992-1994). Although "official" history tells us that Youngblood received a medal for his fast actions in Dallas covering LBJ (who wasn't even a target) after the first shot sounded, **Senator Ralph Yarborough, who sat in the very same car with Youngblood and LBJ, said that this never happened-not only did** Youngblood never even leave the front seat, the agent and LBJ were **listening to a walkie-talkie with the volume set too low for the Senator to hear what they were picking up** ["The Death of a President," p. 166 - surprisingly, on this **Dave Powers, who rode in the follow-up car in place of Cecil Stoughton, agreed with Yarborough**]

Fallout concerning Behn, Boring, Kellerman, Roberts, Lawson, Grant, Knight, and Youngblood? Behn was demoted -with Knight- on January 1965 to a non-protective function known as "Special Investigations," which dealt in a tedious area of fraud. Who were these two replaced by? Rufus Youngblood, who became Kellerman's equal on 11/22/63 and Behn's equal soon after, while becoming Knight's superior immediately. While Lawson was tabbed as the "one and only first ever-advance agent ever to lose a President" by an emotional Lawson himself ["Inside the Secret Service" video 1995; see also Manchester, p. 312], his long-forgotten partner, **David Grant, went on to become an advance man during the Nixon years** and lived in near-total anonymity from the events of Dallas until this author "(re)discovered" him for the research community- **Roberts became the Records Sec. to LBJ** [interview with Kinney 1994], sharing important duties with another Roberts, Mrs. Juanita Roberts, Johnson's Chief Private Secretary (Manchester, p. 403; Bishop, pp. 430, 528]. To date, this author has been unable to confirm if this was Emory's wife, nor have I been able to confirm if Roberts, who died unexpectedly in the late 1960's, was the same

agent who took his own life in Washington with his own weapon (the agent showed signs he was beginning to buckle), according to agents Marty Venker and Chuck Rochner ("Confessions of an Ex-Secret Service Agent" by George Rush and Marty Venker, pp. 216-217). Emory Roberts was the SECOND agent to die after Dallas. Who was the first? Fellow ATSAIC Stewart G. Stout-Stout died immediately after Dallas, cause unknown to date-Agents Kinney and Boring would NOT tell me how he died during my interviews with them! In fact, Boring expressed much doubt that Stout was EVEN IN DALLAS, which he unquestionably was [2HKellerman; see also 18H665-702 and SS Shift reports via ARRB]. Interestingly, on another November day when a President was in the midst of an assassination attempt (Truman), not only was Floyd Boring temporarily in charge of the detail, but Stout was with him, as well, performing the very same duties: armed and ready, safely away inside a building (Blair House and the Trade Mart, respectively)!

What about Boring? He was PROMOTED to Inspector right after Dallas, a highly coveted position of power and prestige (author's interviews with Jerry Behn (9/27/92) and Floyd Boring 1993-1994]! And, while Behn, Kellerman, Rowley, and Lawson were subjected to public and media scrutiny of a negative sort, coupled with testifying to either the FBI, the WC, the HSCA, or all of the above, significantly, those who I feel strongly were "out of the loop" on purpose—**Boring, Grant, and Roberts—testified to NO ONE associated with any of the official investigations**! Although the HSCA did have Boring's and Grant's addresses, they were apparently not contacted (as borne out by the footnotes or lack of them- in the HSCA's Report and accompanying volumes). Roberts was interviewed by Manchester, and I strongly suspect that he was the source for the erroneous quote, attributed to Boring, that JFK had told the agents to get off the rear of the limousine in Florida on 11/18/63 (Boring denied that this was true AND that he was ever contacted by Manchester, and he is joined by notable colleagues Kinney, Godfrey, Lilly, Behn and many others as denouncing the whole mythology of JFK "desiring" to do away with the

agents on/near the rear of the limousine, the motorcycles, the bubbletop, etc, [see "Boring is Interesting" and the 1995-1996 COPA videos for more on this issue]. As noted in my previous work, it is this "JFK-as-Scapegoat" theme, adopted by Roberts, Boring, Grant, and perhaps even Lawson, that, along with the impossible lack of PRS subjects for Dallas, greatly contributed, along with this breakdown of infrastructure, to what occurred on 11/22/63).

To summarize: while Dillon was "out of the loop" (and out of the country with Salinger et. al.), and while Chief Rowley and SAIC Behn were inactive in D.C., Boring was pulling the strings for Dallas via D.C., whereupon his deputies, Advance agent Grant and ATSAIC Emory Roberts, upstaged, commandeered, and, ultimately usurped the authority of "third-stringers" Roy Kellerman and Asst. Press Sec. Mac Kilduff (essentially a non-player), not to mention Roberts' fellow ATSAIC's Godfrey and Stout AND Grant's "hapless" partner, advance agent Lawson. In addition, Youngblood took Knight's place both in Dallas and AFTER Dallas, and Greer joined in his comrades Roberts and Boring in usurping Kellerman 's authority.

This, I believe, is the key to what ultimately transpired on November 22, 1963—mixing in JFK's fraudulent security "desires" with a healthy dose of infrastructure breakdown spelled a deadly potion for the planing and implementation of security concerns and agent behavior in Dallas.

Maybe there is a REASON a healthy majority of the agents went for unauthorized drinks on the eve of the murder after all...

Chapter 5

"HEAR NO EVIL; SPEAK NO EVIL"

The official version of the John Kennedy assassination was established firmly and quickly largely through an aggressive and well reported series of statements from J. Edgar Hoover and the issuance of the official FBI report, the result of an investigative effort of a mere three weeks. The report was leaked to the press as early as December 3rd and largely fixed public and media opinion even before President Johnson's handpicked Commission had even held its first meeting on December 9th (Professor Peter Dale Scott, Deep Politics, p 47 and WC 3H 675).

Less than four hours after the President had been murdered Hoover produced memos (5:15 memo to Tolson and others; de-

tails in Fourth Decade, July 1997) describing Oswald as "very probably" the killer. The next day, November 23, Hoover spoke by telephone to Johnson and said that the Dallas evidence was not strong enough to gain a conviction (Johnson Presidential tapes, 1998 release), and in another Saturday call to Johnson's staffer Walter Jenkins, Hoover related that "**the thing I am most concerned about is having something issued so we can convince the public that Oswald is the assassin**" (memo relating to phone conversation from Nov. 24th, first released to Church Committee and also repeated by Hoover to Johnson directly; see "Taking Charge," The Johnson White House Tapes, 1963-64, edited and with commentary by Michael Beschless).

It rapidly became a very difficult proposition to contradict the story as first developed by 4 p.m. on the afternoon of November 22; not that contradictions didn't appear early. The first surfaced that evening when numerous authorities began to come forward with strong indications of a Communist conspiracy involving Castro, the Russians, or possibly both. Some of this was made public, most was not.

One effort that was promptly stopped was the development of charges by the Deputy District Attorney in Dallas, Bill Alexander, which would have formally accused Lee Oswald of murder as part of a Communist conspiracy (Manchester, Death of a President, p 287).

However, other and significantly more serious elaboration's on this theme were emerging. Within hours, Fourth Army Command (parent command of the 112th Army Intelligence group with offices in Dallas and New Orleans) communicated word of Oswald's Cuban connections in a message to the U.S. Strike Command at McDill Air Force Base in Florida. The USSTRICOM quick reaction group would have likely been among the first forces to be called into action if a move against Cuba had come in the aftermath of the assassination.

The FBI and CIA staffs in Dallas huddled to review earlier warnings of Oswald's recent visit to the Russian and Mexican embassies

in Mexico City, including a personal contact with the head agent of the KGB's American "wet" assassination activities (exhibits 5-1 and 5-2). At the same time anti-Communist / anti-Castro groups such as INCA in New Orleans and INTERPEN affiliates in Miami began to issue a stream of details relating to Oswald and a Cuban plot originating from his earlier trip to Mexico City. Although the majority of this information was later proven to be entirely false and contrived, it certainly was a significant factor at the time Interested readers are referred to Peter Dale Scott's Deep Politics II for an extensive presentation of facts and analysis relating these activities, as well as those in Mexico City itself.

By Saturday, the Mexico City US embassy and CIA staffs were so agitated by evidence of conspiracy that personal intervention by President Johnson and Robert Kennedy was required to prevent their going public with the story (reference exhibit 5-3). Although the Warren Commission would later report that Oswald's visits and contacts six weeks before were unknown until after November 22, the Mexico City CIA station chief, Win Scott, went on record that all information was immediately passed to Ambassador Mann, CIA headquarters and the FBI, "because we thought Lee Oswald might be a dangerous potential defector" (NARA doc. 1993.07.21.19:48:51:680590).

Years later Oswald's assigned FBI monitor in Dallas, James Hosty, would state that Oswald files with these details arrived in Dallas mere days before November 22 and that the CIA did not identify Oswald's Russian contact as being a major KGB agent. Nevertheless, he describes that information as surfacing quickly and creating a virtual panic over the following weekend (Hosty, Assignment Oswald, chapter 3; Scott, Deep Politics, p 30).

As early as seven hours after the assassination the **destruction of evidence began as Hosty's superior ordered him to destroy a handwritten note which Oswald had personally delivered to the Dallas FBI office.** This November 16th note and it's destruction were buried by the FBI until 1975 [Refer to Deep Politics Peter Dale Scott, p.45 for a detailed personal accounting of the destruc-

tion, James Hosty, also Hosty, **Assignment Oswald**, 1996]. For overall details and analysis of the Mexico City incidents see Peter Dale Scott, Deep Politics II and the HSCA Lopez Report, finally released in 1997.

In Washington Director Hoover was talking about a single gunman and having the matter well in hand by 5 p.m., but in Dallas the situation required a good deal more control.

In fact by the evening of November 22, Lyndon Johnson and his staff were personally involved in a virtual crusade to shut off any mention of conspiracy. The Dallas District Attorney (American History Illustrated November, 1988 "Destiny in Dallas" by Edward Oxford), the Texas State Attorney General (WC V p. 259) and the Chief of Police in Dallas all received calls from the White House, from Cliff Carter and President Johnson himself, encouraging them to halt any charges or discussions of conspiracy. This effort was also strongly supported by Director Hoover and actively seconded by Assistant Attorney General Nick Katzenbach.

The FBI also moved quickly to silence DPD Chief Curry, with SAIC Shanklin being instructed to visit the Chief and elicit a retraction concerning Oswald's Communist connections (Shanklin was threatened by Hoover with dismissal if he failed). He was successful and Curry went so far as to repeat that "to his own personal knowledge the FBI did not have any previous information regarding Lee Harvey Oswald nor about Oswald being a Communist" which was, in fact, a total untruth on all points (reference DPD CIS memo by Jack Revill; exhibit 5-4).

With Johnson's authority and support, Hoover moved quickly to neutralize the Dallas police investigation by having all evidence turned over to the FBI and flown out of Dallas by midnight on the 22nd. This essentially removed the inquiry from Texas, where the murder was legally a capital crime and moved it to the Federal level, where it was not (exhibit 5-5 relates DPD Captain Curry's decision to go along with the pressure and hand off the evidence before midnight).

Katzenbach also appears to have been extremely proactive in

his own conspiracy control efforts, from the earliest hours throughout the formation of the Warren Commission (reference HSCA 180-10105-10200).

At one point when the creation of a Texas judicial investigation seemed likely, a memo from FBI agent Evans to Belmont (November 27/.62-109060-1669) stated that "**Katzenbach feels one of the dangers ... is the possibility that the state hearing ... may develop some pertinent information not now known...**" "He is having AAG Miller confer with state officials in Texas in an effort to have them restrict their hearing to the proposition of showing merely that Oswald killed the President. He hopes to avoid the state hearing going into the question of motive or trying to resolve the Communist angle."

Katzenbach's efforts to blunt any real investigation remained consistent, then transferred on to a focus on the Warren Commission and its report. He even assisted Hoover in shutting down media calls, such as those from "Saturday Evening Post" magazine for a separate investigation. Further evidence of FBI media control is found in a teletype from the NYC Bureau office to Hoover indicating that NBC had agreed not to report anything on the assassination which had not been cleared by the Bureau (Village Voice, 3/31/1992).

In fact, we now know that Johnson used the Communist connection scenario as his main tool in forcefully recruiting Chief Justice Warren, and the Commission was told in no uncertain terms that its job was developing a report, not investigating the assassination. Perhaps his real goal was best expressed directly to Senator Richard Russell while recruiting him for the Commission:

"all you gotta do is evaluate a Hoover report he has already made"

("Johnson Tapes," 1998 release)

Katzenbach would continue his crusade with the new Commission, by attending its first meeting on December 5th and writing each member a personal letter on December 9th suggesting the Commission immediately issue a press release stating that the FBI

report clearly showed that there was no international conspiracy and Oswald was a "Loner." (HSCA Chronology - Creation of the Warren Commission; #180-10105-10200)

Yet during the next week, the official story would be far different. With full knowledge of the Cuban and Russian connections, and the state of near panic that it was creating at high levels, Director Hoover told the press (as reported in an AP release of November 25) that "**Not one shred of evidence has been developed to link any other person in a conspiracy with Oswald to assassinate President Kennedy.**" Of course, Hoover knew that statement to be an outright lie, since he had full access to the Mexico City tape intercepts from the Cuban embassy, and by this time Dallas agents had listened to a copy of the tape and concluded that one of the wire taps containing calls to the Russian embassy was of a purported Lee Oswald whose Russian was poor but Spanish was good and who did not sound like the Lee Oswald in Dallas (HSCA Lopez Report p 77, MEXI CIA cable 7023 of November 23, 1963, DIR CIA HQ cable 84915 of November 23, 1963 also for detail, see Scott, Deep Politics II, pp 9-12).

However, such facts seem to have had little to do with the majority of the FBI's own efforts which within 24 hours were turned only towards Oswald and away from anything else. This is reflected in the rapid change of instructions to the FBI field offices. A 3:06 p.m. Friday, November 22, memo directed offices to a broad investigation and contact with all informants including "security, racial and criminal as well as other sources." The memo also instructed agents to establish the whereabouts of a broad variety of potential suspects and prepare daily reports (exhibit 5-6).

By 11:27 a.m. the following morning of Nov. 23, a follow-up memo (exhibit 5-7) stated that Lee Harvey Oswald had been developed as the principal suspect and that "**in view of developments, all offices should resume normal contacts and daily reports may be suspended.**" In less than a day, the FBI suspended any broad investigation and focused its agents entirely on one man. This action effectively neutralized any investigation of ei-

ther Cuban or organized crime connections at that crucial time. Years later, the House Select Committee on Assassinations would issue a highly critical report of the FBI's actions, particularly noting the deletion of Cuban leads, the exclusion of Cuban experts and supervisors from the investigation, and the total lack of effort to expose organized crime contacts including virtually all FBI reports pertaining to Jack Ruby (DOJCIVIL, record no. 182-10001-100054).

In a similar vein, a June 1964 memo from Hoover to Commission staff member Lee J. Rankin disclosing Ruby's service as an FBI informant, which offered leads to his Cuban connections, was not declassified until 1971 (FBI Files from Agent Charles Flynn, identifying Ruby as PCI - Potential Criminal Informant; also, Kantor, The Ruby Cover-Up, pp 246 - 254). Also, a significant effort was made to downplay the subject of arms running to Cuba, especially if it involved Jack Ruby or his associates.

Of course, the Dallas Police Department (with personal encouragement from the White House) had been just as quick in focusing its investigations as had the FBI, and by Saturday, attention was on Oswald and Oswald alone. However, despite this official focus, elements of a larger story were emerging.

Numerous witnesses to events in Dealey Plaza saw and reported (or tried to report) events that simply did not match the rapidly emerging story of a lone gunman in the Texas School Book Depository. Generally speaking, although their reports could have been readily proved or disproved at the time, those that did not match were simply ignored. However, many have indeed received substantial validation after the fact.

One of the most striking is the report of Ed Hoffman, an actual witness to a shooting team behind the fence on the grassy knoll. Ed's reports to the FBI and his story are well documented in the illustration and testimony section of November Patriots and in his own published booklet entitled Eye Witness.

Another witness to the existence of multiple participants was Sheriff's Officer (and former Officer of the Year) Roger Craig. Craig's

basic report was simple. As one of the first lawmen on the scene, he described his run across Main to Elm from the Sheriff's Department, his dash behind the fence, and return to the vicinity of Elm Street where, at approximately 12:43 p.m., he watched a man resembling Lee Oswald run down the grass embankment to be picked up by a man driving a Rambler station wagon. His efforts to stop what he suspected was an escaping participant were blocked by traffic, which for almost half an hour was allowed to flow freely and heavily over the murder scene on Elm street. The only reaction to Craig's report was a response that his story did not fit what was known to be true; a strong reflection that contrary facts would not be easily accepted, even as early as 4 p.m. on the afternoon of the murder (for Craig's initial report, refer to Supplementary Investigation Report, County of Dallas Sheriff's Department, November 23, 1963, by Officer Roger Craig, Dallas County Deputy Sheriff).

However, in Roger Craig's case, decades of research have proven that his basic story was not only correct, but that a series of witness reports substantiating it were totally ignored. First, researchers uncovered a series of photographs clearly showing Officer Craig to be exactly where and when he stated. Photos show him first during his run to Elm Street, his return to the crowd there, and his response (looking upward to his right) to a whistle as the suspect came down the hill. They also show a Rambler station wagon coming down Elm at exactly that time. His presence later, in the Dallas Police offices describing his observations was also recorded on film. For a comprehensive photographic record documenting events as Craig described them, see the sequence pictured in Cover Up, by Gary Shaw, pp 14-18, also see Pictures of the Pain, Richard B. Trask, p 243.

And if this were not enough, there are statements of independent witnesses confirming the man, the station wagon, and the event as reported by Deputy Sheriff Roger Craig.

Two of the witnesses corroborating Craig's version actually filed reports with the FBI. The first surfaced in 1968, and related the

story of Marvin Robinson of Dallas, who while driving westward in front of the Depository saw a light colored Rambler stop on Elm and a white male come down the grass incline and enter it before it drove away. Robinson's affidavit was totally omitted from the Warren Report testimony and exhibits (Robinson's statement is found in the Warren CD 5, p.70 as well as the HSCA vol 12 p. 18).

However, not until the mid-90's did researchers discover a confirming report, in yet another FBI affidavit, this one from Mr. Roy Cooper of Euless, Texas, (located by researcher Chris Courtwright at Archives II in College Park Maryland; text distributed by John Kelin of the "Fair Play" Website).

Cooper reported to the FBI on the 23rd of November, 1963, that he had also been driving in Dealey Plaza and had been following his boss, Marvin Robinson, from a meeting. Cooper observed a white male about 20-30 years old wave at a Rambler station wagon as it pulled away from the corner of Elm and Houston. He stated that it pulled out fast, right in front of his boss who had to brake to avoid hitting it, while the man on foot jumped into the Rambler (CD 5, p 70, Robinson).

This report of a possibly fleeing suspect, formally reported by an officer, and confirmed by independent witnesses in separate FBI statements, does not prove a conspiracy. But it does substantiate that neither the Dallas authorities nor the FBI maintained an ongoing interest in looking for other suspects, and that any general investigation was basically over by Saturday morning, if not Friday night.

Of course, there were far more direct indications of multiple suspects and of a conspiracy beyond a lone gunman in the Depository. Witnesses saw men behind the fence, confirming the Hoffman report; witnesses saw smoke there and smelled gunpowder at street level on Elm Street. There were at least 4 separate witnesses to multiple men on the upper floors of the Book Depository, but, along with Craig's fleeing suspect, **the eyewitness reports didn't fit what was known to be true**, as far as the Dallas Police and the FBI were concerned. And this would lead to simple

rejection, exclusion, or alteration of statements, intimidation of witnesses, witness character assassination, and in several instances, apparent manipulation of evidence to "make it fit."

Let's start with a few obvious cases of simple witness rejection.

Perhaps one of the most dramatic and hardest to believe involves the FBI manipulation of JFK personal aide, Kenny O'Donnell, who rode in the motorcade. O'Donnell stated in his WC testimony (Vol. 7 pg 448) that the shots "came from the right rear." Years later, O'Donnell would relate to Speaker Tip O'Neill that he definitely heard two shots come from behind the fence. When challenged about the contradiction, O'Donnell replied "**I told the FBI what I had heard, but they said it couldn't have happened that way and that I must have been imagining things. So I testified the way they wanted me to. I just didn't want to stir up any more pain and trouble for the family**" (Tip O'Neill, Man of The House, pp. 271-272 large type edition).

Eyewitness Mary Woodward was a Dallas Morning News reporter, who observed the motorcade while standing on Elm Street close to the location of the first shot(s) of the attack. Woodward's first statements and the account of her impressions for publication were rather specific, three shots, the final two almost simultaneous, the noise "coming from behind us and a little to the right." (CE 2084, 24H 520, as well as interviews with Josiah Thompson in Six Seconds in Dallas; Thompson provides excellent detailing of witnesses)

Interestingly enough, virtually all of the witnesses standing further down the street and towards the west end of Elm; closer to the grassy knoll stairway, and thus the closest witnesses to the fatal shots, described the same thing - shooting coming from overhead and from the rear. Of course this can be confusing without reference; their descriptions have to be related to their physical locations and to what would have constituted the area towards their "rear" or their "right." Please refer to the Dealey Plaza witness map included in the illustrations section of November Patriots to better understand the witness observations being described.

The closest witnesses to the fatal shooting included Bill Newman

("back up on the, uh, knoll" and "garden directly behind me;" WFAA TV tape and WC 22H p 842 , 24 H p 218), Abraham Zapruder ("back of me;" WFAA TV tape and WC 7H pp 569 -576), and Emmett Hudson ("above and behind me;" WC 7H 55 pp 558-565, 19H p 481) on the staircase leading up the grassy knoll to the fence. Key portions of Newman and Hudson's actual statements are provided in November Patriots. However they were not highlighted in the Warren Report, possibly, because **as you can see, shooting from behind them does not support a single gunman firing from the east end of the Texas School book depository**. Of course neither does Mary Woodward's original statement and observation since she referred to her "right rear."

Two other highly dangerous areas for the emerging story were anything that might indicate that Lee Oswald had confederates or that there had been extensive pre-planning or worse yet, warning of the assassination. Although indications of both are covered in preceding chapters in this book, two specific events which are not generally known help us understand how such incidents can be covered up. The first technique is simple; the investigators simply change elements of the report in a manner which then makes it irrelevant or adds a component of skepticism.

One report which should have received extensive follow-up was a description by Wayne January, a charter operator at the small Dallas Red Bird airport, of a man and woman who came to his hangar on November 20th asking detailed technical questions about an aircraft required for an extended, long distance flight. January was concerned about both their questions and their ability to pay, and was suspicious that they might be preparing to hijack the flight to Cuba. He eventually told them to go somewhere else with their business. As they left, January had a close look at the male passenger who had stayed waiting outside in their car throughout the discussions. He would later identify the man as closely resembling Lee Oswald.

Interestingly enough, November 20th was the one morning Oswald apparently took an extremely late breakfast, about 3 hours

late, at 10 a.m. (statement from Mary Ada Dowling, a waitress at Dobb's House restaurant, HSCA Vol 12 p 37).

Mr. January was quite certain of his identification of Lee Oswald, and made his report directly to the FBI on the 29th of November (exhibit 5-8, FBI emorandum from Agents Kenneth Jackson and John Almon on November 29, 1963).

Agents Jackson and Almon prepared a rather diluted report, elaborating on numerous other incidents seemingly related to Jack Ruby and the Carousel Club and also **changing one major detail. They moved the date of the visit to July rather than two days prior to the assassination**, greatly diminishing its relevance and suggestion of conspiracy. Of course, January failed to realize why no one was really concerned about his experience, until the report was obtained by researcher Harold Weisberg under a Freedom of Information disclosure request (report samples plus interviews in Matthew Smith's The Second Plot, pp 268 - 274).

Other contrary reports were a lot more difficult to handle, however, such as the information coming from a former intelligence officer with CIA connections, Richard Case Nagell. Nagell had gone into an El Paso bank in the fall of 1963, and although he neither demanded money or made no other indication of any intent to rob the institution, he pulled a pistol and fired shots into the ceiling of the bank. As a result, Nagell was jailed, and most importantly to him, placed in a position where he was protected from being personally protected and impossible to tie to anything that would involve the Lee Harvey Oswald (aka Hidel).

While jailed, Nagell made a variety of reports and statements (both before and after the assassination) that would indicate his pre-knowledge of a plot against John Kennedy and a personal relationship with Lee Oswald. These reports were investigated and apparently taken seriously enough to ensure that **he was kept in prison and under medical seclusion for the entire period of the Warren Commission. His personal possessions were, therefore, sequestered from any inspection. These would have included a Mexican travel permit issued in the name of Hidel and what**

appears to be a Uniformed Services ID for one Lee Oswald (see Dick Russell, "The Man Who Knew Too Much," Appendix A for details of the ID card).

And on November 22 itself, witnesses like the Newmans, Emmet Hudson, Sam Holland, Ed Hoffman, all those witnesses who produced observations of men behind the fence, shots from the knoll and gunsmoke from the fence line made no difference. Not even when their statements were backed up by others, such as Lee Bowers, who was in the railroad control tower in the yards behind the fence. Bowers saw men behind the fence as well as smoke or something else which drew his attention to them at the exact time of the shooting.

Also ignored were encounters by police officers with men behind the fence including those who showed Secret Service identification when no such men were officially there; in fact no Secret Service agents were anywhere along the route except in motorcade cars. No police were assigned to the railroad yards on the west end of Elm; all FBI and Sheriff's officers were also elsewhere (reference WC, Lawrence Exhibit No. 1 and Batchelor Exhibit No. 5002 on Personnel Assignments).

Of course, by the end of the day, no attention was paid to reports like those of Patrolman Joe Marshall Smiths (who stopped and released someone behind the fence with SS credentials), or Deputy Sheriff Mabra, who was turned out of the area by a uniformed DPD officer who told Mabra and another cop, "Fella's, I've been here for an hour, there hadn't been a thing in here, not a stray dog"... "nobody came this way" (WC vol 19; p. 541 plus follow-up interview by Ulrich Shannon described on p 14 of The Third Decade, Vol 9 No 2 , January,1993).

The statement made to Mabra was obviously untrue, since there was no officer stationed in the rail yard, and because photos show at least four to five men fleeing up the stairs and back behind the fence immediately after the shooting, well before officers could reach the area from a block away. None of these fleeing men ever came forward to offer testimony. In fact, of the individuals closest

to the Presidential vehicle at the time of the fatal head shots, only three of approximately seven individuals were identified and none of them were called for Commission testimony nor were their statements quoted or otherwise featured in the official report - probably because they refer to shots coming behind and to their right, **not the direction of the Book Depository**. However, you can draw your own conclusions from their statements in the "illustrations" section of this book - at least from the ones who did not just disappear.

Recently obtained film footage also verifies motion behind the fence immediately after the shooting, showing what appears to be simultaneous movement of at least two separate individuals behind the east side of the fence (Greg Jaynes, an analysis of the Patsy Paschell film, Dealey Plaza Echo, Vol 1, July 1996). This film footage was among that listed and in possession of the FBI, although there is no indication of any analysis or evaluation being conducted by the FBI or the Warren Commission.

Some other reports had to be immediately "neutralized," in that they might have suggested more than one shooter. A reporter, for the Dallas Times Herald, Connie Kritzberg, interviewed Doctors Clark and Perry no more than two hours after they had tried in vain to save the President's life. The next day she was shocked to see that her story had been edited prior to printing and that the edit had altered one physician's statement that a shot had come from the front. When she called her newsroom on the one small, but critical alteration, to ask who had made the change, she was told that the FBI made the insertion (exhibit 5-9 with Kritzberg commentary).

Little heed was indeed given to doctors' opinions or eyewitness observations that a shot might have come from the front right to the head (Six Seconds In Dallas by Josiah Thompson, Chapter 5). This, however, required ignoring a large number of people. For a list and actual wound positioning, see the dramatic photograph series in Groden's The Killing of A President, (pp 86-88) which shows numerous eyewitnesses independently indicating and re-

stating their personal observations which relate to a wound in the right rear of Jack Kennedy's head.

The alteration of Connie Kritzberg's newspaper article may have been early, but it was certainly neither the first nor the most striking of the alterations of fact and evidence required to make the official story line stick. A brief list of evidence mishandled or actually tampered with includes the following:

* John Connally's clothing and suit were primary pieces of evidence just as were John Kennedy's. Although Kennedy's clothing was apparently held by the FBI and not made available during the autopsy, **Connelly's suit was actually taken by Johnson's aide, Clark Clifford** (per Nurse Ruth J. Standridge; WC H6; p. 118) and **when next seen had been cleaned and pressed, largely eliminating it's forensic value**.
* The rifle hulls found in the so called "snipers nest" were apparently picked up by Captain Fritz, filmed by Tom Alyea, and thrown back down, invalidating their use as evidence. Alyea, a press cameraman in the Texas School Book Depository during the search for evidence, also reports that **the Dallas Police Department photography of the snipers nest was so mishandled that it actually had to be redone, and that the official photographs are largely incorrect**. Also, Alyea's footage of the hulls being displayed is missing (reference Tom Alyea's published newsletters and author's personal conversation/correspondence).

The official report relating the finding of two hulls and one unfired round in the snipers nest was physically altered to show 3 hulls. Reports and photographs showing two hulls and one unfired round are in evidence. (also reference "Cover Up" by Gary Shaw, and most importantly Chapter 10 of "Bloody Treason" by Noel Twyman). Since the original Dallas crime scene unit evidence report signed by R. L. Studebaker and received by Charles Brown clearly shows only two rifle hulls in evidence from the sixth floor window (exhibit 5-10) and the evidence sheet as it appears in Commission Exhibit CE2003 is hand-altered, it appears evidence had to be manipulated to support the basic three shots from the sniper's

nest scenario.

A third hull was provided by Dallas police several weeks later, having reportedly been left in a desk drawer during the interim. However, it had never been legally taken into evidence. Further, the third hull also contained a dent, which many researchers feel would have prevented it ever having held a load in the first place.

* A receipt exists for "photos of bullet claimed to have been removed from the President's body" [an event documented in the reports of the two FBI agents assigned to observe the Presidential autopsy, see Cover -Up by Gary Shaw p. 75, for report samples (also exhibit 5-11). Also pictures which appear to relate to the receipt (exhibit 5-12) are definitely not those of a Carcano round (matching Oswald's weapon). (Reference receipts and photos from the files of researcher Anna Marie Kuhns-Walko).
* Speaking of mystery bullets, immediately after the shooting, with Elm Street still open and carrying traffic, considerable attention focused on the south side of Elm where numerous people examined indications of a bullet strike behind a manhole cover and the furrow of the bullet through over a foot of turf. A series of photos taken by Jim Murray show Sheriff's Detective Buddy Walthers, Police Officer J.W. Foster, and a number of civilians examining the concrete, the ground, and the turf.

Indeed, Officer Foster stated, "a manhole cover. It was hit". "They caught the cover right at the corner...." "...on the turf, on the concrete, right in the corner" (6WCH p. 252). Officer Foster also stated that he called the Crime Lab to the scene and they took pictures. Unfortunately, there are no close up photos of the turf and only a long distance shot of a sample kit and the photographers shadow (Trask, Pictures of the Pain, p 562; also exhibit 5-13). So, officially, there seems to have been little official interest and only numerous photos remain (Shaw, Cover- Up, pp 72-75 and Trask, That Day In Dallas, pp 86-91). Several of the photos actually show an unidentified man in a suit apparently picking up something and putting it in his pocket, and Deputy Sheriff Walthers probing the ground. **One photo also shows Officer Foster point-**

ing out a trajectory to Deputy Walthers — one that clearly leads to the west end of the Depository, and not the well known east end window (exhibit 5-14).

What is not found is any explanation of why the officers let civilians wander throughout the area with no sign of words being exchanged, then appear to pick up and carry off "something" from the location.

The only detailed description is from a Mr. and Mrs. Hartman who wandered down to the location with others, and noted "a gouged out hole in the grass that was about one and one half inches in diameter ... and continued just beneath the roots of the grass for about 18 to 24 inches, leaving the ground soft and easily depressed." (FBI file no. 105-82535 interview by Robert Barrett and A. Switzer also exhibit 5-15)

* The paper bag supposedly used by Lee Oswald to carry his Carcano rifle into the Depository was analyzed by the FBI labs. Although it contained no oil from the weapon, no fingerprints traceable to Oswald, or any other fibers or other items linking it to Oswald, it was tied to him by an analysis which proved the materials were the same as the materials available in the shipping department of the School Book Depository. Of course, that is the way one version of the report reads, **but the archives also contain another version (unpublished in the Commission Report) with the text reading that the materials are "NOT" the same** (exhibit 5-16).

The second report has obviously been retyped to delete the NOT and that is the version shown in the published WC volumes (see photo section of Reasonable Doubt by Henry Hurt for comparison of the two versions of the report and alteration of the wording. Also see "The Third Decade," Vol. 1, No. 2, January 1985, Tatro, pages 8-12 for a detailed analysis of the alteration of this document).

In fact, this bag is not included in original crime scene photography of the snipers nest, is hand drawn with dotted lines in the Warren Report illustrations and has a very dubious history all its

own. Interested readers will find a detailed treatment of this piece of evidence in Ian Griggs article published in The Dealey Plaza Echo, Vol 1, No. 2, November 1966.

* During the course of preparing their reports, both the FBI and the Warren Commission conducted recreations of the shooting using slides from the Zapruder movie as their primary timing/reference points to locate the shots and hits. As a reference for this they obtained the services of local surveyors including Chester Breneman and prepared detailed plat maps of the Plaza area. At least three sets of recreations were performed with apparent difference in conclusion about exact location and timing of the shots. The differences can clearly be seen in the scenario contained in the FBI report as compared to the Warren Report (possibly one reason why FBI report itself to be classified and elements of it merely "leaked" to the press). These recreations and an analysis of their importance — along with original photographs and diagrams are covered at length in Harrison Livingston's Killing Kennedy, Chapter 3.

Significant changes were required to support the three shots, two hits scenario of the Warren Commission (as compared to the three shots, three hits FBI analysis). However another disturbing element is the fact that the original mapmaker, Chester Breneman found his work to have been altered as presented in the official Warren evidence. Breneman has **verified that his original map was physically altered while in evidence, including rather clumsily handwritten notations rather than mechanical lettering, which alter certain measurements and footage's to support the Commission conclusions** (Fort Worth Star Telegram, April 14, 1978 also exhibit 5-17).

In addition, Breneman states that three frames that he viewed during his work clearly showed "blobs of blood and brain matter flying from Kennedy's head to the rear of the car." These frames are no longer seen in the current version of this film (Fort Worth Star Telegram, April 14, 1978).

Note: A memorandum from Norman Redlich to Lee Rankin of

the Warren Commission (memo shown in exhibit 5-18) gives interesting background on the perceived need for doing the re-creations just described, e.g. "**As our investigation now stands, however, we have not shown that these events could possibly have occurred in the manner suggested**" (referring to the standard three shot; three hit scenario). A photo from their attempt (Groden's The Killing of a President, p. 205) shows that in reality, even with a "Magic Bullet," they could not easily show a trajectory that matched the real wounds with Kennedy's back wound being well below his neck.

This may indeed explain a recently discovered change in the location of Kennedy's back wound, as shown in a recently released draft version of the Warren Report where **Gerald Ford rewrites a sentence to actually move the bullet entry point up to the neck to match the recreation** (Washington Post, 7/3/97, Gerald Ford Changes Wound Description; story based on 1997 Assassinations Records Review Board).

The actual entry point for this shot can be seen on Kennedy's jacket (The Killing of a President, p 29, and on the autopsy work sheet p 126). Ford's wording change seems to have been made to support the "Magic Bullet" scenario rather than the truth.

* Dallas Police were actively involved Friday afternoon in taking fingerprints from numerous pieces of evidence - the trigger guard of the Carcano rifle, the "paper bag" and the boxes in the window. **Strangely enough, until Sunday night no word was issued that any prints had been matched to Lee Oswald, and, other than the boxes which he might have handled in his routine work, none ever was.** The final conclusions were that the latent rifle prints were simply of no value (Sebastian Latona, Supervisor of Fingerprints section of FBI lab in testimony to the Warren Commission on April 2, 1964). **In spite of the FBI specialists' testimony, the Commission decided to accept evidence from Lt. Day in Dallas that there was an identifiable fingerprint that would link Oswald to the weapon and through it to the shooting on November 22, 1963.**

  Day himself, however, consistently stated that **he did not sup-**

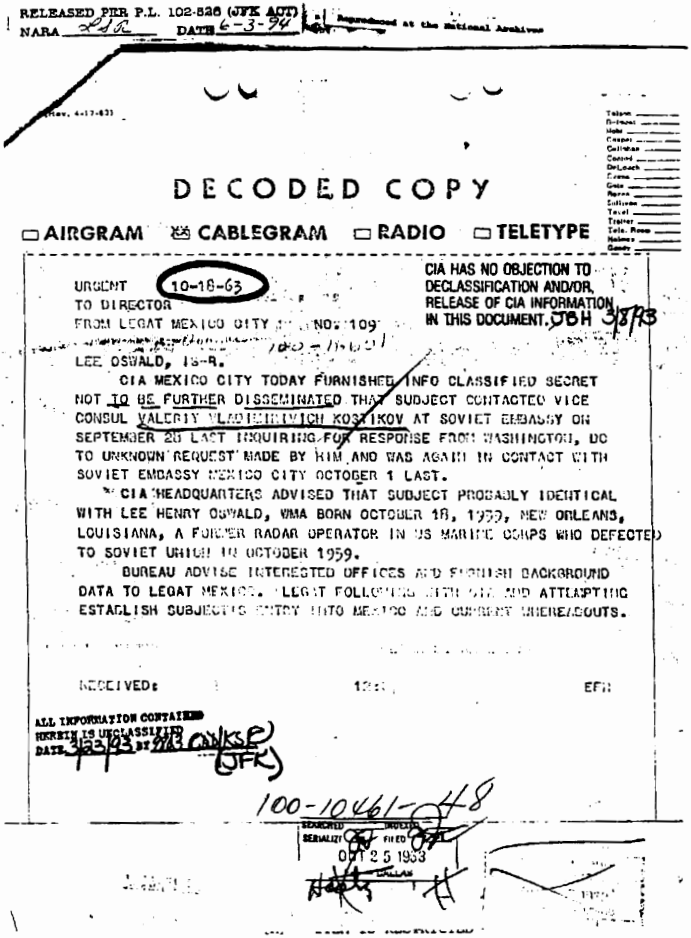
port that conclusion in that the only possibly identifiable print he had found (which he did not report at the time, or for several days) was found underneath the barrel of the rifle, in an area which could only be reached when the rifle was in a disassembled state. In addition, he stated that it was **an old print, not made on November 22.** In his official testimony Day states that he did not do sufficient work "to satisfy myself it was his palm." **And in fact Day's own letter to the Commission states that the rifle was sent off to the FBI "before the examination was completed and positive identification could be made"** (CE 3154, written Jan 8, 1964).

* Another very important piece of evidence that was quite carefully studied was Oswald's own personal notebook. This item, like the rest of the evidence, was hustled off to Washington D.C. by the FBI late Friday night. **By the time the FBI had the notebook retyped for the Warren Commission, two things had been changed: first, the page numbering (which was noted by the Director in a cover memo) and second the removal of one entry, the name and phone number of James Hosty, the FBI agent assigned to Oswald** (HSCA Report, pp 186-90). This would be extremely important because by that time charges had emerged to be heard in secret executive session of the Commission, to the effect that Oswald was a paid FBI informant (if not more). The Director was able to squelch this rumor by responding to the Commission that the rumor of Hosty's name in Oswald's papers was untrue (exhibit 5-19).

This overt tampering was eventually discovered, and in fact, the HSCA was openly skeptical about this (exhibit 5-20, item #8) and many other FBI actions.

By this point it should be dramatically clear that the operating policy of both Director Hoover and to a lesser extent, the Warren Commission, was simply to prove Oswald guilty as a lone gunman, regardless. If this meant ignoring or rejecting leads in other directions or even altering evidence and records, this was done as required. It is true that a few private individuals, and even a few low level FBI and Secret Service personnel, did publicly object or

present contrasting observations or evidence, but none were in a position to force their points. The same was true of media people all the way up to Drew Pearson (reference Peter Dale Scott, Deep Politics p 45). None of these individuals had possession of sufficient information to tilt the balance or to effectively counter the official Lone Gunman line. In the end, "See No Evil - Speak No Evil" became "See No Conspiracy - Speak No Conspiracy."



RELEASED PER P.L. 102-526 (JFK ACT)
NARA LJR DATE 6-3-94

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☐ AIRGRAM ☒ CABLEGRAM ☐ RADIO ☐ TELETYPE

URGENT 10-18-63
TO DIRECTOR
FROM LEGAT MEXICO CITY (NO. 109)

CIA HAS NO OBJECTION TO DECLASSIFICATION AND/OR RELEASE OF CIA INFORMATION IN THIS DOCUMENT. JFK 3/23/93

LEE OSWALD, IS-R.

CIA MEXICO CITY TODAY FURNISHED INFO CLASSIFIED SECRET NOT TO BE FURTHER DISSEMINATED THAT SUBJECT CONTACTED VICE CONSUL VALERIY VLADIMIROVICH KOSTIKOV AT SOVIET EMBASSY ON SEPTEMBER 28 LAST INQUIRING FOR RESPONSE FROM WASHINGTON, DC TO UNKNOWN REQUEST MADE BY HIM AND WAS AGAIN IN CONTACT WITH SOVIET EMBASSY MEXICO CITY OCTOBER 1 LAST.

CIA HEADQUARTERS ADVISED THAT SUBJECT PROBABLY IDENTICAL WITH LEE HENRY OSWALD, WMA BORN OCTOBER 18, 1939, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, A FORMER RADAR OPERATOR IN US MARINE CORPS WHO DEFECTED TO SOVIET UNION IN OCTOBER 1959.

BUREAU ADVISE INTERESTED OFFICES AND FURNISH BACKGROUND DATA TO LEGAT MEXICO. LEGAT FOLLOWING WITH CIA AND ATTEMPTING ESTABLISH SUBJECT'S ENTRY INTO MEXICO AND CURRENT WHEREABOUTS.

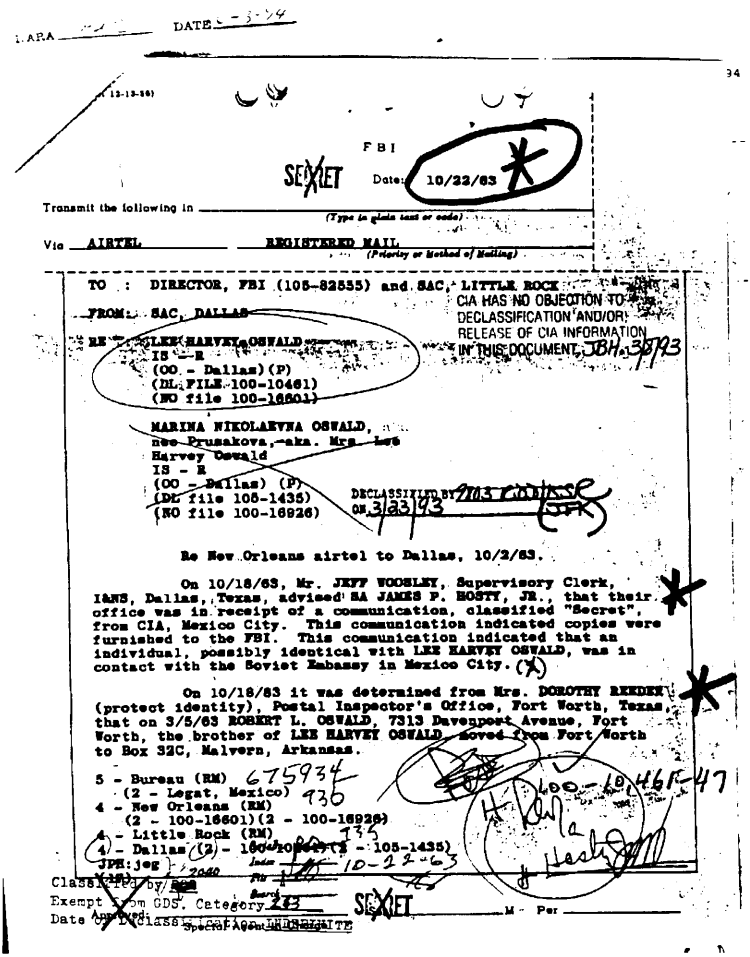
RECEIVED: 1963 EFH

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED DATE 3/23/93 BY 9743 CANLSF (JFK)

100-10461-48

SEARCHED INDEXED SERIALIZED FILED
OCT 25 1963
DALLAS

5-1 Oct 18 Cabelgram from Mexico City to Director Hoover relating Oswald contact with Russian KGB agent Valeriy Kostikov; information supplied by CIA



FBI

SECRET Date: 10/22/63

Transmit the following in _____ (Type in plain text or code)

Via AIRTEL REGISTERED MAIL (Priority or Method of Mailing)

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI (105-82555) and SAC, LITTLE ROCK

FROM: SAC, DALLAS

CIA HAS NO OBJECTION TO DECLASSIFICATION AND/OR RELEASE OF CIA INFORMATION IN THIS DOCUMENT. JBH 3/3/93

RE: LEE HARVEY OSWALD
IS - R
(OO - Dallas)(P)
(DL FILE 100-10461)
(NO file 100-16601)

MARINA NIKOLAEVNA OSWALD,
nee Prusakova, aka. Mrs. Lee
Harvey Oswald
IS - R
(OO - Dallas) (P)
(DL file 105-1435)
(NO file 100-16926)

DECLASSIFIED BY 2703 ROBNSSR ON 3/23/93

Re New Orleans airtel to Dallas, 10/2/63.

On 10/18/63, Mr. JEFF WOOSLEY, Supervisory Clerk, INS, Dallas, Texas, advised SA JAMES P. HOSTY, JR., that their office was in receipt of a communication, classified "Secret", from CIA, Mexico City. This communication indicated copies were furnished to the FBI. This communication indicated that an individual, possibly identical with LEE HARVEY OSWALD, was in contact with the Soviet Embassy in Mexico City. (X)

On 10/18/63 it was determined from Mrs. DOROTHY REKDEN (protect identity), Postal Inspector's Office, Fort Worth, Texas, that on 3/5/63 ROBERT L. OSWALD, 7313 Davenport Avenue, Fort Worth, the brother of LEE HARVEY OSWALD, moved from Fort Worth to Box 32C, Malvern, Arkansas.

5 - Bureau (RM) 675934
(2 - Legat, Mexico) 936
4 - New Orleans (RM)
(2 - 100-16601)(2 - 100-16926)
4 - Little Rock (RM) 735
4 - Dallas (2) - 100-10461 (2 - 105-1435)
JPH:jeg (7)

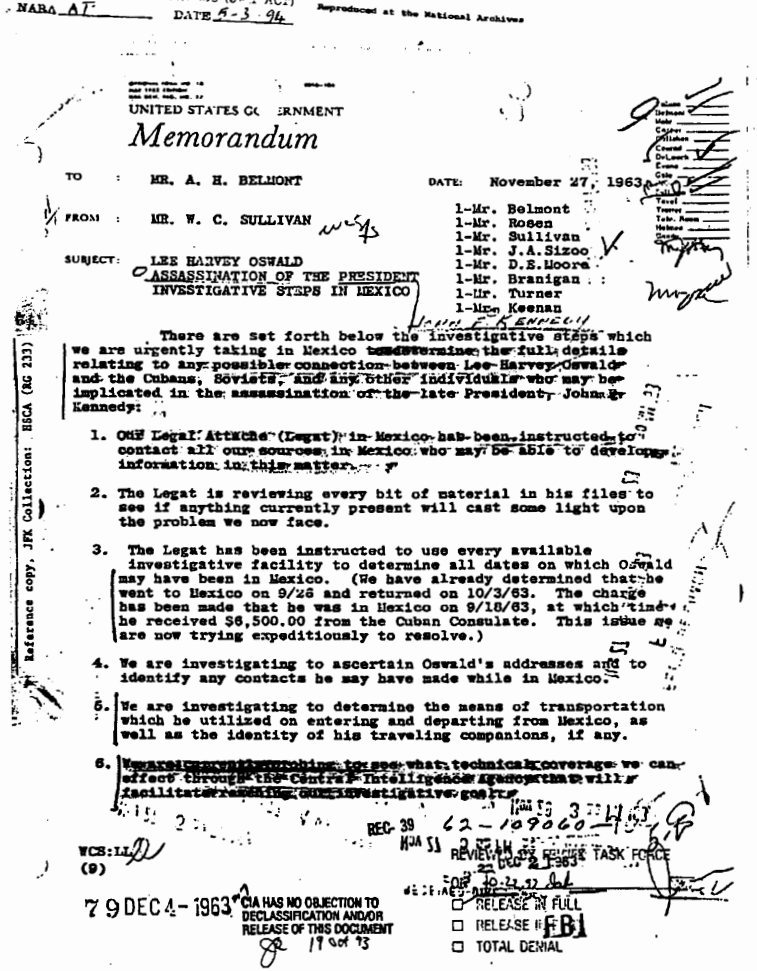
100-10461-47

10-22-63

Classified by 2703
Exempt from GDS, Category 2&3
Date of Declassification Indefinite

SECRET M - Per

5-2 Oct 22 FBI Airtel from Dallas to Director Hoover which confirms CIA's communication of Oswald visit to the Soviet Embassy in Mexico City, note that tracking of Oswald's brother suggests a general investigation of Oswald in October



NARA AT DATE 5-3-94 Reproduced at the National Archives

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : MR. A. H. BELMONT DATE: November 27, 1963

FROM : MR. W. C. SULLIVAN

1-Mr. Belmont
1-Mr. Rosen
1-Mr. Sullivan
1-Mr. J.A.Sizoo
1-Mr. D.E.Moore
1-Mr. Branigan
1-Mr. Turner
1-Mr. Keenan

SUBJECT: LEE HARVEY OSWALD
ASSASSINATION OF THE PRESIDENT
INVESTIGATIVE STEPS IN MEXICO

There are set forth below the investigative steps which we are urgently taking in Mexico to determine the full details relating to any possible connection between Lee Harvey Oswald and the Cubans, Soviets, and any other individuals who may be implicated in the assassination of the late President John F. Kennedy:

1. Our Legal Attache (Legat) in Mexico has been instructed to contact all our sources in Mexico who may be able to develop information in this matter.

2. The Legat is reviewing every bit of material in his files to see if anything currently present will cast some light upon the problem we now face.

3. The Legat has been instructed to use every available investigative facility to determine all dates on which Oswald may have been in Mexico. (We have already determined that he went to Mexico on 9/26 and returned on 10/3/63. The charge has been made that he was in Mexico on 9/18/63, at which time he received $6,500.00 from the Cuban Consulate. This issue we are now trying expeditiously to resolve.)

4. We are investigating to ascertain Oswald's addresses and to identify any contacts he may have made while in Mexico.

5. We are investigating to determine the means of transportation which he utilized on entering and departing from Mexico, as well as the identity of his traveling companions, if any.

6. We are currently consulting to see what technical coverage we can effect through the Central Intelligence Agency that will facilitate resolving our investigative problem.

Reference copy, JFK Collection: HSCA (Act 233)

REC-39 62-109060-1943

NOV 21 1963

REVIEWED BY FBI/JFK TASK FORCE
DATE 10-21-97

WCS:LL
(9)

79 DEC 4 - 1963

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19 of 93

☐ RELEASE IN FULL
☐ RELEASE IN PART
☐ TOTAL DENIAL

FBI

5-3 Nov 27 FBI Memorandum concerning reported payment to Oswald during his visit to the Cuban Embassy in Mexico City, note that as of Nov 27 the U.S. Embassy and the FBI are actively engaged in investigating a possible Cuban or Soviet involvement with Lee Oswald in the assassination

NARA AT DATE 9-3-94 Reproduced at the National Archives

Memorandum to Mr. Belmont from Mr. W. C. Sullivan

Re: LEE HARVEY OSWALD
ASSASSINATION OF THE PRESIDENT
INVESTIGATIVE STEPS IN MEXICO

7. Likewise, we are determining what surveillances can be used that will be productive in this case.

8. Supervisor Laurence P. Keenan, in complying with the Director's request, has been selected to go to Mexico to direct and coordinate our entire investigation there and to pursue it vigorously until the desired results are obtained. Mr. Keenan is taking the first available plane this afternoon (11/27) to Mexico City. This plane leaves at 4:40 p.m. and will arrive in Mexico City at 10:05 p.m. today.

RECOMMENDATION:

For the information of the Director.

This now looks as if we have finally gone into "high gear" which is gratifying.

- 2 -

FBI

Reference copy, JFK Collection: HSCA (RG 233)

5-3b Continued, note ongoing and active investigaon including actual surveillance; Hoover's note "This now looks as if we have finally gone into 'high gear' which is gratifying" was made at the same time he was reassuring the American public that there was absolutely no indication of conspiracy - of any sort

May 20, 1964

DMAR

Captain W. P. Gannaway
Special Service Bureau
Dallas Police Department

SUBJECT: LEE HARVEY OSWALD (1)

Sir:

The following information was received from Confidential Informant T-1.

On November 22, 1963 J. E. CURRY, Chief of Police, Dallas, Texas appeared on a television broadcast and made a statement to the effect that agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation had prior information and knowledge regarding the SUBJECT, and that the SUBJECT was a communist. The source reported that shortly after this appearance, GORDON SHANKLIN, the Senior Agent in Charge of the Dallas office of the FBI, received instructions from his superior in Washington, D. C., to obtain a retraction of the above statement from Chief J. E. CURRY. GORDON SHANKLIN was told that if he did not obtain this retraction, he would be terminated from the Bureau. Mr. SHANKLIN visited Chief J. E. CURRY and the following news release was made; Chief CURRY stated that to 'his own personal knowledge, the F B I did not have any previous information regarding Lee Harvey Oswald nor about Oswald being a communist'.

Respectfully submitted,

Jack Revill, Lieutenant
Criminal Intelligence Section
Special Service Bureau

EVALUATION: T-1 is believed to be reliable.

5-4 DPD Intelligence Section Memorandum relating to the misstatement by Chief Curry concerning the lack of knowledge by the FBI in regard to Oswald being a Communist

were taken from him. During the evening Oswald was allowed to make phone calls as indicated by the Jail Lieutenant (See Exhibit No. 26).

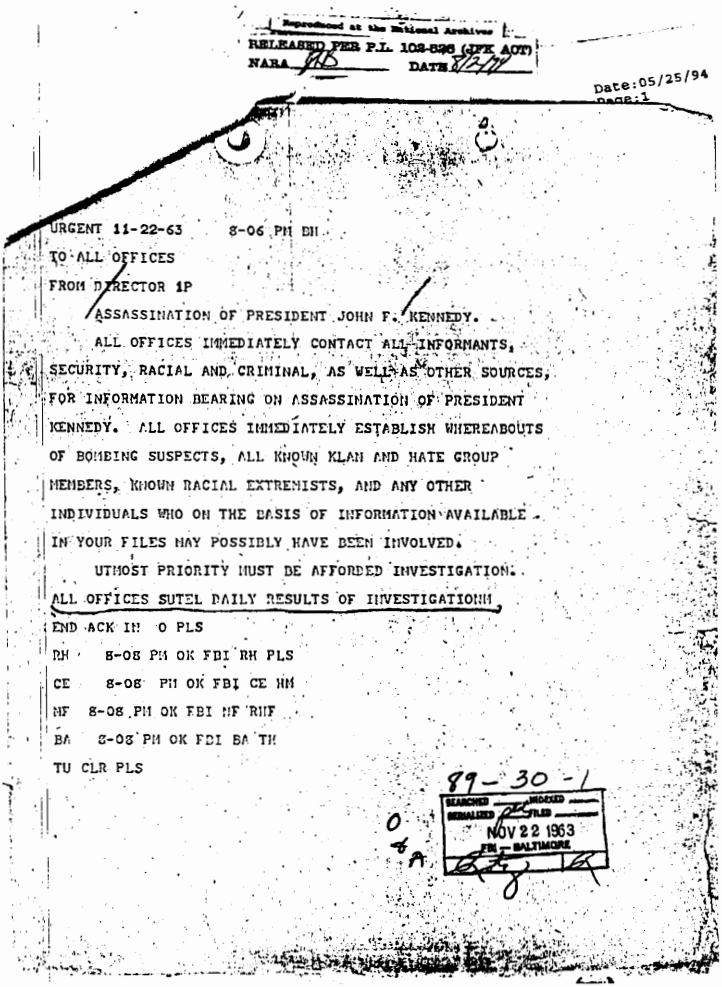
After being interrogated Oswald is taken upstairs to the jail on the jail elevator.

Marina Oswald comes to the Dallas Jail to visit her husband.

By mid-evening I was concerned that every attempt be made to see that Oswald's civil rights were not being violated. I escorted Louis Nichols, president of the Dallas Bar Association, into the jail to confer with the prisoner. Oswald at that time spurned an offer by the Dallas Bar Association for legal assistance, but Mr. Nichols did discuss Oswald's right for legal council with him. Oswald indicated that he wanted Attorney John Abt of New York City to defend him. If that failed his second choice would have been a member of the American Civil Liberties Union. Oswald seemed well informed of his rights and had definite ideas about how he would seek legal council. Attorney Louis Nichols left completely satisfied that Oswald had not been denied council and that his civil rights were not being violated.

Throughout the evening F. B. I. Agents approached me several times asking that all the physical evidence in the case be released to them. Homicide investigators had done an excellent job in collecting the evidence in the case. Throughout the evening I followed the progress as the physical evidence in the case was assembled. By midnight we had recorded and photographed most of the physical evidence, and it seemed entirely reasonable to cooperate with the F. B. I. for further laboratory investigation. By midnight Friday (November 22, 1963) I agreed to allow Vince Drain to fly the evidence to Washington D.C. to have further laboratory tests completed. The evidence was released only for lab reports to be made, and it was clearly understood that the physical evidence was then to be returned to the Dallas Police Department.

5-5 Excerpt from Chief Curry's book, relates conditions of the release of all evidence collected to the FBI for transport out of Dallas the evening of November 22, 1963



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RELEASED PER P.L. 102-526 (JFK ACT)
NARA DATE

Date:05/25/94
page:1

URGENT 11-22-63 8-06 PM EH

TO ALL OFFICES

FROM DIRECTOR 1P

ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY.

ALL OFFICES IMMEDIATELY CONTACT ALL INFORMANTS, SECURITY, RACIAL AND CRIMINAL, AS WELL AS OTHER SOURCES, FOR INFORMATION BEARING ON ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY. ALL OFFICES IMMEDIATELY ESTABLISH WHEREABOUTS OF BOMBING SUSPECTS, ALL KNOWN KLAN AND HATE GROUP MEMBERS, KNOWN RACIAL EXTREMISTS, AND ANY OTHER INDIVIDUALS WHO ON THE BASIS OF INFORMATION AVAILABLE IN YOUR FILES MAY POSSIBLY HAVE BEEN INVOLVED.

UTMOST PRIORITY MUST BE AFFORDED INVESTIGATION.

ALL OFFICES SUTEL DAILY RESULTS OF INVESTIGATIONH

END ACK IN O PLS

RH 8-08 PM OK FBI RH PLS

CE 8-08 PM OK FBI CE HM

NF 8-08 PM OK FBI NF RHF

BA 8-08 PM OK FBI BA TH

TU CLR PLS

89-30-1

SEARCHED INDEXED
SERIALIZED FILED
NOV 22 1963
FBI — BALTIMORE

5-6 Nov 22, 3:06 PM, FBI Memo (Teletype) initiating widespread investigation of potential suspect groups in the assassination of President Kennedy, note broad direction for contact and development informants and suspects

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NARA _____ DATE _____
Date:05/25/94

URGENT 11-23-63 SN 11-57 AM MET
TO ALL SACS
FROM DIRECTOR 1-P

ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY. NOVEMBER TWENTYTWO, SIXTYTHREE. DALLAS, TEXAS.

LEE HARVEY OSWALD HAS BEEN DEVELOPED AS THE PRINCIPAL SUSPECT IN T E ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY. HE HAS BEEN FORMERLY CHARGED WITH THE PRESIDENTS MURDER ALONG WITH THE MURDER OF DALLAS TEXAS PATROLMAN J D TIPPETT BY TEXAS STATE AUTHORITIES. IN VIEW OF DEVELOPMENTS ALL OFFICES SHOULD RESUME NORMAL CONTACTS WITH INFORMANTS AND OTHER SOURCES WITH RESPECT TO BOMBING SUSPECTS, HATE GROUP MEMBERS AND KNOWN RACIAL EXTREMISTS. DAILY TELETYPE SUMMARIES MAY BE DISCONTINUED. ALL INVESTIGATION BEARING DIRECTLY ON THE PRESIDENTS ASSASSINATION SHOULD BE AFFORDED MOST EXPEDITIOUS HANDLING AND BUREAU AND DALLAS ADVISED. ALL INFORMATION OF INTEREST TO U S SECRET SERVICE SHOULD BE FORWARDED IMMEDIATELY TO THE BUREAU AND FOLLOWED BY DISSEMINATION MEMOS.
END AND ACK PLS
RH 12-00 PM OK FB I RH SBB
CE 12-00 OK FBI CE JK
NF 12 PP 120 12 PM FBI NF TJB
BA 12[3] Q QWAP 1202 PM OK FBI RH
AGA B 1202 O. 12-02 PM OK FBI BA RG
TU DISC TV

89-30-3
SEARCHED ... INDEXED
SERIALIZED ... FILED
NOV 23 1963
FBI — BALTIMORE

5-7 Nov 23; 11:56 AM, FBI Memo (Teletype) cancelling widespread investigation of potential suspects and suspect groups

DL 89-43
KBJ:JVA:cv
1

The following interview was conducted by SA's KENNETH B. JACKSON and JOHN V. ALMON on November 29, 1963:

AT DALLAS, TEXAS

DALLAS, Texas

WAYNE JANUARY, owner, American Aviation Company, Room 101, Terminal Building, Love Field Airport, advised that from February through April, 1963, he, together with several friends, on occasion frequented the Carousel Club, Dallas, Texas, which he understands is owned by one JACK RUBY. JANUARY stated that during February, 1963, he received an anonymous telephone call from a man who offered him the sum of $5,000.00 to fly to Laredo, Texas, and back with no questions asked. JANUARY said that he surmised that this individual planned to transport narcotics to Dallas and for this reason he declined the offer. JANUARY further stated that during March, 1963, he received a second anonymous telephone call from a man who wanted him to fly $12,000,000.00 worth of gold dust to Mexico City where he was to pick up the currency and return with it to Dallas. He stated that this individual offered him $400,000.00 to make this flight which he also declined.

JANUARY stated that during the latter part of July, 1963, a man and woman whom he had never seen before contacted him at his office at which time they inquired about chartering a plane for a trip to "Old Mexico". JANUARY stated that when he asked this man questions essential to such a flight he was definitely evasive in his answers. JANUARY explained that this individual did not appear to know exactly where he desired to go in Mexico but said something about the West Coast. Furthermore, he did not appear to know when he desired to return or exactly how many passengers could be expected on the flight. JANUARY said that this man, after stating that he did not wish to make the flight for a couple of months, stated that he would consider the information which JANUARY had given him and let him know at a later date. He said that when the couple left he observed a third man who had been waiting in their automobile during the entire conversation, and after observing a photograph of LEE HARVEY OSWALD on television it now seems to him that this man somewhat resembled OSWALD although he was not definitely sure in this respect. JANUARY was unable to offer any additional information which might be of assistance in identifying the man and woman who inquired about the flight to Mexico. He said

5-8 FBI report on interview with Wayne January pertaining to rental of a private plane in Dallas, note that FBI agents report this encounter happening in July while January notified the FBI specifically because it had happened in November, only days before the assassination

DL 89-43
EBJ:JVA:cv/cah
2

that they did not appear to him to be persons of sufficient financial means to charter a trip such as the one discussed.

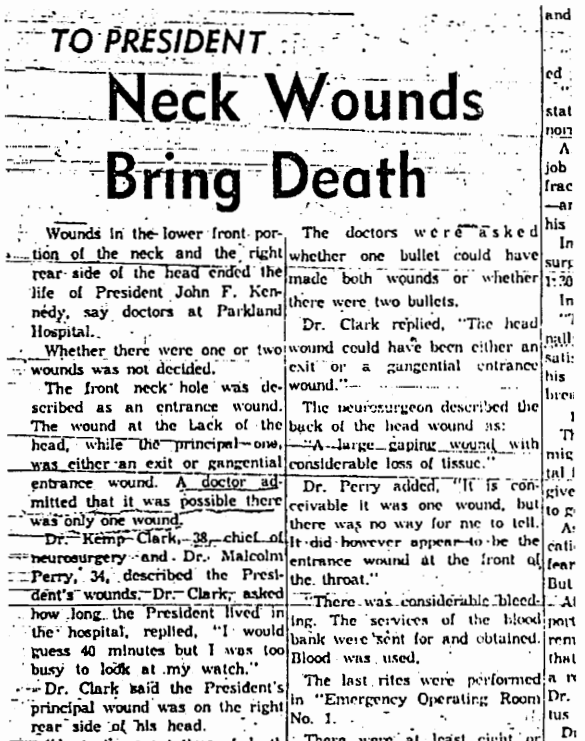
JANUARY reiterated the fact that the man, accompanied by the unidentified woman, who made inquiries concerning a chartered flight to Mexico, was not LEE HARVEY OSWALD and said that he has no records or any other method of identifying the persons who contacted him during the latter part of July, 1963.

JANUARY further commented that he never visited the Carousel Club when he did not observe several plainclothes officers, and when a friend of his attempted to date one of the performers, KATHY KAY, she informed this friend that she had to go with another man, whom she identified as a plainclothes officer.

JANUARY concluded with the opinion that JACK RUBY was not the type individual who would have killed, or attempted to kill, anyone charged with the assassination of the President. He said that he does not think that RUBY would care that much, even about his own mother.

285

5-8b Continued, note that FBI report mixes in several unrelated elements and focuses on Oswald as merely being along, not attempting to rent the plane - significantly minimizing the impact of the report



TO PRESIDENT

Neck Wounds Bring Death

Wounds in the lower front portion of the neck and the right rear side of the head ended the life of President John F. Kennedy, say doctors at Parkland Hospital.

Whether there were one or two wounds was not decided.

The front neck hole was described as an entrance wound. The wound at the back of the head, while the principal one, was either an exit or gangential entrance wound. A doctor admitted that it was possible there was only one wound.

Dr. Kemp Clark, 38, chief of neurosurgery and Dr. Malcolm Perry, 34, described the President's wounds. Dr. Clark, asked how long the President lived in the hospital, replied, "I would guess 40 minutes but I was too busy to look at my watch."

Dr. Clark said the President's principal wound was on the right rear side of his head.

"As to the exact time of death we elected to make it—we pronounced it at 1300. I was busy with the head wound."

Dr. Perry was busy with the wound in the President's neck.

"It was a midline in the lower portion of his neck in front."

Asked if it was just below the Adam's apple, he said, "Yes. Below the Adam's apple.

"There were two wounds. Whether they were directly related I do not know. It was an entrance wound in the neck."

The doctors were asked whether one bullet could have made both wounds or whether there were two bullets.

Dr. Clark replied, "The head wound could have been either an exit or a gangential entrance wound."

The neurosurgeon described the back of the head wound as:

"A large gaping wound with considerable loss of tissue."

Dr. Perry added, "It is conceivable it was one wound, but there was no way for me to tell. It did however appear to be the entrance wound at the front of the throat."

There was considerable bleeding. The services of the blood bank were sent for and obtained. Blood was used.

The last rites were performed in "Emergency Operating Room No. 1.

There were at least eight or 10 physicians in attendance at the time the President succumbed. Dr. Clark said there was no possibility of saving the President's life.

The press pool man said that when he saw Mrs. Kennedy she still had on her pink suit and that the hose of her left leg were saturated with blood. In the emergency room, Mrs. Kennedy, Vice Pres. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson grasped hands in deep emotion.

5-9 Article and Commentary by Constance Kritzberg on changes in Doctors statement prior to publication in the Dallas Times Herald on November 23, 1963

Postscript to Reporting

On the afternoon of November 22, 1963,1 served as a "rewrite" reporter for the Dallas Times Herald Newspaper. My assignment was to type "stories" dictated to me by reporters in the field, or to conduct first-hand interviews with persons at the request of the City Editor or his assistants.

Among the stories and interviews was an interview with "the doctors at Parkiand," requested by an editor. I talked with Drs. Malcom Perry and Kemp Clark, chief neurologist. The interview required no more than ten minutes to conduct, as both Perry and Clark were composed and cooperative.

When both were asked "whether one bullet could have made both wounds or whether there were two bullets," Dr. Perry confidently stated that the neck wound was an entrance wound. Dr. Clark was not precise about his answer, and instead, stated that the head wound was "either an exit or a tangential entrance wound." The doctors said that they had no way of knowing whether the wounds were connected.

The story was printed as written, with a lack of editing because of the chaotic situation of the newsroom. The word tangential appeared as "gangential," a typographical error made either by me or the linotype operator. But the story was clearly about two wounds.

When the story appeared in Saturday's paper, a sentence had been inserted stating, "A doctor admitted that it was possible there was only one wound." The statement contradicted the remainder of the story to such an extent that I called the city desk and asked who had written the statement. I was told "the FBI."

Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation were at the newspaper Saturday. They interviewed Bob Jackson, who had seen a gun barrel in the window of the Texas School Book Depository.

M-Constance Kritzberg

5-9b Continued, note apparent source of editorial change

RELEASED PER P.L. 102-526 (JFK)
REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

IDENTIFICATION BUREAU
CRIME SCENE SEARCH SECTION
POLICE DEPARTMENT, DALLAS, TEXAS

CSS# _____

DATE SUBMITTED 11-22-63 TIME 1:32 & 2:15 P

OFFICER J.C. Day - P.L. Studebaker SUBMITTED TO Lt. Tilly

THE CSS OF THE IDENTIFICATION BUREAU THE FOLLOWING:

From 6th floor Texas Book Depository
1 6.5 Mannlicher Carcano Rifle # C2766
2 spent Hulls from 6th floor window

EXAMINATION REQUESTED:

LOCATION WHERE COMMITTED Elm & Houston

NATURE OF OFFENSE Murder DATE 11-22-63 OFFENSE# _____

COMPLAINANT _____

SUSPECT Lee Harvey Oswald RACE W SEX M AGE ID# _____

RACE SEX AGE ID# _____

SIGNATURE OF PERSON SUBMITTING SPECIMEN J.C. Day - P.L. Studebaker (Both found shells) ID# From scene

SIGNATURE OF PERSON RECEIVING SPECIMEN Charles T. Brown Jr. ID# _____
Sgt. Lipsey, FBI, Dallas

SPECIMEN RELEASED TO _____

DATE _____ TIME _____ BY _____

RESULTS:

Vince Drain was present - actually took possession of all evidence. Day

AMKW

5-10 Crime Scene document showing receipt of "2 spent hulls from the 6th floor window;" is the official Identification Bureau document where Day and Studebaker sign to record only 2 hulls were found; this is certified by the receiving officials and Day notes that FBI agent Drain takes actual possession of the 2 hulls

TREASURY DEPARTMENT

Protective Research Section
November 26, 1963

Receipt is acknowledged this date, Nov. 26, 1963, of the following items from Dr. George G. Burkley:

One piece of bronze colored material inadvertently broken in transit from casket in which body was brought from Dallas.

One letter—Certificate of Death of John F. Kennedy—State of Texas—dated Nov. 22, 1963.

One carbon copy of letter dated November 26 from Commanding Officer, U. S. Medical School, concerning law and regulations regarding confidential nature of the events.

One receipt dated Nov. 22, 1963, for bed sheet, surgical drapes, and shroud used to cover the body in transit.

One receipt dated Nov. 22, 1963, regarding a carton of photographic film, undeveloped except for X-rays, delivered to PRS for safekeeping.

An original and six pink copies of Certificate of Death (Nov.Med.N)

One receipt from FBI for a missile removed during the examination of the body.

One letter from University of Texas South West Medical School including report from Dr. Clark and summary of their findings of treatment and examination of the President in the Dallas County Hospital. Said letter of transmittal states that three carbon copies have been retained in that area.

One copy of autopsy report and notes of the examining doctor which is described in letter of transmittal Nov. 25, 1963 by Dr. Galloway.

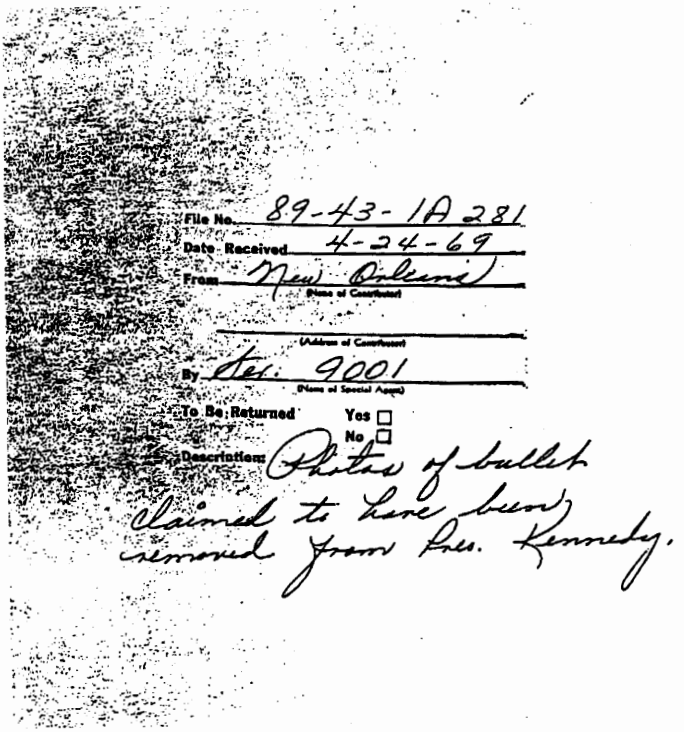
Transmittal letter and 7 copies of the above item (autopsy report)

Authorization for post mortem examination signed by the Attorney General and dated Nov. 22, 1963.

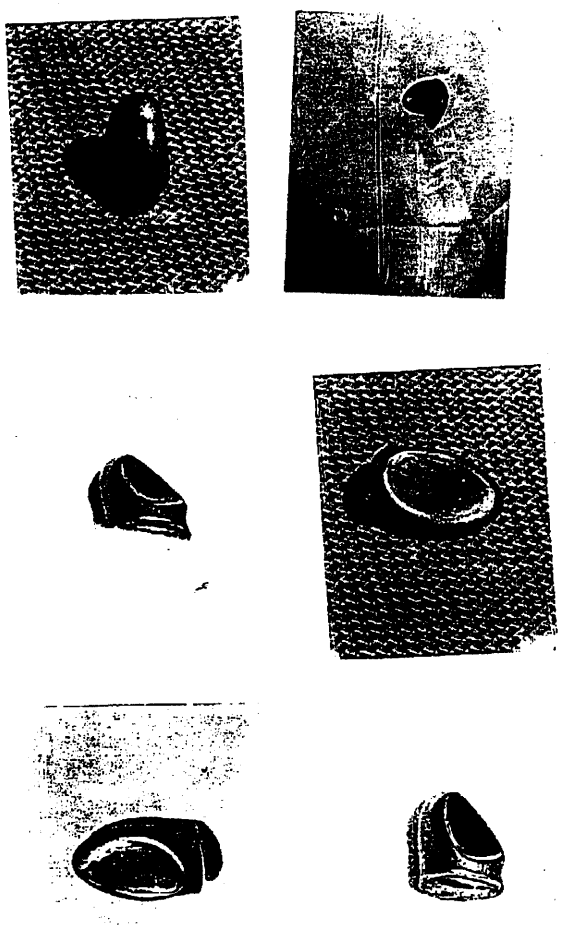
Robert I. Bouck

85

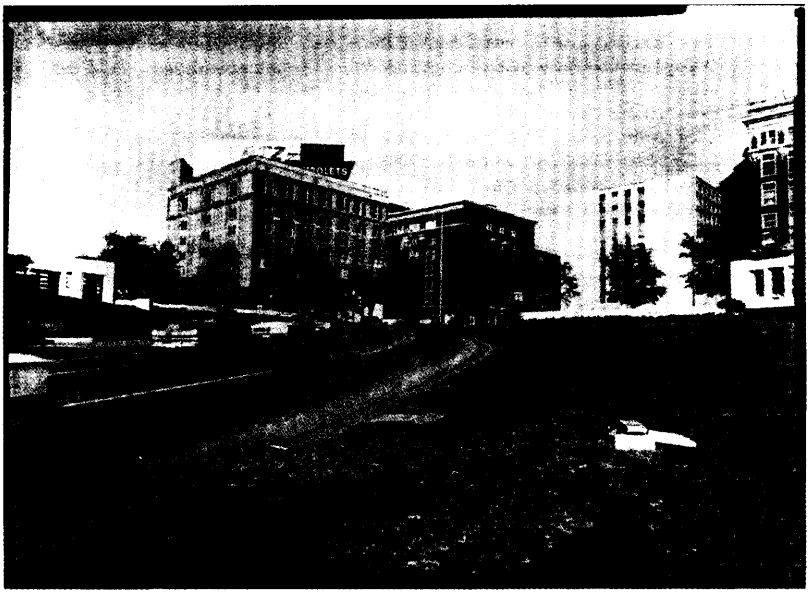
5-11 Treasury Department memo, relating to FBI receipt for a "missile" removed during the Presidential autopsy, note that it turned over to the PRS group of the Secret Service rather than kept by the FBI - which was at that time collecting all the evidence from the Dallas Police Department for transport to FBI Headquarters


File No. 89-43-1A 281
Date Received 4-24-69
From New Orleans
(Name of Contributor)
(Address of Contributor)
By Sac. 9001
(Name of Special Agent)
To Be Returned Yes ☐ No ☐
Description: Photos of bullet claimed to have been removed from Pres. Kennedy.

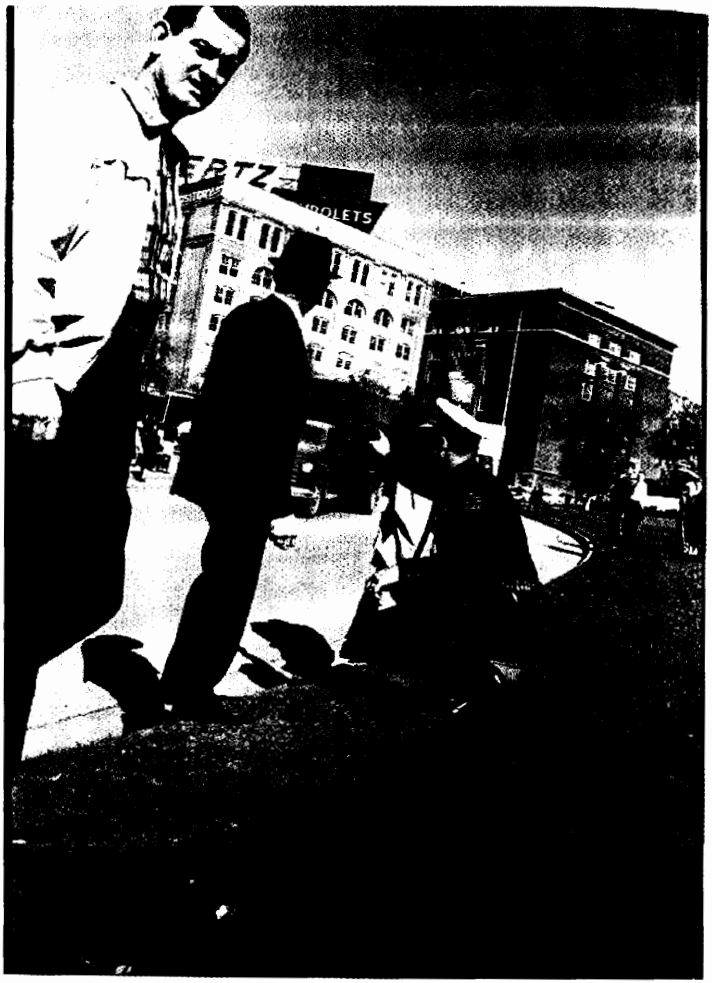
5-12 Garrison investigation document containing photographs of bullet claimed to have been removed from President Kennedy



5-12 Continued, the history of this document is unverified; these shells are nothing at all like the official bullets presented in the Warren Commission documents



5-13 DPD Crime Scene photo of reported bullet impact area to the South of Elm Street with TSBD in background



5-14 Photo taken immediately after shooting showing DPD Officer Foster in area of reported bullet impact pointing out trajectory to Deputy Sheriff Buddy Walthers, note that officer Foster is pointing to the West end of the Depository, opposite the official "snipers nest" window on the East end of the building

FD-302 (Rev. 3-3-59) FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

1 Date 8/10/64

WAYNE E. HARTMAN, accompanied by his wife, EDNA, was interviewed in the office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. HARTMAN said he is self-employed as a manufacturer's representative calling on drugstores, department stores, and gift shops in various states throughout the country. He said he resides at 3217 Seaside, Irving, Texas.

HARTMAN said he had learned through a radio broadcast that the Federal Bureau of Investigation had been conducting additional investigation in the area of the triple underpass where President KENNEDY was assassinated and reportedly was looking for another bullet that might possibly have been fired at the time of the assassination. Upon hearing this broadcast, HARTMAN said he felt he should report the following information to the Federal Bureau of Investigation:

On November 22, 1963, HARTMAN advised that he had business at the courthouse in Dallas, Texas, and had proceeded from the courthouse to Mullendore's Cafeteria at 601 Main Street, Dallas, Texas, shortly after 11:30 a.m. HARTMAN stated while he and his wife were in Mullendore's Cafeteria, someone announced that President KENNEDY's motorcade was proceeding west on Main Street and would shortly pass by on the street outside. HARTMAN stated he and his wife took up a position on the northeast corner of Record and Main Streets to view the motorcade. He said after the motorcade passed their position he and his wife returned inside Mullendore's Cafeteria. Within a few minutes, after returning to the cafeteria, HARTMAN said he heard some shots and a comment was made that President KENNEDY must be receiving a gun salute. HARTMAN said this did not sound like a satisfactory explanation to him and he and his wife left Mullendore's Cafeteria and walked west on Main Street, stopping on Houston Street just above the grassy area that separates Main and Elm Streets. HARTMAN related that he and his wife observed much confusion and saw a woman and child lying on the grassy area on the north side of Elm Street about midway between the triple underpass and Houston Street. HARTMAN stated he also observed a police officer and a young boy standing on the grassy area that separates Main and Elm Streets about midway between Houston Street and the triple underpass. HARTMAN advised he and his wife, out of curiosity, proceeded down to the location where

on 8/6/64 at Dallas, Texas File # DL 100-10461

by Special Agent A. RAYMOND SWITZER and ROBERT M. BARRETT:vm Date dictated 8/7/64

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5-15 Exerpt from statement of Wayne and Edna Hartman describing bullet impact hole and track in grass, note Hartmean's observations of people and witnesses are verifiable and seem to be quite accurate

2
DL 100-10461

the police officer and the young boy were standing to determine what had happened. He stated the police officer or the young boy commented that someone had shot at the President. At this time, HARTMAN stated he noted a gouged out hole in the grass that was about one and one half inches in diameter. He stated this hole continued just beneath the roots of the grass for about 18 to 24 inches. He said the ground was not heaved up but was soft to the touch and could be depressed. HARTMAN said he was able to fit three fingers into the hole.

HARTMAN was exhibited photographs 7 and 8 of the photography exhibits appearing in the report of Special Agent ROBERT P. GEMBERLING dated November 30, 1963. HARTMAN stated he and his wife were standing about five feet south of the curb in the area where the culvert or manhole cover is located. He said this gouged out hole was in line with the general area of the Texas School Book Depository Building. He said some bystander had mentioned that he believed the shots had come from the Texas School Book Depository Building. Upon realizing this, HARTMAN said he and his wife left this area and returned to Houston Street between Main and Elm Streets. He stated they remained at this location until they heard the announcement over the radio that President KENNEDY had been shot. He stated they then returned to the Dallas County Courthouse.

HARTMAN advised that on Sunday, November 24, 1963, he and his wife returned to the area where they had observed the gouged out hole on November 22, 1963. He said the grass was trampled down by people and they could not locate the hole.

HARTMAN stated he did not know if this incident had any significance but thought he should bring it to the attention of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

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5-15b Continued, note that bullet track is between two and three feet in length

FD-302 (Rev. 3-3-59) FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

1

Date 8/10/64

Mrs. WAYNE E. (EDNA) HARTMAN, 3217 Seaside, Irving, Texas, accompanied by her husband, was interviewed at the office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Mrs. HARTMAN advised that on November 22, 1963, she had accompanied her husband to the Dallas County Courthouse. From there, she stated they went to Mullendore's Cafeteria at 601 Main Street, Dallas, Texas, arriving there sometime after 11:30 a.m. While in the cafeteria, Mrs. HARTMAN stated someone advised that President KENNEDY's motorcade was proceeding west on Main Street and would pass in front of the cafeteria very shortly. Mrs. HARTMAN advised she and her husband left the cafeteria and took up a position on the northeast corner of Record and Main Streets. She said she viewed the Presidential motorcade and after it passed she and her husband returned inside Mullendore's Cafeteria. A few minutes after returning inside Mullendore's Cafeteria, Mrs. HARTMAN said she heard some loud reports and was informed by her husband that it sounded like gun shots. She said she and her husband left Mullendore's Cafeteria and walked west on Main Street to Houston Street. She stated she observed much confusion in this area and, to determine what had happened, she and her husband proceeded down the grassy slope that separates Main and Elm Streets and about midway down this slope she and her husband talked to a police officer and a young boy. She said either the young boy or the police officer informed that there had been a shooting.

Mrs. HARTMAN advised while they were talking to the above police officer and young boy she and her husband noticed a gouged out hole in the grass. She said the hole was about one and one half inches in diameter and went right under the roots of the grass for a distance of about 18 to 24 inches. She said she was able to determine this by softly pressing on the grass above the hole and in this manner determined the length of the hole. She said a bystander had informed that he believed some shooting had come from the general area of the Texas School Book Depository Building. She said when she and her husband realized this hole was in line with the Texas School Book Depository Building she and her husband returned up the slope to Houston Street between Elm and Main Streets. She said she and

44

on 8/6/64 at Dallas, Texas File # DL 100-10461

by Special Agent A. RAYMOND SWITZER and ROBERT M. BARRETT:vm Date dictated 8/7/64

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5-15c Continued, note dimensions of hole and track verified by Mrs. Edna Hartman

FD-302 (Rev. 3-3-59) FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

1 Date 11/30/63

Lt. CARL DAY, Dallas Police Department, stated he found the brown paper bag shaped like a gun case near the scene of the shooting on the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository Building. He stated the manager, Mr. TRULY, saw this bag at the time it was taken into possession by Lt. DAY. TRULY, according to DAY, had not seen this bag before. No one else viewed it. TRULY furnished similar brown paper from the roll that was used in packing books by the Texas School Book Depository. This paper was examined by the FBI Laboratory and found to have the same observable characteristics as the brown paper bag shaped like a gun case which was found near the scene of the shooting on the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository Building. The Dallas police have not exhibited this to anyone else. It was immediately locked up by DAY, kept in his possession until it was turned over to FBI Agent DRAIN for transmittal to the Laboratory. It was examined by the Laboratory, returned to the Dallas Police Department November 24, 1963, locked up in the Crime Laboratory. This bag was returned to Agent DRAIN on November 26, 1963, and taken back to the FBI Laboratory.

Lt. DAY stated no one has identified this bag to the Dallas Police Department.

FD-302 (Rev. 3-3-59) FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Date 11/30/63

1 NOV 30 1963

Lt. CARL DAY, Dallas Police Department, stated he found the brown paper bag shaped like a gun case near the scene of the shooting on the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository Building. He stated the manager, Mr. TRULY, saw this bag at the time it was taken into possession by Lt. DAY. TRULY, according to DAY, had not seen this bag before. No one else viewed it. TRULY furnished similar brown paper from the roll that was used in packing books by the Texas School Book Depository. This paper was examined by the FBI Laboratory and found not to be identical with the paper gun case found at the scene of the shooting. The Dallas police have not exhibited this to anyone else. It was immediately locked up by DAY, kept in his possession until it was turned over to FBI Agent DRAIN for transmittal to the Laboratory. It was examined by the Laboratory, returned to the Dallas Police Department November 24, 1963, locked up in the Crime Laboratory. This bag was returned to Agent DRAIN on November 26, 1963, and taken back to the FBI Laboratory.

Lt. DAY stated no one has identified this bag to the Dallas Police Department.

5-16 Conflicting documents on identification of paper bag purported to have been used to carry Oswald's rifle; the original report as actually published seems to have been changed to support the official scenario and more fully implicate Lee Oswald

APRIL 14, 1978 FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM

Surveyor: more than 1 man shot Kennedy

'I know for sure' about two shots

By JIM MARRS
Star Telegram Writer
(c) 1978 Fort Worth Star-Telegram

EASTLAND — A surveyor who says he participated in the FBI's re-enactment of the John F. Kennedy assassination has told the Star-Telegram the study proved more than one man was involved in the shooting.

Chester Breneman, now Eastland County surveyor, also said the distance and time figures published by the Warren Commission were "at odds" with the figures obtained in the re-enactment.

Breneman participated in two separate assassination studies in Dallas' Dealey Plaza at the request of his long-time friend, Dallas County Surveyor Robert H. West.

Breneman said the first study was conducted on Monday, November 25, 1963, three days after the assassination, at the request of Life magazine. That study used still photos of all frames of the Zapruder film of the assassination.

Breneman said he saw three frames of the Zapruder film at that time which showed large blobs of blood and brain matter flying from Kennedy's head to the rear of the car.

• • •

NUMEROUS WITNESSES, along with another film of the shooting, corroborate that account of the direction of the fleshy debris. The rearward direction would indicate Kennedy was shot from the front, although the Warren Commission decided all shots came from the rear.

"I'm not interested in making money or notoriety," said the 66-year-old Breneman. "I just want an explanation . . . Why the cover up?"

Breneman also said he has not spent time trying to figure out who is responsible for the assassination.

"I'm not trying to solve anything," he said. "All I've done is come to some conclusions based on what I learned and on what I know.

"The only thing I know for sure is that shots came from two different directions."

Breneman said his involvement began the Monday after the assassination.

• • •

"I WAS SITTING in Bob West's office shooting the breeze. I was a private surveyor in Dallas at the time. We were talking about the assassination when this fellow comes in and . . . said he was a special investigator for Life magazine. He asked if we would make an investigation down there and see if any other bullets were fired and from which direction they came. They were aware at that time that something was haywire.

"So we went down there (to Dealey Plaza) and roped the area off. I stood on the parapet where Zapruder stood and took those pictures. They had still pictures of all the frames of Zapruder's film.

"Well, I stood there and lined up everything that we could see in those pictures and we took measurements, matching everything to the frames. We first found that the first shot could not have been fired until a certain distance because it had to pass through a tree."

Breneman said he was using original stills from the Zapruder film, and he clearly recalls the three frames showing matter from Kennedy's head flying backward.

• • •

ASSASSINATION RESEARCHERS say several frames from the Zapruder film have never been made public. Breneman said perhaps those frames are the ones that show at least one bullet struck Kennedy from the front.

Breneman said one other thing happened to him which convinced him that Kennedy was hit from the front.

"I was friends with Maurice Ball (a former state representative from Dallas) and we were in his office a couple of days after the assassination. Now, he was good personal friends with Audrey Bell who was the chief surgical nurse at Parkland Hospital.

"So, he decided to call her up. He told me to listen in on an extension phone. He talked to Audrey and asked her to describe the president's wounds. She said there was a frontal entry wound and she described it quite thoroughly. I wish now I had taken all this down. Then she said there also was a rear entry wound. Ball talked a bit more and hung up.

"A few days later, the autopsy report came out of Bethesda Hospital and they said the doctors at Parkland were all balled up and that all the wounds were rear entry wounds.

"The next day, after reading this report, which dumbfounded me and millions of other people, I went to Maurice Ball's office again. He called Audrey Bell while I was again on the extension phone and he asked her what the people at Parkland had to say about the autopsy report out of Bethesda.

"She said something to the effect that she had no further comment on the matter and she hung up.

"Some time later, Maurice Ball talked to her and she told him that a doctor's wife said they were told not to say anything."

• • •

BRENEMAN SAID THE Life investigators had a suite of rooms on the 13th floor of the Adolphus Hotel and that he accompanied the investigators there after surveying the plaza.

He said at that time they all were in agreement that no one man could have done all the shooting the day of the assassination.

Breneman also participated in another test.

The Life investigators asked if anyone was an expert with a bolt action rifle. Breneman, who had won medals as a Marine contest shooter, replied he had had experience.

"Believe it or not, here it was the Monday after the assassination and they had managed to get a Manlicher-Carcano rifle from that sporting goods place in Chicago just like the one they said Oswald had.

"They had me up there for hours working that bolt. But I couldn't do it in less than about three seconds. There's an art to pulling a bolt speedily. You learn that in the military.

"And, I did it while looking at a stationary target . . . a moving target is something else again.

"We came to the conclusion that it couldn't be done in the time limit they were trying to get me down to."

Breneman said one strange thing stuck in his mind about the Life investigators.

"This man . . . told me, 'My life isn't worth a plug nickle on this investigation.' Then he pulled his shirt back and showed me this bullet-proof vest. I thought that was a little odd."

• • •

THE SECOND SURVEY of Dealey Plaza was done May 31, 1964, at the request of the FBI and the Secret Service.

"I just happened to be in Bob's office both times. He said, 'Do you want to come along?' and I said, 'Sure.'

"Why the Secret Service and the FBI were not out there the day after the assassination, I'll never know. And also, I believe there were three agencies there, the FBI, the Secret Service and another — the Treasury Department maybe. Anyway, they did not work together. Some of the other guys were calling the FBI men "feebees." I took that to mean he thought they were feeble.

"We again measured distances and elevations by matching the frames of the Zapruder film. We examined a bullet mark on the curb on the south side of the street. This part of the curb was replaced shortly after the assassination. Also right after the assassination, they were mentioning a sign which had a stress mark from a bullet on it.

"It's my understanding that this particular sign was quickly taken down and no one has been able to locate it.

5-17 Excerpt from "The Continuing Inquiry" newsletter containing Ft Worth Star Telegram article by Jim Marrs on Dallas Surveyor confirming alteration of Warren Commission documents

Start quote

MEMORANDUM April 27, 1964
TO:J. Lee Rankin
FROM:Norman Redlich

The purpose of this memorandum is to explain the reasons why certain members of the staff feel that it is important to take certain on-site photographs in connection with the location of the approximate points at which the three bullets struck the occupants of the Presidential limousine. **OUR REPORT PRESUMABLY WILL STATE THAT THE PRESIDENT WAS HIT BY THE FIRST BULLET, GOVERNOR CONNALLY BY THE SECOND, AND THE PRESIDENT BY THE THIRD AND FATAL BULLET. THE REPORT WILL ALSO CONCLUDE THAT THE BULLETS WERE FIRED BY ONE PERSON LOCATED IN THE SIXTH FLOOR SOUTHEAST CORNER WINDOW OF THE TSBD BUILDING.**

As our investigation now stands, however, we have not shown that these events could possibly have occurred in the manner suggested above. All we have is a reasonable hypothesis which appears to be supported by the medical testimony but which has not been checked out against the physical facts at the scene of the assassination. Our examination of the Zapruder films shows that the fatal third shot struck the President at a point which we can locate with reasonable accuracy on the ground. We can do this because we know the exact frame (no. 313) in the film at which the third shot hit the President and we know the location of the photographer. By lining up fixed objects in the movie fram [sic] where this shot occurs we feel that we have determined the approximate location of this shot. This can be verified by a photo of the same spot from the point were Zapruder was standing.

We have the testimony of Governor and Mrs. Connally that the Governor was hit with the second bullet at a point which we probably cannot fix with precision. We feel we have established, however, with the help of medical testimony, that the shot which hit the Governor did not come {after} frame 240 on the Zapruder film. The Governor feels that it came around 230 which is certainly consistent with our observations of the film and with the doctor's testimony. Since the President was shot at frame 313, this would leave a time of at least 4 seconds between two shots, certainly ample for even an inexperienced marksman. Prior to our last viewing of the films with Governor Connally we had assumed that the President was hit while he was concealed behind the sign which occurs between frames 215 to 225. We have expert testimony to the effect that a skilled marksman would require a minimum of time of 2 1/4 seconds between shots with this rifle. Since the camera operates at 18 1/3 frames per second, there would have to be a minimum of 40 frames between shots. IT IS APPARENT THEREFORE, THAT IF GOVERNOR CONNALLY WAS HIT EVEN AS LATE AS FRAME 240, THE PRESIDENT WOULD HAVE TO HAVE BEEN HIT NO LATER THAN FRAME 190 AND PROBABLY EVEN EARLIER.

We have not yet examined the assassination scene to determine whether the assassin in fact could have shot the President prior to frame 190. We could locate the position on the ground which corresponds to this frame and it would then be our intent to establish by photography that the assassin could have fired the first shot at the President prior to this point. **OUR INTENTION IS NOT TO ESTABLISH THE POINT WITH COMPLETE ACCURACY, BUT MERELY TO SUBSTANTIATE THE HYPOTHESIS WHICH UNDERLIES THE CONCLUSIONS THAT OSWALD WAS THE SOLE ASSASSIN.**

5-18 Reproduction of Warren Commission memo from Norman Redlich to J. Lee Rankin; (emphasis) highlighting added by author

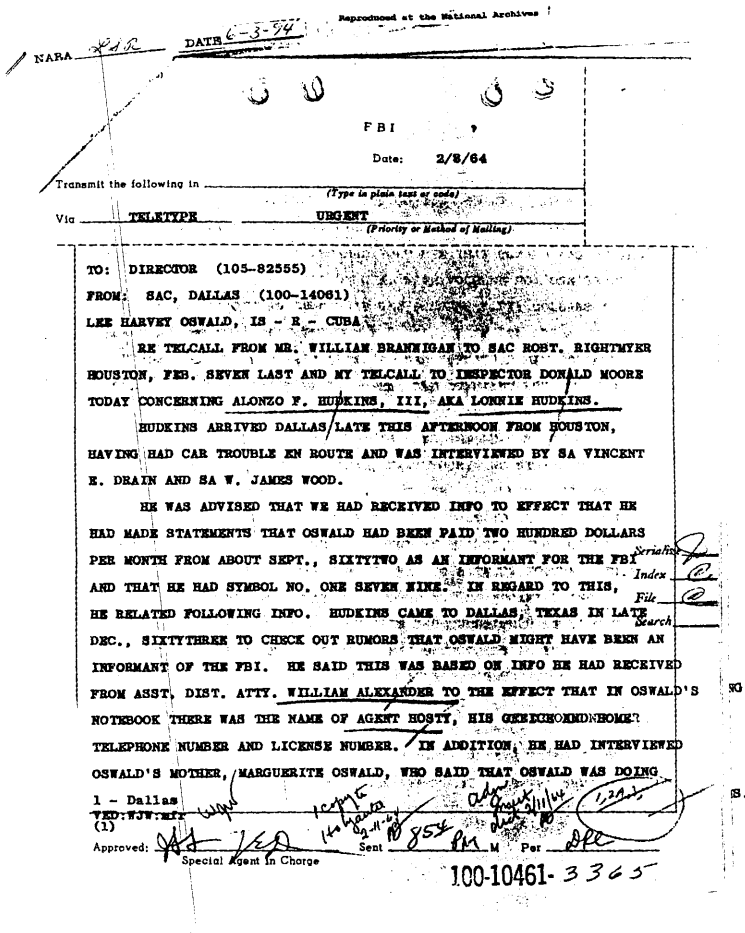
I had always assumed that our final report would be accompanied by a surveyor's diagram which would indicate the appropriate location of the three shots. WE CERTAINLY CANNOT PREPARE SUCH A DIAGRAM WITHOUT ESTABLISHING THAT WE ARE DESCRIBING AN OCCURRENCE WHICH IS PHYSICALLY POSSIBLE. OUR FAILURE TO DO THIS WILL, IN MY OPINION, PLACE THIS REPORT IN JEOPARDY SINCE IT IS A CERTAINTY THAT OTHERS WILL EXAMINE THE ZAPRUDER FILMS AND RAISE THE SAME QUESTIONS WHICH HAVE BEEN RAISED BY OUR EXAMINATION OF THE FILMS. If we do not attempt to answer these questions with observable facts, others may answer them with facts which challenge our most basic assumptions, or with fanciful theories based on our unwillingness to test our assumptions by the investigatory methods available to us.

I SHOULD ADD THAT THE FACTS WHICH WE NOW HAVE IN OUR POSSESSION, SUBMITTED TO US IN SEPARATE REPORTS FROM THE FBI AND SECRET SERVICE, ARE TOTALLY INCORRECT AND, IF LEFT UNCORRECTED, WILL PRESENT A COMPLETELY MISLEADING PICTURE.

It may well be that this project should be undertaken by the FBI and Secret Service with our assistance instead of being done as a staff project. The important thing is that the project be undertaken expeditiously.

End quote

5-18b Continued, note paragraph stating the fact that the Warren Committee scenario is not supported by reports submitted by the FBI and Secret Service



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FBI

Date: 2/8/64

Transmit the following in _____ (Type in plain text or code)

Via TELETYPE URGENT (Priority or Method of Mailing)

TO: DIRECTOR (105-82555)

FROM: SAC, DALLAS (100-10461)

LEE HARVEY OSWALD, IS - R - CUBA

RE TELCALL FROM MR. WILLIAM BRANNIGAN TO SAC ROBT. RIGHTMYER HOUSTON, FEB. SEVEN LAST AND MY TELCALL TO INSPECTOR DONALD MOORE TODAY CONCERNING ALONZO F. HUDKINS, III, AKA LONNIE HUDKINS.

HUDKINS ARRIVED DALLAS LATE THIS AFTERNOON FROM HOUSTON, HAVING HAD CAR TROUBLE EN ROUTE AND WAS INTERVIEWED BY SA VINCENT E. DRAIN AND SA W. JAMES WOOD.

HE WAS ADVISED THAT WE HAD RECEIVED INFO TO EFFECT THAT HE HAD MADE STATEMENTS THAT OSWALD HAD BEEN PAID TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS PER MONTH FROM ABOUT SEPT., SIXTYTWO AS AN INFORMANT FOR THE FBI Serialize Index File Search AND THAT HE HAD SYMBOL NO. ONE SEVEN NINE IN REGARD TO THIS, HE RELATED FOLLOWING INFO. HUDKINS CAME TO DALLAS, TEXAS IN LATE DEC., SIXTYTHREE TO CHECK OUT RUMORS THAT OSWALD MIGHT HAVE BEEN AN INFORMANT OF THE FBI. HE SAID THIS WAS BASED ON INFO HE HAD RECEIVED FROM ASST. DIST. ATTY. WILLIAM ALEXANDER TO THE EFFECT THAT IN OSWALD'S NO NOTEBOOK THERE WAS THE NAME OF AGENT HOSTY, HIS TELEPHONE NUMBER AND LICENSE NUMBER. IN ADDITION, HE HAD INTERVIEWED OSWALD'S MOTHER, MARGUERITE OSWALD, WHO SAID THAT OSWALD WAS DOING IS.

1 - Dallas

VED:WJW:mfr

(1)

Approved: _____ Special Agent In Charge Sent _____ M Per _____

100-10461-3365

5-19 FBI Memo summarizing the press report that Lee Oswald was an FBI informant; note final statement that Agent Hosty's name was not in Lee Oswald's notebook (one page of notebook transcript had been altered by FBI prior to submission and all pages had been renumbered; this alteration temporarily concealed the fact that Oswald's name was indeed in Hosty's notebook; reference exhibit 5-20)

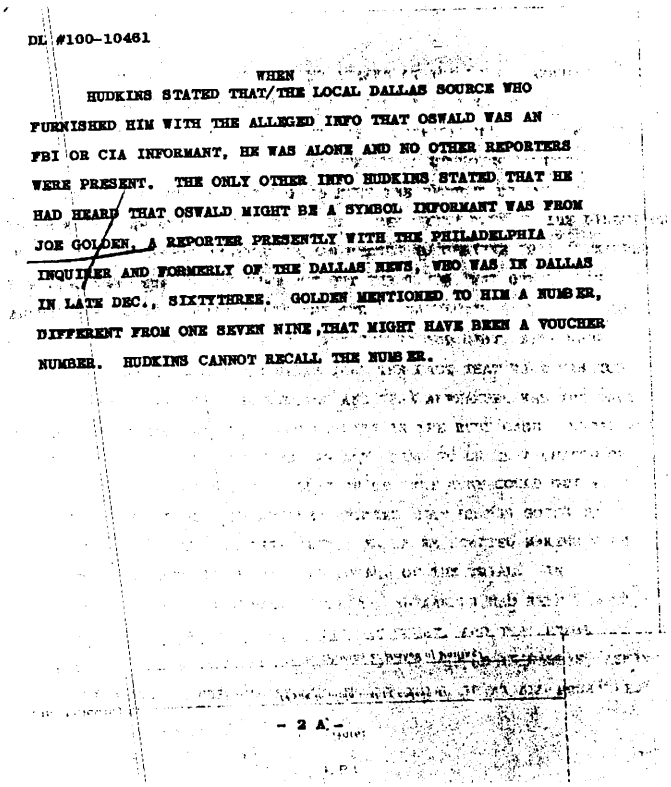
DL #100-10461

IMPORTANT SUBVERSIVE WORK FOR THE GOVT.

HUDKINS STATED THAT HE HAD CONTACTED A GOVT. OFFICIAL, in Dallas NOT A FEDERAL OFFICIAL, WHO HAD TOLD HIM THAT OSWALD WAS ON THE PAY ROLL OF EITHER THE FBI OR CIA, WITH VOUCHER NO. ONE SEVEN NINE, AND RECEIVED NO LESS THAN ONE HUNDRED FIFTY DOLLARS A MONTH AND NO MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED TWENTYFIVE DOLLARS A MONTH. HUDKINS RELATED THAT THIS OFFICIAL HAD FURNISHED HIM RELIABLE INFO IN THE PAST WHICH HE HAD BEEN ABLE TO PRINT, BUT THAT HE DID NOT PRINT ANYTHING STATING OSWALD WAS AN INFORMANT OF THE FBI OR CIA, BUT MERELY RAISED THIS QUESTION IN HIS ARTICLE IN THE HOUSTON POST DATED JAN. ONE, SIXTYFOUR. HE STATED HE ONLY HAD THIS OFFICIAL'S WORD AND DID NOT SEE ANY SUPPORTING DOCUMENTS OF ANY KIND TO SUBSTANTIATE SAME. HUDKINS SAID HE MADE INQUIRIES OF SOME FRIENDS OF HIS IN HOUSTON, WHOSE NAMES HE WOULD NOT DIVULGE, AND ALSO ASKED HIS WASHINGTON HDQTRS. TO ATTEMPT TO CHECK THIS OUT. HUDKINS RELATED THAT THIS COULD NOT BE VERIFIED AND THEREFORE WAS NOT PRINTED. HUDKINS WAS QUESTIONED AT LENGTH IN ATTEMPT TO ASCERTAIN THE SOURCE THAT OSWALD WAS AN FBI OR CIA INFORMANT, BUT HUDKINS REFUSED TO DIVULGE HIS SOURCE OR TO FURNISH A SIGNED STATEMENT. HE DID ADMIT THAT THIS WAS A LOCAL DALLAS SOURCE. HE STATED THAT HE HAD QUOTED EXACTLY ALEXANDER'S STATEMENTS TO HIM PREVIOUSLY AS TO AGENT HOSTY'S NAME BEING IN OSWALD'S NOTEBOOK, WHICH INCLUDED HIS HOME TELEPHONE NUMBER. HUDKINS STATED THAT HE LATER LEARNED THAT HOSTY'S HOME TELEPHONE NUMBER WAS NOT IN THIS NOTEBOOK.

- 2 -

5-19b Continued, note that the reporter refuses to identify his actual source



DL #100-10461

WHEN HUDKINS STATED THAT THE LOCAL DALLAS SOURCE WHO FURNISHED HIM WITH THE ALLEGED INFO THAT OSWALD WAS AN FBI OR CIA INFORMANT, HE WAS ALONE AND NO OTHER REPORTERS WERE PRESENT. THE ONLY OTHER INFO HUDKINS STATED THAT HE HAD HEARD THAT OSWALD MIGHT BE A SYMBOL INFORMANT WAS FROM JOE GOLDEN, A REPORTER PRESENTLY WITH THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER AND FORMERLY OF THE DALLAS NEWS, WHO WAS IN DALLAS IN LATE DEC., SIXTYTHREE. GOLDEN MENTIONED TO HIM A NUMBER, DIFFERENT FROM ONE SEVEN NINE, THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A VOUCHER NUMBER. HUDKINS CANNOT RECALL THE NUMBER.

- 2 A -

5-19c Continued, note that source seems to have been a known Federal informant but no specific name has ever emerged

ATTACHMENT C

SOME QUESTIONS TO BE PUT TO THE FBI
WITH RESPECT TO THE CONDUCT OF THIER
INVESTIGATION OF THE MURDER OF J.F.K.

Reference copy, JFK Collection, HSCA (RG 233)

1) What triggered a query by the FBI to the State Department in 1961 as to the possibility of anunknown person in the U.S. using Oswald's identity while he was in the U.S.S.R.?

2) When Oswald was "arrested" in New Orleans for distributing pro-Castro leaflets in front of Clay Shoaw's office, why did he request and receive a visit in jail from an FBI agent?

3) What was the relationship between Oswald and Dallas FBI Special Agent James Hosty?

4) What was the relationship between "our" Oswald and the one whose picture was taken by a hidden U.S. camera in Mexico City on October 4, 1963? The photo of the "other" Oswald arrived, by coincidence, on the desk of Agent Hosy in Dallas on November 22, 1963?

5) Why did the FBI never inform the Secret Service of the presence of Oswald in Dallas. Why was the Secret Service the only agency that had never heard of Oswald?

6) Why did two FBI agents, who were present at the autopsy upon JFK in Bethesda, report significantly different wounds than did the autopsy doctors?

7) Why did the FBI withhold from the Warren Commission the actual results of its ballistics tests upon the bullets and bullet fragments?

8) Why did the FBI excise from Oswald's address book a page containing Hosty's name, address, phone number, and license plate before the book was turned over to the Warren Commission?

9) Why did the FBI not follow leads in its usual thorough way? Ask them, for example, about the search for Bowen-Osborne, the mysterious man who accompanied Oswald on his bus trip to Mexico?

10) When the FBI questioned Richard Nixon as to his whereabouts on November 22, 1963, didn't they find it a bit odd that he couldn't remember if he had or had not been in Dallas that day?

11) Why did the FBI virtually demolish JFK's automobile? What happened to its bullet spattered windshield?

12) Why does the FBI continue to insist that certain of its reports remain secret until the year 2039?

5-20 HSCA listing of issues pertaining to original FBI investigation; note item #8 highlighting FBI alteration of Oswald notebook transcript

Chapter 6

"ONE OF YOUR GUYS DID IT"

It appears that the afternoon of November 22, one of the first thoughts to occur to Robert Kennedy was that his brother had been killed by Cuban exiles. RFK expressed this first during a telephone call with Enrique "Harry" Ruiz Williams, the leader of the Kennedy sponsored exile faction and Robert's friend and military advisor among the exiles (Warren Hinckle and William Turner, Deadly Secrets, pp 167 - 172; reference personal interviews of Williams by Hinckle for his relationship with Robert Kennedy).

Williams was staying in Washington D.C. at the Ebbitt Hotel on H. Street, a transit point for exiles visiting the CIA. After speaking with Williams, during the call, Robert asked him to pass the phone to Haynes Johnson, a Washington Post and Evening Star reporter who was with him and who had been researching for a book on

The Bay of Pigs. Johnson describes RFK as in control and brisk as he stated that **"One of your guys did it,"** indicating Johnson's contacts among the leading CIA sponsored exiles (Haynes Johnson, "One Day's Events Shattered America's Hopes and Certainties," The Washington Post, November 20, 1983).

This conversation is described in Scott's Deep Politics, p 114 as well as by Anthony Summers in Vanity Fair, December 1994, p 109. It was also reported originally by veteran researcher Paul Hoch in his Echos of Conspiracy newsletter. Recent confirmation has also been obtained in memoranda on the call released as part of the December 1997 batch release of CIA Segregated files from the Assassinations Records Review Board.

Why would John Kennedy's brother think first of the Cuban exile community? Why, with full knowledge of the bitter hatred (if not the specific threats of the preceding two years) the Kennedys' mob and teamster campaigns had aroused, with the Diem assassination less than a month old, with knowledge of the undisclosed war on Castro and Castro's awareness of American assassination attempts against him, why would Bobby's first thought be of the Cuban exile community?

RFK and the Justice Department had been fighting an ongoing and increasingly successful battle with the mob and teamsters; however, he had also been intensely involved in a constant, personal obsession with Cuba (Jeff Shesol, Mutual Contempt, pp 72-73).

He oversaw meetings of the Special Operations Group (Augmented), a military and intelligence group chartered with ousting Castro through a virtual undeclared war on his government. As the de facto Czar of Cuban affairs, Robert acted independently and forcefully - carrying the burden for the Administration's massive failure and embarrassment at the Bay of Pigs. However, Robert applied his own personal touch, in the end actually picking the Kennedy's own exile team for the overthrow of Castro. And in March and April of 1963 when some groups of exiles starting attacking Russian shipping and targets, John Kennedy bluntly cut

off their support and funding - leading to exile charges that the Kennedy's were switching policies and "breaking promises" (Cuba, The US And Russia, New York, Facts on File, 1964, p 131).

As the more militant, non-Kennedy backed groups became more bitter, their hatred for John Kennedy began to match that for Castro. Unfortunately, the Kennedys were following their own agenda against Castro and the other exile groups were left to their own resources with no explanation. As Hinckle describes the situation, the rest of the exiles were told to "stuff it" but were not told why (Hinckle and Turner, Deadly Secrets, Chapter 5, "The Secret of the Brothers Kennedy").

The intensity of the exile emotions can best be judged in a recently published book (1998) by Grayston Lynch, one of the two CIA operatives actually supporting the exiles at the Bay of Pigs. In his book Decision for Disaster - Betrayal at the Bay of Pigs, he describes statements and actions by John Kennedy that resulted in the exile force literally being dumped into Cuba as a way to dispose of a problem for the Administration (p 81, "If we have to get rid of these 800 men it is better to dump them in Cuba than in the United States, especially if that is where they want to go" - quoted from A Thousand Days in the White House by Schlesinger).

Later Lynch describes the landing and virtual elimination of the Brigade as a solution of a New Frontier problem (Decision for Disaster, p 168), a solution leaving Russian artillery and tanks in Cuba, very shortly followed by MIG squadrons, and with the ballistic missiles soon to begin arriving.

Grayston Lynch's story of the exile bravery and ill use is extremely compelling; and it is clear from this perspective that any exiles that were closed off and left out would indeed have had cause for intense frustration and anger. Given this explosive situation it seems much more understandable that a very involved and very knowledgeable Robert Kennedy might indeed think first of exiles when he heard of a rifle equipped sniper attack on his brother in Dallas.

Of course, the FBI investigation and Warren Report provide not

the faintest suggestion that exiles or their American supporters were even investigated. However, 35 years of research now allow us to look at their information in a much different light, especially when we follow the suggestions of Professor Peter Dale Scott.

Professor Scott notes, "To the stock objection that it would be virtually impossible to assemble a murder conspiracy without leakage, the response is that an existing conspiratorial network or system of networks, already in place and capable of murder, would have much less difficulty in maintaining the discipline of secrecy."

And when we look again from this perspective, we are led to pursue three significant areas in which information was consciously withheld from the Warren Commission and the American public (the connection of Jack Ruby to organized crime, the participation of several major organized crime figures in a prolonged anti-Castro effort and the existence of an American intelligence agency program developed to execute dangerous foreign leaders.

Certainly every effort was made to withhold any clues to the CIA Executive Action program (designated as ZRRIFLE; exhibit 6-1) and the implementation of the Castro specific MONGOOSE project. Even more confidential was the fact that major members of the mob had actually become involved in the CIA sponsored Cuban project, we begin to see the outlines of the "network" defined by Professor Scott. (Of course documentation on such projects is exceedingly difficult to obtain, the sensitivity of even high level discussion is shown in exhibit 6-2.)

And when the major players of this network are tracked over time we find a series of credible "leaks" and indeed "confessions" which very likely point to at least some of the participants involved in John Kennedy's murder. We also see the "network" that helped shield them during both the Warren Commission tenure and the potentially much more dangerous House Select Committee on Assassinations' actual investigation. For a beginning, we can start with one of the most significant cover-ups foisted on the Warren Commission - that Jack Ruby, a local Dallas Club operator had no criminal connections, no police connections and was mo-

tivated to kill Lee Oswald solely by a deep sense of concern for the family of the deceased President.

Jack Ruby was cleared by the FBI of having any solid underworld connections; however, to clear up doubts about his background the FBI went to Ruby associates such as Lenny Patrick, who later confessed during a 1992 trial that he had personally killed two people and helped kill four more. Patrick later received a six year reduced sentence after turning in his boss. Dave Yaras, another reference for Ruby's non-involvement with the underworld, was himself a go-between for national underworld figures such as Carlos Marcello and Santo Trafficante, a crony of James Hoffa and a key "Lieutenant" for Sam Giancana.

On Nov. 21, 1963, Dave Yaras received a telephone call from Barney Baker who had himself been in direct contact with Jack Ruby immediately prior to the assassination (Twyman, Bloody Treason, p 256). Patrick and Yaras were both deep within the underworld side of the "network" and any of their statements could reasonably be seen as meaningless or misleading; instead they characterize the sorts of sources used to verify Ruby's lack of criminal connections (Warren Report, p 785; 22WH p 218, HSCA Report, p 150).

Of course, the fact that the FBI had actually used Ruby as an official "potential criminal informant" during his first round of gun running to Cuba in 1959, meeting with him nine times that year, was withheld by Hoover for several months. It did not become a matter of published documents of the Warren Report (WC Document 85, p 64).

Another piece of missing information from Dallas was the June 16, 1963, report of Lt. Robert L. May Jr., who was not called by the Commission nor used as a reference for Ruby's lack of connections. However, Lt. May , then of the Dallas vice squad and had submitted a confidential report to Chief Jesse Curry about Ruby's connections during the Summer of '63.

This report described a series of Syndicate meetings which had occurred in Dallas the week of June 13 of that year. A variety of

mobsters representing Giancana and the Genovese family arrived and conducted a series of planning meetings at three different local hang outs. One establishment was the Carousel Club and their host was the club's owner, Jack Ruby. Details of May's report may be found in Seth Kantor's Who was Jack Ruby? and the report itself is in the Texas Attorney General's assassination files, Files of Evidence Connected with the Investigation of the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy, Texas Attorney General's Office, 1963-63, rare book collection, microfilm, Washington D.C., Microcard Editions, 1967.

For the most comprehensive synopsis of Ruby's criminal networking and connections see George Michael Evica's "Who were these Men? The Dallas Connection" in The Third Decade, Vol 1 #2 January, 1985.

Starting with the FBI's official position on Ruby — "no evidence that he ever participated in organized criminal activity" (FBI report 4-3-601) — it has taken private researchers such as Evica, Scott, Scheim, Kantor and others several decades to determine the full extent of Ruby's true connections. However, it is now clear that Ruby himself had a lengthy involvement with a number of individuals originally involved in the Havana casino business.

The Batista era gambling connections seem to have evolved into an equally long term participation in gun running. Ruby's gun running activities were first to Castro forces, during the Batista "squeeze" of the mob operations, and later to the counter revolutionaries in support of their efforts to regain control of Cuba from Castro.

"They're going to find out about my trips to Cuba, and my trips to New Orleans and the guns and everything"

... Jack Ruby to his employee Wally Weston. Similar remarks were made to lawyers and a doctor (Jim Marrs, "Crossfire" pp 392- 393).

For details on Ruby's gun running connections, reference the FBI report of Dec 1, 1963, shown on page 290 of Weberman and Canfield's Coup D Etat, the LaFontaines' Chapter 1 in Oswald Talked and the HSCA memo from Griffin to Rankin of 5/14/64,

(which connects Ruby's attorney Ed Bruner to gun running), and especially Seth Kantor, The Ruby Cover-Up, Chapter 8.

Ruby's Havana connections extended to pit bosses like John Martino and to Lewis McWillie, manager of the Mob-owned Tropicana Hotel in Havana from September 1958 to May 1960. Ruby was seen with McWillie frequently during a visit to Havana in 1959 (Twyman, Bloody Treason p 255; Scheim pp 131- 132; CD 1691, 1697 p 1; HSCA 58 p 3) .

Another connection between Ruby and the mob was R.D. Matthews, who had worked in the Havana casinos in the late 1950s (WC Vol. 5, p 30; also CE 2303 and CE 2980). Matthews moved to Dallas in the early 1960s, where he continued to be an associate and friend of Ruby. R.D. Matthews was arrested over fifty times in Dallas, but convicted only once - on narcotics charges.

Ruby also appears to have had connections to even higher level operators such as the noted Chicago-Vegas-LA underworld "fixer," John Roselli.

... **"Ruby was one of our boys, he had orders to kill Oswald"**

John Roselli, to his friend columnist Jack Anderson. The Anderson relationship with Roselli is covered in detail in Rappleye and Becker's The Johnny Rosselli Story; An American Mafioso, pp 244-248.

Rosselli and his associate, John Martino, (CIA code names "Chloroform and Joghua," exhibit 6-3) knew Ruby from Havana where both served as gambling syndicate "bagmen" (Scott, Deep Politics, p. 117 and HSCA AR 152, p. 516).

Interestingly enough, these names meant very little in 1963, principally because the CIA managed to avoid allowing the fact that Martino and Roselli were key players in the joint Mob-CIA effort to assassinate Fidel Castro to surface. The existence of the "Mongoose" project under the Executive Action umbrella of the ZR/Rifle program was a state secret of the highest order. But the facts are that John Roselli and senior CIA officers William Harvey and David Morales were professionally involved, had gone on

operational missions into Cuba together, and were close friends with each other - and virtually no one else.

Roselli and Martino were more than just middle men. Both had independently gone into Cuba on military missions (Rappleye, American Mafioso, pp 218-219 and Scott, Deep Politics, p 113). More suspiciously, Rosselli, Morales and Harvey have since been revealed to have met in Florida during the spring of 1963 (Twyman, Bloody Treason pp 443-446, Rappleye citing New York Times Jan 23, 1978 article by Scott Malone).

This meeting, however, was well after their operation was formally dismantled and Harvey was reassigned to Italy and a very much lower profile job, which turned him into a bitter enemy of the Kennedys ("Harvey hated Robert Kennedy's guts" ...Schlesinger, Robert Kennedy p 516). The topic of their highly secretive Florida meeting might have led to some very interesting questions in 1963, especially if the FBI report recording multiple meetings of Roselli and Ruby in Florida in early fall had also been produced.

Over the weeks and years after November 22, 1963 both Roselli and Martino became active in floating disinformation (see exhibit 6-4) about the Kennedy assassination, first that it was a Castro operation then later that it was a CIA team that was captured and forced by Castro to turn on Kennedy. The rumors were well promoted through columnist Jack Anderson, a personal friend of Roselli, and office mate of Irving Davidson, an exceptionally successful D.C. lobbyist and a wizard at representing Hoffa and Marcello. The 1998 release of FBI tapes contains calls from a Marcello lawyer to Davidson, as well as Clint Murchison and Bobby Baker.

However, after closed Assassinations Committee testimony, Roselli's body was discovered floating in an oil drum. His Chicago mentor and collaborator in the CIA-mob Cuban affair, Sam Giancana, was found shot six times around the mouth with a 22 caliber pistol (see exhibit 6-5 for rare confirmation of Giancana's CIA and Castro project involvement).

The mere fact that Roselli had gone public concerning the CIA

Mongoose project and appeared to be ready to talk at all may have been his undoing (Earlier Rosselli had been placed under a good deal of pressure with the possibility of his being deported; see exhibit 6 - 6 which confirms this and also establishes his CIA role). Certainly, at the time of his murder, he was old, retired and not active in any way in underworld affairs, at least not a threat to anyone other than the CIA or perhaps those directly involved in events in Dallas .

... **"The Anti-Castro people put Oswald together..."**

John Martino to a Texas friend, Summers, Conspiracy, p. 451- 452

John Martino, on the other hand, kept silent until shortly before his natural death when he revealed to friends that he had been personally involved in the conspiracy to assassinate Kennedy. The confession was verified by his wife, who described his advance statements to her early on the morning of November 22, as well as his constant phone calls to Texas that day.

The Cuban connection, which Ruby's smuggled letters and comments to jailers now reveal was one of his biggest worries, consisted of a lengthy career in gun smuggling both to Castro during the Batista crack down on mob gambling operations in Havana and later in support of anti-Castro forces after the Mob had been ejected. In this he can be traced to local gun dealers and armory personnel in Texas as well as to the mob/teamster funded exile leaders such as Sergio Arcacha Smith and Paulino Sierra Martinez (HSCA 10 AH pp 95-101; 3AH pp 377-78; also see in depth development of this point in Chapter 1 of "Oswald Talked" by Ray and Mary LaFontaine and exhibits 6-10, 6-11 and 6-12).

In fact, Ruby was so well versed in the exile affairs that only he among reporters and others attending the press conference the night of November 22, was able to correct District Attorney Wade as to the correct name of Oswald's "Fair Play for Cuba" pro-Castro organization. Wade had called it the "Free Cuba Committee" which was actually the anti-Castro exile organization of Arcacha Smith

(HSCA 10 AH 110, Hinckle and Turner, The Fish is Red p 204 and Kantor The Ruby Cover-Up p 101).

Also, as discussed in Chapter 1, the Rose Cheramie incident in Louisiana demonstrates not only pre-knowledge of the attack on the President but also suggests another possible link between Jack Ruby, Rose's former employer, and Arcacha Smith with whom she was traveling at the time. It is interesting how many of Ruby's connections (especially the guns, always the guns) lead in the direction of New Orleans and to the extremely active anti-Communist community that had developed there, composed of exiles, Agency contract agents, political activists and the bagmen who carried the money associated with all this - money from "black" (hidden CIA budgets) sources formally associated with JM WAVE in Miami, money from the mob, perhaps even money from Hoffa.

The guns lead us to another critical part of "the network", a Dallas-New Orleans-Miami axis with money and guns coming across from Texas and down from Chicago (skimmed from Vegas) and Cleveland. And they show us the connections, low level connections involving guns for money and high level connections in the name of patriotism and the anti-Communist crusade against Castro. Exhibits 6-10 though 6-14 provide a feel for the scope of such connections, even at the lowest levels.

Given this sub-culture, it is not terribly surprising that a New Orleans lawyer actually received a call to defend Lee Oswald - another trail beyond the scope of this book but well documented in the Warren Commission testimony of Dean Andrews as well as in Oswald in New Orleans by Harold Weisberg p. 111-140 and Jim Garrison's On the Trail of the Assassins Chapter Six.

In the context of New Orleans, it is important to note that one of Arcacha Smith's financial contributors was the well known underworld king of the South, Carlos Marcello (HSCA 10 AH p 112; FBI report of April 1961). Marcello who himself had admitted an association with the CIA Mongoose operation while in conversation with undercover FBI operative Joseph Hawser in 1979 (John Davis, Mafia Kingfish, pp 346-47, 474 and 578).

... Marcello covers himself ...

During the successful BRILAB investigations which led to the conviction of Carlos Marcello, tapes were obtained of his discussions of Kennedy and Ruby. The tapes confirm that Marcello had lobbyists and lawyers in Washington working press angles with the Washington Post and Jack Anderson to counter the HSCA focus on mob involvement in the assassination. These recordings also contain an interesting dialog in which Marcello and Joe Campisi, the number two mob man in Dallas, who was in almost constant touch with Marcello (as many as 20 calls a day to New Orleans, Scheim, Contract on America, pp 122-123) and who sent Carlos 260 lbs of sausage every Christmas (Blakey, Fatal Hour, p 337).

In the BRILAB tapes, Marcello and Campisi are recorded discussing Ruby as a "nobody." Yet Ruby's sister, Eva Grant, and his roommate, George Senator, identified Campisi as a "close friend" and "one of three closest friends of Jack Ruby." (Scheim p 123)

Marcello denies ever knowing of Ruby while at the same time describing his admiration for Jack Kennedy and his lack of enmity toward Robert Kennedy. Of course, these statements are counter to virtually every other mention of the Kennedys related by Marcello's associates (Blakey and Billings, pp279 - 280 ; HSCA vol IX pp 82-83).

It is also strange that this appears to be the first discussion of Ruby by the two and comes over a decade after Joe Campisi himself (described by Ruby's sister and roommate as a special and close friend of Jack's) visited with Ruby at Campisi's restaurant the night before the assassination and was the first civilian invited in to visit Ruby in jail after his arrest. Campisi was invited by Sheriff Decker himself, who was also a long time acquaintance of Campisi' (Blakey p 361) and of the number one Dallas mob figure, Joe Civello. Decker, serving as a character witness and helped ensure a parole for Civello in a 1937 narcotics bust (Blakey and Billings, Fatal Hour, p 346).

Interestingly enough Sheriff Decker seems to have had a long history with the Dallas underworld (HSCA 9, pp 412, 517, 527 and 530) and as late as 1963 one of his deputies, Buddy Walthers appears to have been investigated for narcotics violations. The reader may remember Walthers from his activities on the south side of Elm Street the afternoon of November 22, 1963. Unfortunately, Mr. Walthers was killed by a fellow officer in a strange shooting incident within several months (reference Craig, When They Kill a President, self published manuscript).

However, returning to New Orleans and Carlos Marcello, a much more credible picture of Marcello's position towards Jack Kennedy is outlined in an FBI report of March 3, 1989. This report (Twyman, p 298, plus exhibit 5-9) relates that while in custody, an aging and somewhat senile Marcello mistook his prison guards for his former bodyguards and began speaking to them concerning his recent trip to New York City and a meeting with Tony Provenzano, in which it was determined that **"they would get Kennedy in Dallas."** Tony "Pro," was a Teamsters International vice president and captain in the Genovese "family" who later carried $500,000 to Nixon for use in the Hunt "hush" fund and is still considered a prime suspect in the disappearance of Jimmy Hoffa.

As a footnote, Dan Moldea, in The Hoffa Wars pp 112, 163-64, references a Justice Department report showing that Tony Provenzano was also involved with one Jack Rubenstein, AKA Jack Ruby (reference also FBI report in exhibit 6-9c relating Provenzano to Marcello).

Marcello himself was well associated with the rackets in Texas and to the local "Texas Mafia" including such noted individuals as George McGann, R.D. Matthews, and Charles Harrelson. Interestingly enough, Charles Harrelson is one of the few individuals to confess involvement in the assassination of John Kennedy in Dallas, a confession which took the form of bragging during a lengthy siege by officers prior to his arrest and conviction in the sniper killing of a Federal Judge (Texas vs. Charles Harrelson, Brazoria County Court, Case #7372 also Houston Chronicle 2/2/80, Hous-

ton Post 9/3/80 and 1/28/80 and Portland Maine Press Herald, 4/16/82).

The credibility of his remarks is validated by the statements of Joseph Chagra, convicted along with Harrelson in the murder of Judge Wood, to the effect that Harrelson's "resume" for that job included his JFK experience and was actually the key in his selection (Blakey, Fatal Hours p xxxix and xl; for a more personal feel for Harrelson, see James Moore, Very Special Agents, Chapter 5, regarding this ATF agent's experiences with Harrelson, also his detailed references on p 331 and 332).

When finally captured after an hour long stand-off and under the inhibition loosening effects of cocaine, Charles Harrelson bragged of his participation in killing John Kennedy in Dallas. In his pocket at the time of his arrest, he was carrying the business card of his idol and mentor, R.D. Matthews, reminding us of Havana and Jack Ruby's Cuban connections (reference Harrelson sources cited above, also Marrs, Crossfire p 333-336).

Jack Ruby was apparently busy in the fall of 1963 with matters other than just gun running. Primarily he seems to have been connecting with an interesting group of mob movers and shakers, including individuals such as Irwin Weiner, described by the Justice Department as the chief money man for the Teamsters out of Chicago and long involved in Cuban mob activities (WC document 84.12 p 229). Weiner was called by Ruby "person to person" in Chicago on October 12, 1963 (Scheim p 134). Both Weiner and Barney Baker, described by RFK himself as "the Teamsters roving violence agent" (Scheim Contract on America, p 121-122).

Both Weiner and Baker would certainly seem to be out of Ruby's league, even given what is known of him now, but Barker's name and three phone numbers are in Ruby's personal notebooks.

Perhaps even more interestingly, immediately prior to the assassination, Ruby not only exchanged telephone calls, but also was visited in mid-November by two individuals who had not contacted him in over ten years; Paul Rowland Jones, another Chicago mob figure and Al Gruber out of L.A.

Their visits seem to coincide with Ruby's suddenly coming into several thousand dollars in cash and even installing a safe for his club - a real first for a man perpetually in a financial crisis and used to literally carrying his available cash on his person or in his car Unfortunately, that safe itself was apparently never opened by officials and was stolen the night before it was to be auctioned off in New York City!!

Gruber was out of Los Angeles and connected to Hoffa, the Teamsters and Roselli. The reunion in Dallas must have made a strong impression since Gruber was the first and only out-of-state call the supposedly distraught Ruby would make on November 22, about an hour after the assassination.

Another interesting afternoon call made on November 22 was the only call Director Hoover made to a private individual and one of three he made in all. Hoover telephoned Billy Byars after Oswald's arrest. Byars was a Texas oil millionaire, a friend of Hoover's from the La Jolla, California hotel Del Charo, noted for its Texas and underworld sponsorship and connections. Byars was also apparently an old acquaintance of Jack Ruby, who had scammed him in a gambling set-up (Byars references in Scott, p 206, Summers Official and Confidential pp 329, 488).

Even more interesting is that the following year, Byar's son Billy Jr., while at Del Charo along with Hoover, asked about the real facts on Dallas. Hoover's reply ... **"If I told you what I really know, it would be very dangerous to this country. Our whole political system could be disrupted."**

— J. Edgar Hoover to Billy Byars, Jr. at Del Charo, 1964, Summers, Official and Confidential, p 383.

Whatever Ruby's personal involvement in the assassination actually was, including his "sacrifice" in killing Lee Harvey Oswald, it certainly was not his generally published and promoted story that he did it so Jackie and the children would not have to come back to Dallas. We know this now from one of Ruby's trial lawyers, Joseph Tonahill. At one point in his trial Ruby presented a hand-

written note to Tonahill, stating that his first lawyer, Tom Howard, developed the "Jackie Alibi" for him. "Joe, you should know this. Tom Howard told me to say that I shot Oswald so that Caroline and Mrs. Kennedy wouldn't have to come to Dallas to testify." (HSCA report p. 158, Blakey p 358, Scheim p 161 citing "Newsweek" March 1967 p 21)

Jack Ruby may have used his police contacts to his advantage while obtaining inside details on security, personnel deployment and details of the motorcade. He may also have taken advantage of his club connections in the Dallas/Fort Worth area. Pat Kirkwood, operator of "The Cellar" where the Secret Service detail partied late into the morning the previous night of November 21, was well acquainted with Ruby. Kirkwood is also believed to have hosted some of Jack's "girls" in the evening's entertainment, or actually morning, with the last SS agent leaving around 4 a.m. to report for a 8 a.m. shift start (Jim Marrs personal investigations and correspondence).

So, after starting with Jack Ruby we end up with links to a "network," certainly a network worth investigating and one the Warren Commission could hardly have avoided pursuing - if it had been made visible. A network that we only see now due the Garrison and HSCA investigations. A network of well established criminal connections, involved by 1963 in providing weapons for various exile and CIA splinter actions against Fidel Castro.

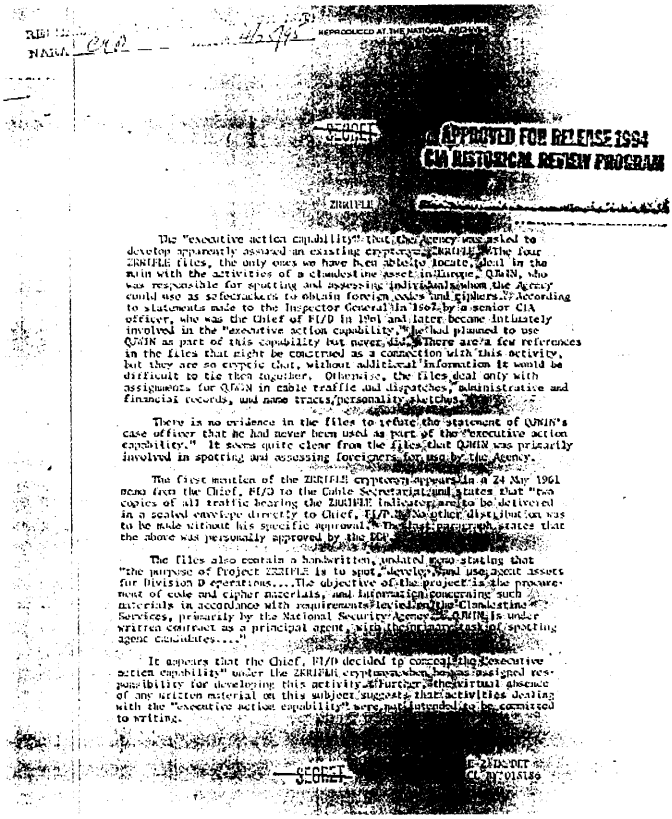
A network ranging from Texas, with Ruby involved in gun running and thus known to the same underworld-CIA personnel and contract agents that were originally recruited to engage in the Castro assassination campaign. A network with links to John Roselli and John Martino, who actually tell toward the end of their lives, what happened and where to look further.

A network which points us towards New Orleans and Miami, where patriotic and frustrated Cuban exiles, CIA contract agents along with independent campaigners and equally patriotic (or at least violently anti-Communist) criminal elements joined in common cause. All "patriots," all driven by the Communist threat posed

by Castro in Cuba and all joined in a common distrust ranging to hatred of John Kennedy.

"One of your guys did it"...

Perhaps Robert Kennedy, who was deeply involved in tactical plans and agendas to get rid of Fidel Castro, who knew of the distrust and hatred born at the Bay of Pigs; perhaps he had the best sense of direction. Certainly it was a direction totally avoided in the public investigation that immediately followed and one where details are still emerging after well over three decades.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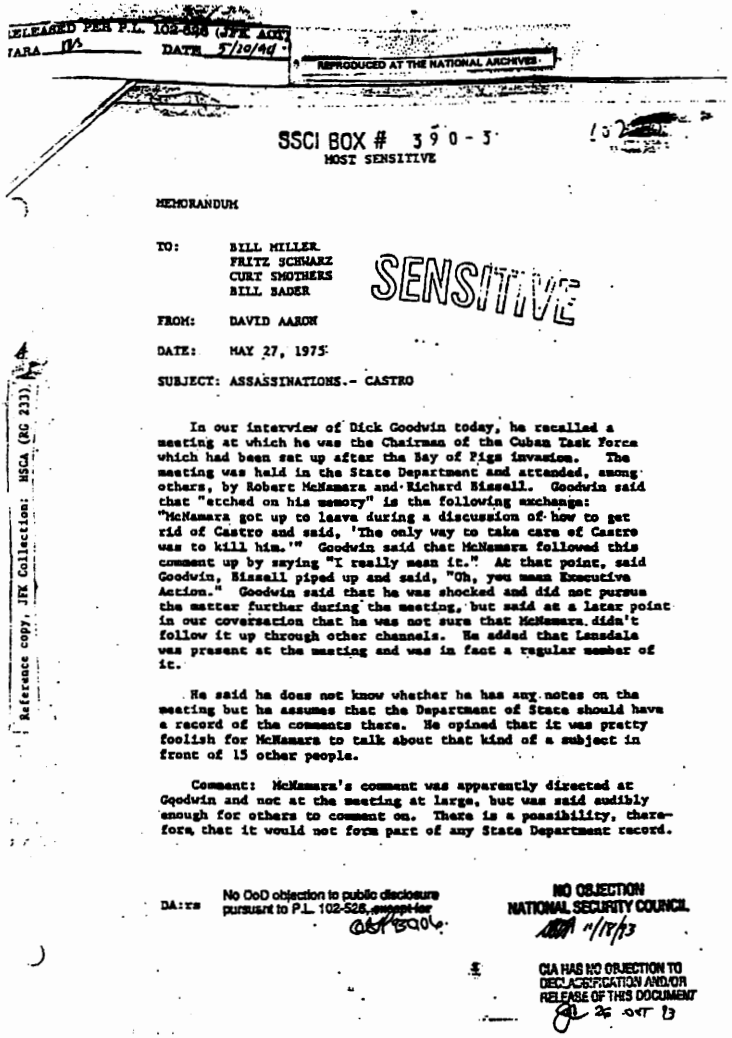
CIA HISTORICAL REVIEW PROGRAM
ZRRIFLE
The "executive action capability" that the Agency was asked to develop apparently assured an existing cryptonym ZRRIFLE. In the four ZRRIFLE files, the only ones we have been able to locate, dealing with the activities of a clandestine asset in Europe, QJWIN, who was responsible for spotting and assessing individuals whom the Agency could use as safecrackers to obtain foreign codes and ciphers. According to statements made to the Inspector General in 1962 by a senior CIA officer, who was the Chief of FI/D in 1961 and later became intimately involved in the "executive action capability," he had planned to use QJWIN as part of this capability but never did. There are a few references in the files that might be construed as a connection with this activity, but they are so cryptic that, without additional information it would be difficult to tie them together. Otherwise, the files deal only with assignments for QJWIN in cable traffic and dispatches, administrative and financial records, and name traces/personality sketches.
There is no evidence in the files to refute the statement of QJWIN's case officer that he had never been used as part of the "executive action capability." It seems quite clear from the files that QJWIN was primarily involved in spotting and assessing foreigners for use by the Agency.
The first mention of the ZRRIFLE cryptonym appears in a 24 May 1961 memo from the Chief, FI/D to the Cable Secretariat and states that "two copies of all traffic bearing the ZRRIFLE indicator are to be delivered in a sealed envelope directly to Chief, FI/D." No other distribution was to be made without his specific approval. The memorandum states that the above was personally approved by the DCI.
The files also contain a handwritten, undated memo stating that "the purpose of Project ZRRIFLE is to spot, develop and use agent assets for Division D operations....The objective of the project is the procurement of code and cipher materials, and information concerning such materials in accordance with requirements levied on the Clandestine Services, primarily by the National Security Agency. QJWIN is under written contract as a principal agent with the primary task of spotting agent candidates...."
It appears that the Chief, FI/D decided to conceal the "executive action capability" under the ZRRIFLE cryptonym when he assigned responsibility for developing this activity. Further, the virtual absence of any written material on this subject suggests that activities dealing with the "executive action capability" were not intended to be committed to writing.
SECRET

6-1 Folder for materials pertaining to classified CIA materials relating to project "ZRRIFLE"



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SSCI BOX # 390-5
MOST SENSITIVE

MEMORANDUM

TO: BILL MILLER
FRITZ SCHWARZ
CURT SMOTHERS
BILL BADER

SENSITIVE

FROM: DAVID AARON

DATE: MAY 27, 1975

SUBJECT: ASSASSINATIONS - CASTRO

In our interview of Dick Goodwin today, he recalled a meeting at which he was the Chairman of the Cuban Task Force which had been set up after the Bay of Pigs invasion. The meeting was held in the State Department and attended, among others, by Robert McNamara and Richard Bissell. Goodwin said that "etched on his memory" is the following exchange: "McNamara got up to leave during a discussion of how to get rid of Castro and said, 'The only way to take care of Castro was to kill him.'" Goodwin said that McNamara followed this comment up by saying "I really mean it." At that point, said Goodwin, Bissell piped up and said, "Oh, you mean Executive Action." Goodwin said that he was shocked and did not pursue the matter further during the meeting, but said at a later point in our conversation that he was not sure that McNamara didn't follow it up through other channels. He added that Lansdale was present at the meeting and was in fact a regular member of it.

He said he does not know whether he has any notes on the meeting but he assumes that the Department of State should have a record of the comments there. He opined that it was pretty foolish for McNamara to talk about that kind of a subject in front of 15 other people.

Comment: McNamara's comment was apparently directed at Goodwin and not at the meeting at large, but was said audibly enough for others to comment on. There is a possibility, therefore, that it would not form part of any State Department record.

DA:rs

No CoD objection to public disclosure pursuant to P.L. 102-526, exemption [illegible]

NO OBJECTION
NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL
11/18/93

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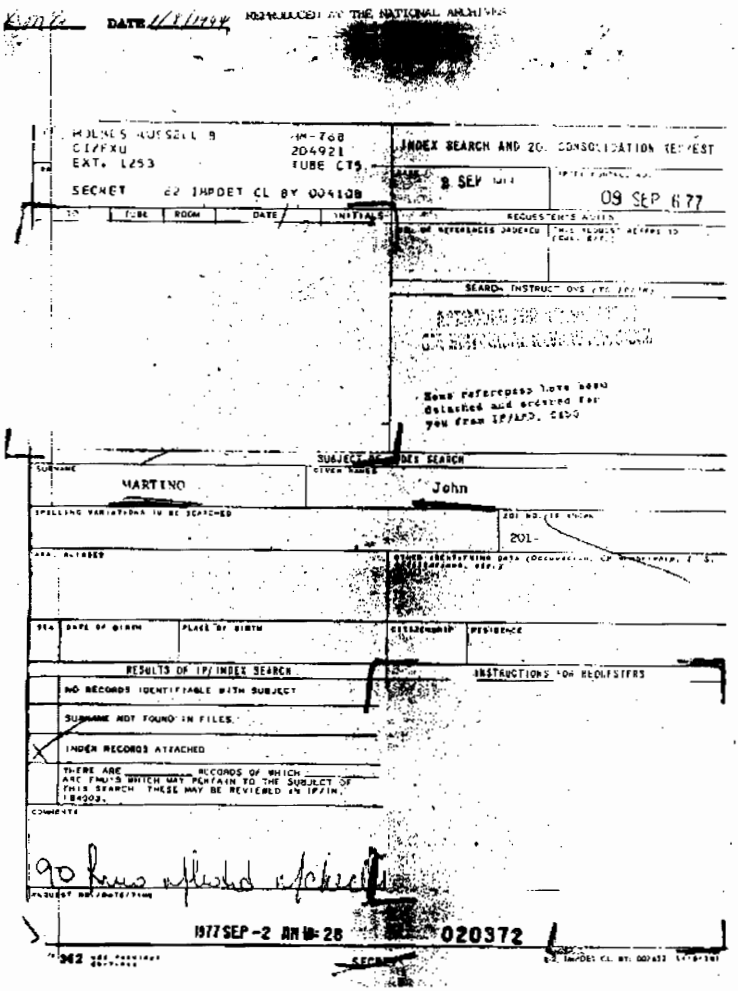
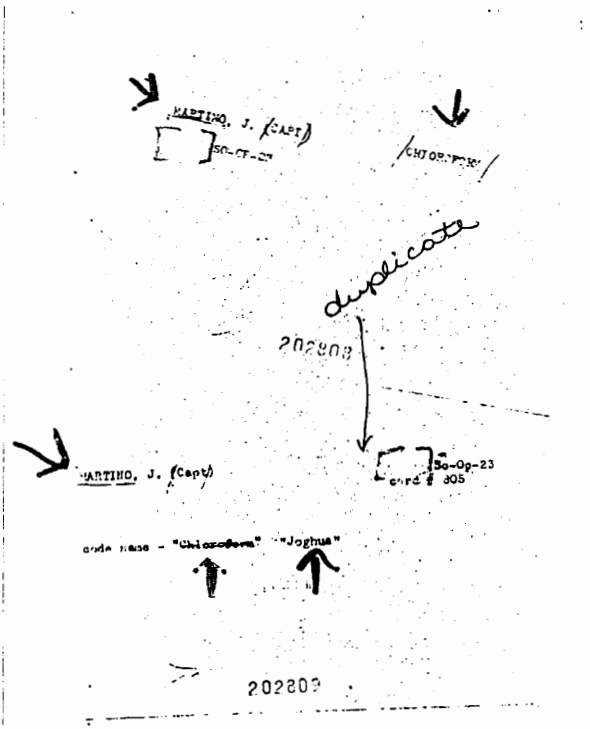
25 OCT 93

Reference copy, JFK Collection: HSCA (RG 233)

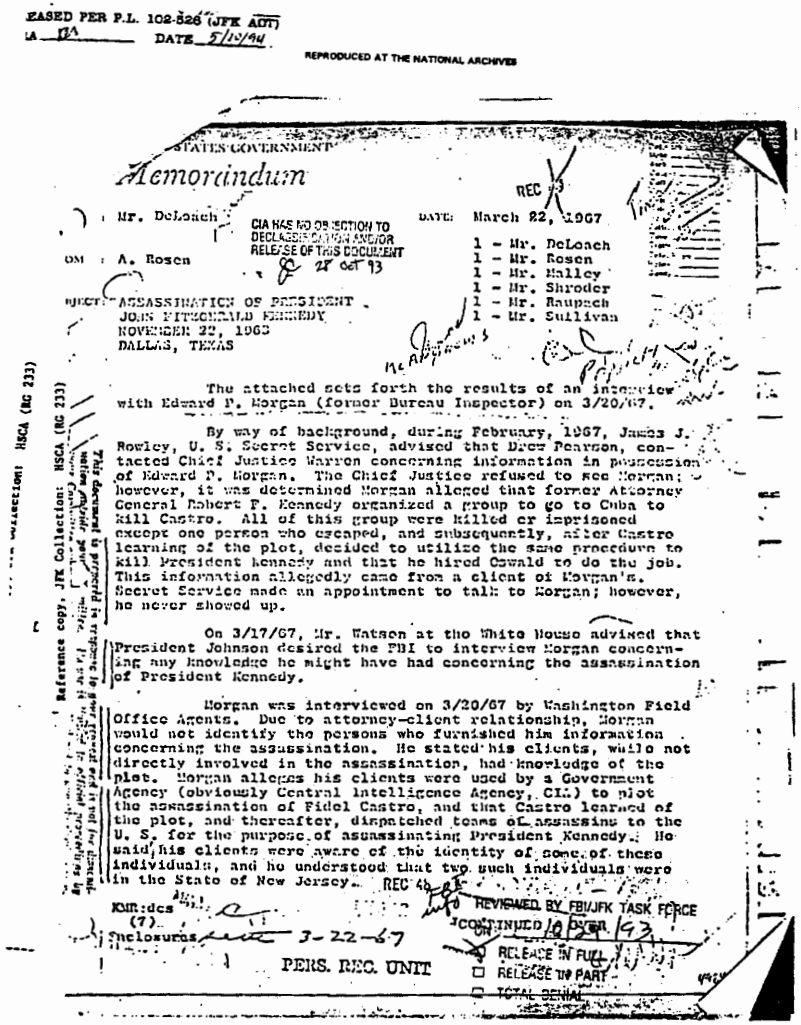
6-2 HSCA memo on Castro Assassination project, note observation that even high level discussions of such "Executive Action" projects are not wise.



6-3 Government 201 Personnel Record Documents relating to John Martino and his CIA "code names"



6-3b Continued, note Martino code names "Chloroform" and "Joghua"



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STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

REC 43

TO : Mr. DeLoach

CIA HAS NO OBJECTION TO DECLASSIFICATION AND/OR RELEASE OF THIS DOCUMENT 28 Oct 93

DATE: March 22, 1967

1 - Mr. DeLoach
1 - Mr. Rosen
1 - Mr. Malley
1 - Mr. Shroder
1 - Mr. Raupach
1 - Mr. Sullivan

FROM : A. Rosen

SUBJECT: ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY NOVEMBER 22, 1963 DALLAS, TEXAS

The attached sets forth the results of an interview with Edward P. Morgan (former Bureau Inspector) on 3/20/67.

By way of background, during February, 1967, James J. Rowley, U. S. Secret Service, advised that Drew Pearson, contacted Chief Justice Warren concerning information in possession of Edward P. Morgan. The Chief Justice refused to see Morgan; however, it was determined Morgan alleged that former Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy organized a group to go to Cuba to kill Castro. All of this group were killed or imprisoned except one person who escaped, and subsequently, after Castro learning of the plot, decided to utilize the same procedure to kill President Kennedy and that he hired Oswald to do the job. This information allegedly came from a client of Morgan's. Secret Service made an appointment to talk to Morgan; however, he never showed up.

On 3/17/67, Mr. Watson at the White House advised that President Johnson desired the FBI to interview Morgan concerning any knowledge he might have had concerning the assassination of President Kennedy.

Morgan was interviewed on 3/20/67 by Washington Field Office Agents. Due to attorney-client relationship, Morgan would not identify the persons who furnished him information concerning the assassination. He stated his clients, while not directly involved in the assassination, had knowledge of the plot. Morgan alleges his clients were used by a Government Agency (obviously Central Intelligence Agency, CIA) to plot the assassination of Fidel Castro, and that Castro learned of the plot, and thereafter, dispatched teams of assassins to the U. S. for the purpose of assassinating President Kennedy. He said his clients were aware of the identity of some of these individuals, and he understood that two such individuals were in the State of New Jersey. REC 43

KMR:dcs
(7)
Enclosures 3-22-67

PERS. REC. UNIT

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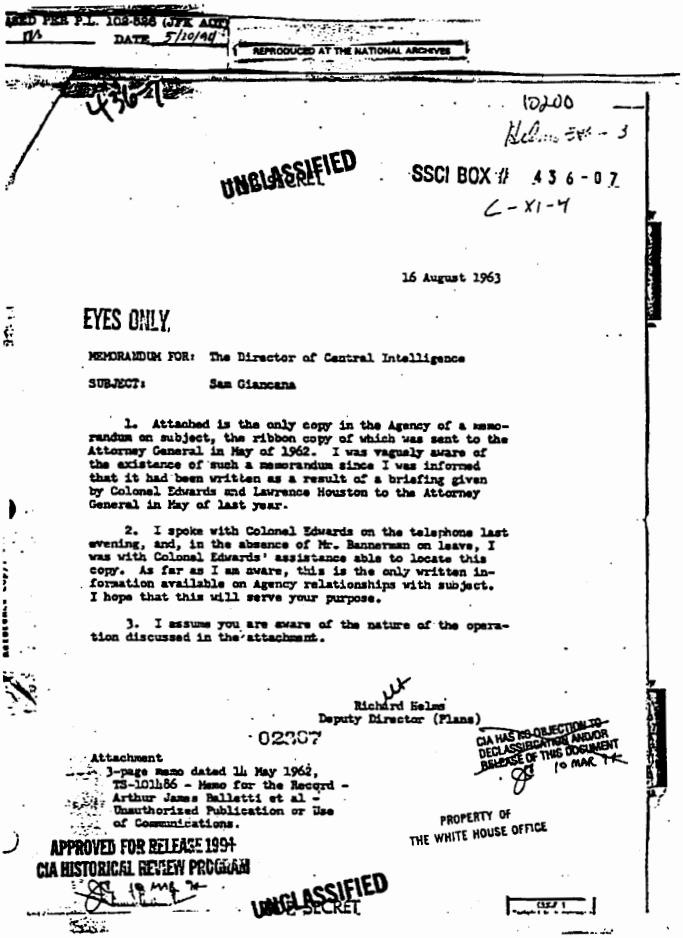
TOTAL DENIAL

Reference copy, JFK Collection; NSCA (RG 233)

6-4 March 22, 1967 FBI memo excerpt covering rumored use of CIA contract operatives by Castro in the assassination of President Kennedy



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SSCI BOX # 436-07

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16 August 1963

EYES ONLY

MEMORANDUM FOR: The Director of Central Intelligence

SUBJECT: Sam Giancana

1. Attached is the only copy in the Agency of a memorandum on subject, the ribbon copy of which was sent to the Attorney General in May of 1962. I was vaguely aware of the existence of such a memorandum since I was informed that it had been written as a result of a briefing given by Colonel Edwards and Lawrence Houston to the Attorney General in May of last year.

2. I spoke with Colonel Edwards on the telephone last evening, and, in the absence of Mr. Bannerman on leave, I was with Colonel Edwards' assistance able to locate this copy. As far as I am aware, this is the only written information available on Agency relationships with subject. I hope that this will serve your purpose.

3. I assume you are aware of the nature of the operation discussed in the attachment.

Richard Helms
Deputy Director (Plans)

02307

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10 MAR 94

Attachment
3-page memo dated 14 May 1962,
TS-101486 - Memo for the Record -
Arthur James Balletti et al -
Unauthorized Publication or Use
of Communications.

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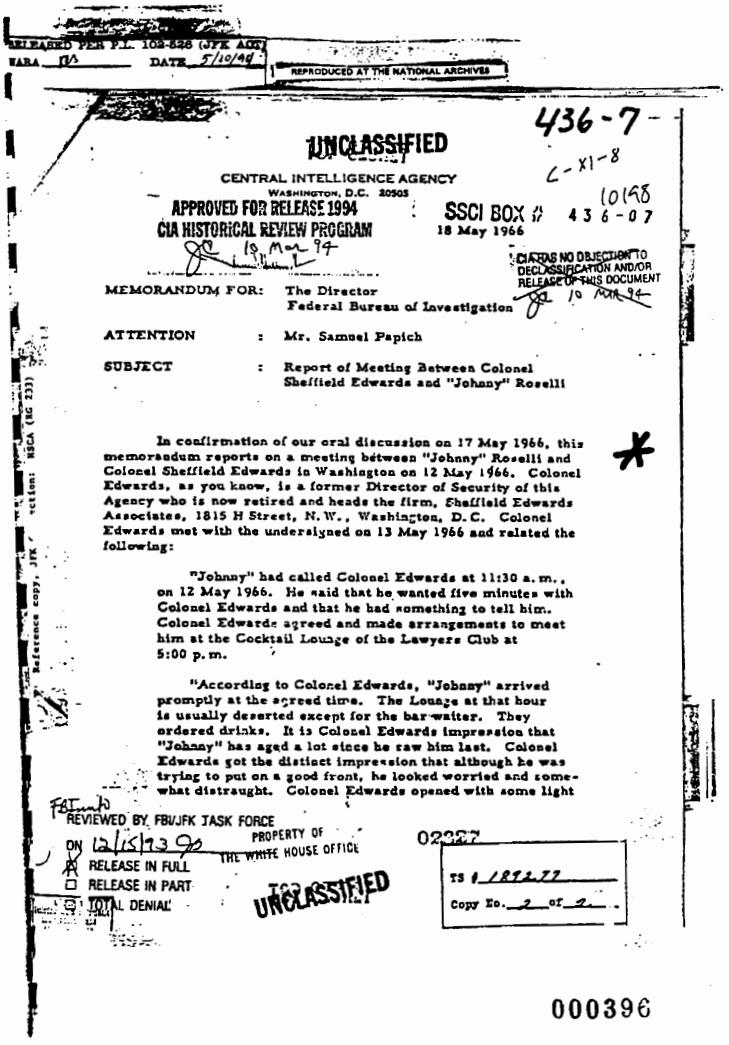
6-5 August 16, 1963 CIA Memorandum confirming involvement of Sam Giancana in Castro assassination plans and documenting his relationship to the Agency



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CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20505

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CIA HISTORICAL REVIEW PROGRAM
19 May 94

SSCI BOX # 436-07
10198
18 May 1966

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10 MAR 94

MEMORANDUM FOR: The Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation

ATTENTION : Mr. Samuel Papich

SUBJECT : Report of Meeting Between Colonel Sheffield Edwards and "Johnny" Roselli

In confirmation of our oral discussion on 17 May 1966, this memorandum reports on a meeting between "Johnny" Roselli and Colonel Sheffield Edwards in Washington on 12 May 1966. Colonel Edwards, as you know, is a former Director of Security of this Agency who is now retired and heads the firm, Sheffield Edwards Associates, 1815 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. Colonel Edwards met with the undersigned on 13 May 1966 and related the following:

"Johnny" had called Colonel Edwards at 11:30 a.m., on 12 May 1966. He said that he wanted five minutes with Colonel Edwards and that he had something to tell him. Colonel Edwards agreed and made arrangements to meet him at the Cocktail Lounge of the Lawyers Club at 5:00 p.m.

"According to Colonel Edwards, "Johnny" arrived promptly at the agreed time. The Lounge at that hour is usually deserted except for the bar-waiter. They ordered drinks. It is Colonel Edwards impression that "Johnny" has aged a lot since he saw him last. Colonel Edwards got the distinct impression that although he was trying to put on a good front, he looked worried and somewhat distraught. Colonel Edwards opened with some light

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Copy No. 2 of 2

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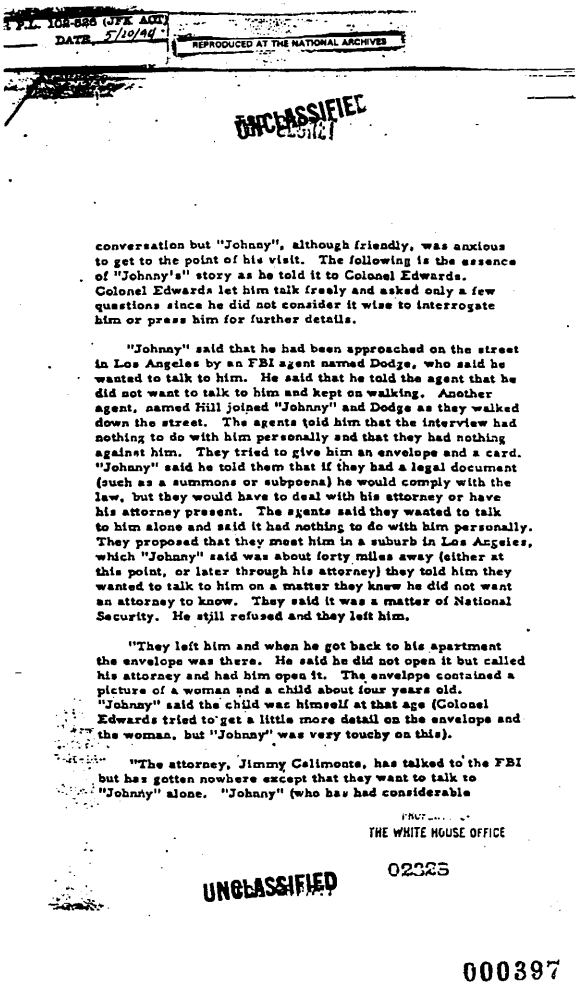
6-6 May 18, 1966 CIA Memorandum to FBI on involvement with John Roselli, confirming his earlier association with the Agency



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conversation but "Johnny", although friendly, was anxious to get to the point of his visit. The following is the essence of "Johnny's" story as he told it to Colonel Edwards. Colonel Edwards let him talk freely and asked only a few questions since he did not consider it wise to interrogate him or press him for further details.

"Johnny" said that he had been approached on the street in Los Angeles by an FBI agent named Dodge, who said he wanted to talk to him. He said that he told the agent that he did not want to talk to him and kept on walking. Another agent, named Hill joined "Johnny" and Dodge as they walked down the street. The agents told him that the interview had nothing to do with him personally and that they had nothing against him. They tried to give him an envelope and a card. "Johnny" said he told them that if they had a legal document (such as a summons or subpoena) he would comply with the law, but they would have to deal with his attorney or have his attorney present. The agents said they wanted to talk to him alone and said it had nothing to do with him personally. They proposed that they meet him in a suburb in Los Angeles, which "Johnny" said was about forty miles away (either at this point, or later through his attorney) they told him they wanted to talk to him on a matter they knew he did not want an attorney to know. They said it was a matter of National Security. He still refused and they left him.

"They left him and when he got back to his apartment the envelope was there. He said he did not open it but called his attorney and had him open it. The envelope contained a picture of a woman and a child about four years old. "Johnny" said the child was himself at that age (Colonel Edwards tried to get a little more detail on the envelope and the woman, but "Johnny" was very touchy on this).

"The attorney, Jimmy Celimonte, has talked to the FBI but has gotten nowhere except that they want to talk to "Johnny" alone. "Johnny" (who has had considerable

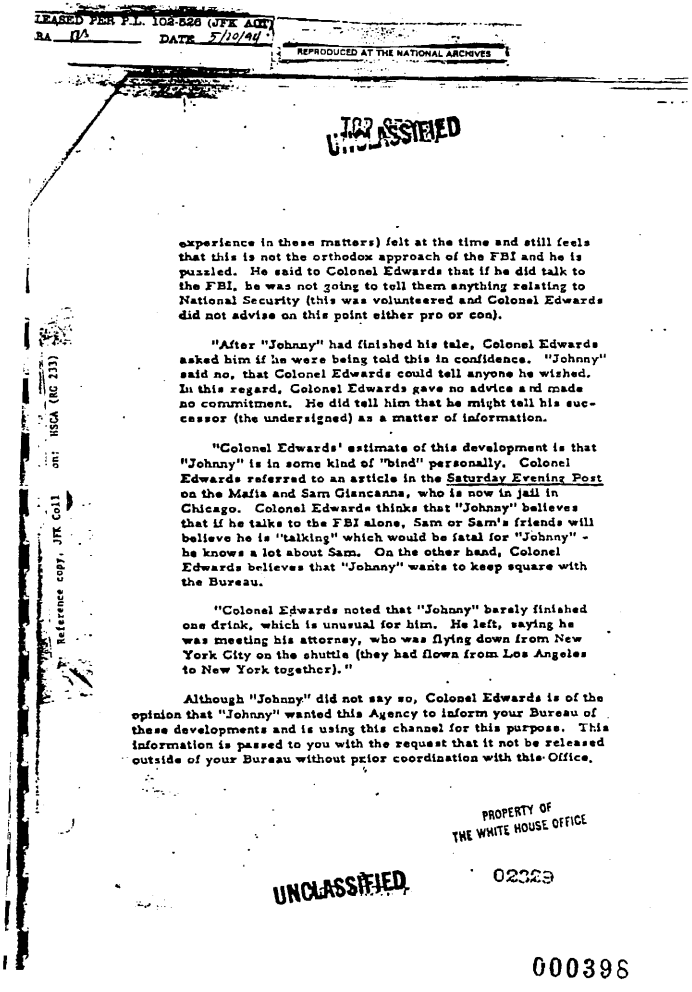
FROM: THE WHITE HOUSE OFFICE

02325

UNCLASSIFIED

000397

6-6b Continued, note that the FBI is putting pressure on Roselli pertaining to his immigration and the potential for his being deported due to underworld and Mob activities



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experience in these matters) felt at the time and still feels that this is not the orthodox approach of the FBI and he is puzzled. He said to Colonel Edwards that if he did talk to the FBI, he was not going to tell them anything relating to National Security (this was volunteered and Colonel Edwards did not advise on this point either pro or con).

"After "Johnny" had finished his tale, Colonel Edwards asked him if he were being told this in confidence. "Johnny" said no, that Colonel Edwards could tell anyone he wished. In this regard, Colonel Edwards gave no advice and made no commitment. He did tell him that he might tell his successor (the undersigned) as a matter of information.

"Colonel Edwards' estimate of this development is that "Johnny" is in some kind of "bind" personally. Colonel Edwards referred to an article in the Saturday Evening Post on the Mafia and Sam Giancanna, who is now in jail in Chicago. Colonel Edwards thinks that "Johnny" believes that if he talks to the FBI alone, Sam or Sam's friends will believe he is "talking" which would be fatal for "Johnny" - he knows a lot about Sam. On the other hand, Colonel Edwards believes that "Johnny" wants to keep square with the Bureau.

"Colonel Edwards noted that "Johnny" barely finished one drink, which is unusual for him. He left, saying he was meeting his attorney, who was flying down from New York City on the shuttle (they had flown from Los Angeles to New York together)."

Although "Johnny" did not say so, Colonel Edwards is of the opinion that "Johnny" wanted this Agency to inform your Bureau of these developments and is using this channel for this purpose. This information is passed to you with the request that it not be released outside of your Bureau without prior coordination with this Office.

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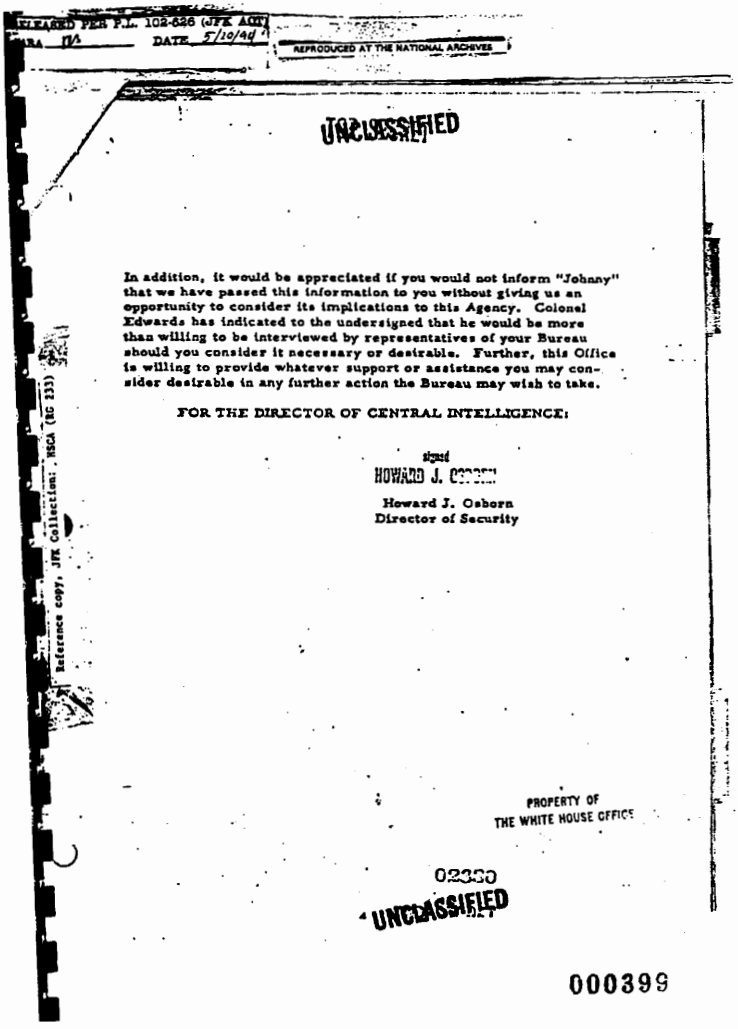
000398

Reference copy, JFK Coll
on: NSCA (RG 233)

6-6c Continued, note that Roselli feels that he is in a bind because if he gives in and provides the FBI information his associates including Giancana will feel him to be a leak and take drastic measures against him



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In addition, it would be appreciated if you would not inform "Johnny" that we have passed this information to you without giving us an opportunity to consider its implications to this Agency. Colonel Edwards has indicated to the undersigned that he would be more than willing to be interviewed by representatives of your Bureau should you consider it necessary or desirable. Further, this Office is willing to provide whatever support or assistance you may consider desirable in any further action the Bureau may wish to take.

FOR THE DIRECTOR OF CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE:

signed
HOWARD J. OSBORN

Howard J. Osborn
Director of Security

Reference copy, JFK Collection: NSCA (RG 233)

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000399

6-6d Continued, note that the conclusion of this memo is that Roselli wants the CIA to respect his past services and intercede on his behalf with the FBI - before something happens to him

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Reference copy, JFK Collection: NSCA (RG 233)

Memorandum Rosen to DeLoach
RE: ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT JFK

Morgan also stated that one of the clients he represented was a high type individual of the Catholic faith. When he queried this individual as to why he became involved in such a project as the assassination of Castro, his client indicated the project was so highly patriotically motivated that this overrode personal ethical or moral considerations.

During 1961, we conducted an investigation of a violation of Unauthorized Publication or Use of Communication Statute on the part of Arthur James Balletti, arrested in Las Vegas, Nevada, by local authorities on a wire tapping charge. Our investigation determined this involved Robert A. Maheu,* private detective, that coverage was instituted in behalf of CIA's efforts to obtain Cuban intelligence data through hoodlum element.

We checked with CIA and learned CIA was utilizing Maheu as an intermediary with Sam Giancana, relative to CIA's "dirty business" anti-Castro activities. On 5/22/61 we furnished the then Attorney General Kennedy a memorandum containing the rundown of CIA's involvement of this which involved Maheu who had been hired by CIA to approach Sam Giancana to have Castro assassinated at a cost of $150,000. On 5/9/62 Kennedy advised he had issued orders that CIA should never undertake such steps again without first checking with the Department of Justice.

This information is briefly set forth in the enclosure as it appears to relate to information in Morgan's possession. Since CIA furnished information on a strictly highly confidential "need-to-know" basis and requested that it be handled on a most restrictive basis, this is being set forth in the communications attached.

ACTION:

Attached for approval is a letter to Mrs. Stegall at the White House, the Attorney General, and James J. Rowley, U. S. Secret Service enclosing a memorandum setting forth the information furnished by Morgan, and information received from CIA. The enclosures to these communications are classified Top Secret.

*former Special A[illegible]

6-7 May 26, 1966 FBI Memorandum detailing involvement of underworld figures in CIA Castro assassination project; memo from Rosen to DeLoach; note connections between Robert Maheu, CIA officer Col. Sheffield Edwards, CIA operative James O'Connell and Johnny Roselli

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002109

Select Committee on Assassinations
U.S. House of Representatives
3331 HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING, ANNEX 1
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20515

MEMORANDUM

TO: KEN KLEIN, CLIFF FENTON
FROM: BELFORD LAWSON
DATE: August 29, 1977
RE: Cuban Connection-John Martino

1. Source of Information In This Memorandum

The source is an anonymous informant now living in Port Worth who telephoned several times from there. He identified himself only as Fred. Fred's source is John Martino, who died in 1975. Fred did not disclose the exact nature of his association with Martino except to indicate that it was through the import-export business. Fred did not say when he last spoke with Martino before Martino's death. Fred was extremely nervous about disclosing his identity but was anxious to help to the point of frequently expressing regret that he could not remember more information.

Fred called four or five times and spoke with me twice. But it was not possible to return his calls because he would only make contact through different pay telephones. He wanted to know what he could do to assist in following up on his information, but since no active investigation was being undertaken at the time (early Spring 1977), and since no schedule for investigation could be given him, he ceased calling.

2. John Martino: Basic Information

Martino's career prior to the Bay of Pigs included working in Cuba for Meyer Lansky as an electronic surveillance agent. Martino was captured during the Bay of Pigs invasion and held in a Cuban Prison for two years. Subsequently he was released from prison "in exchange for some spies from a South American country." After his

Reference copy, JFK Collection, NSCA (NO 333)

6-8 HSCA Report detailing John Marino's Cuban Connections, note Martino's employment by underworld figure Meyer Lansky in Cuba

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release he was closely associated with "people from Guatemala" and worked for the CIA. Martino served as personal affairs secretary for Meladandro/Meldonado while in Guatemala.

Subsequently upon returning to the United States, Martino worked for H. L. Hunt and other Texas oilmen by going on speaking tours to condemn Castro.

3. Martino's Information About the Assassination

(a) JFK was killed because he betrayed Cubans by giving the Free Havana speech at Miami Stadium withdrawing support from the Bay of Pigs invasion. RFK was killed for the same reason as the go-between who negotiated with the Cubans for JFK.

(b) (1) LHO thought he was working for pro-Castro Cubans, but in fact he was working for anti-Castro Cubans.

(2) LHO's murder of Tippitt was not part of the plan.

(3) LHO was acting in accordance with the plan when he went to the Texas Theatre, but unknown to LHO, it was planned that LHO would be murdered at the theater.

(4) The assissins knew the motorcade route long before they came to Dallas.

(5) Martino's wife knows specific information in the above areas.

4. Living Witnesses to Whom Fred Directed The Committee

- Mrs. John Martino 305-531-3696 (Miami)
- Vincent Martino, son of John Martino
- Jorge Maldonado or Meladandro, a vice president in the national government in Guatemala City, Guatemala; close friend and confidante of John Martino
- Allen Ross & Son (in charge of First National Import and Export, Miami, Florida, 305-573-3610. Martino's business activities included contact with this firm and with Capsardson's (Capsanson's?) (Caps and Son's?) in Magoon, Virginia. Persons in each place may have information that comes from Martino himself. The Virginia firm traded in bulletproof vests with Guatemala and lined up contacts in Guatemala for Paraquay.

Reference copy, JFK Collection, NSCA (NO 333)

6-8b Continued, note Marino's detailed information on elements of the actual assassination related activities in Dallas

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6.

F-20. An FBI report re Nathaniel Weyl, John Martino, the Buchanan brothers and Sturgis. I feel its substance should be dismissed. I feel its major significance is that it reveals the close association among these characters and the kind of misinformation games they were playing very early in the Kennedy investigation. I think the two FBI agents, James J. O'Connor and George E. Davis, Jr., should be questioned about all their activities relative to Sturgis and anti-Castro activities in Miami and their possible association with the Agency.

F-21. Incorporation documents of Hampton Roads Salvage Co. of Florida, owned by Sturgis and the Diaz-Lanz brothers. Note that it was formed after the Bay of Pigs invasion. It was the owner of the boat CUBA, an indication of a possible link with the Dallas-headquartered Conservatism-USA group. (See CE's 1032+; note CE 1044 : [CUSA member]"Warren Carroll [personal writer for H.L.Hunt] is a former CIA man").

F-22. Daily News articles by Paul Meskil. This is an excellent series which could be used as a key in developing a chronology and witness list on Sturgis.

F-23. These are Meskil's original notes developed from his interviews with Frank Sturgis, Marita Lorenz, Frank Nelson, Geraldine Shamma, Max Gonzales, Wilfredo Navarro. They are loaded with significant information and could be used as a basis for extensive questioning of Sturgis. I believe Meskil has many tape recordings of these interviews. Meskil's interviews have added significance in that a few of them took place prior to Sturgis's testimony before the Rockefeller Commission. Afterwards, Meskil told me, Sturgis admitted to him that he used Max Gonzales to reveal information he couldn't tell him himself because of his testimony before the Rockefeller Commission, and that includes his relationship with E. Howard Hunt in the early '60s.

F-24. The FBI reports involving the phony Oswald-in-Miami stories which indicate the focal role played by Sturgis in their formulation.

F-25. Article from High Times magazine (date unknown but probably late last year, early this) of interview with Sturgis. Useful for comparing consistency of his statements and details of what he does and doesn't remember.

F-26. An excellent article by Andrew St. George regarding Operation 40. What happened to Sam Halper's report is a a key question.

6-8c Continued, note connections between Martino and Frank Sturgis (at one time associated with a number of Interpen members) and the Diaz-Lanz brothers

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F-10. Sturgis call 8/5/76. Here Sturgis specifically spells out his relationship to the CIA. I'm very suspicious of his diatribe against Barker and even more so about his attitude toward David Phillips. My questioning here was based on what Veciana told me about Bishop's interest in Cellula Fantasma and his probable involvement in the Allende overthrow, reflecting my continuing suspicion that Phillips is Bishop.
An amazing contradiction slips through in the last paragraph here when Sturgis admits he didn't think Castro agents, although they might have killed Roselli, had anything to do with the Kennedy assassination!

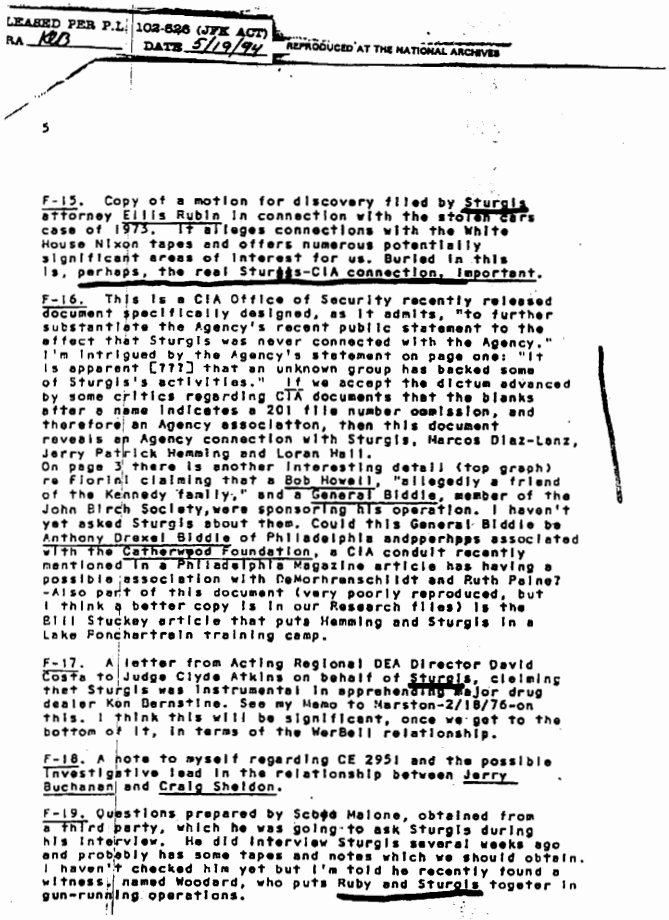
F-11. Sturgis call 8/16/76. Reflects the incredible flexibility of the fellow. Now he says the mob got rid of Roselli, but still insists that Trafficante had nothing to do with the JFK assassination. Here he explains why. The last two paragraphs deal with WerBell. My suspicion now is that WerBell went through Sturgis to set up Kenneth Bernstine for the DEA. And that, I feel, reflects an old trusted association.

F-12. Sturgis call 4/18/77. More on Dave Phillips. Sturgis's explanation of how the CIA works and the relationship between agents is interesting. Also significant, I feel, is the revelation of the association between E. Howard Hunt and David Phillips.

F-13. These are among the earliest news clippings on Frank Fiorini. They may serve to establish a valid chronology. Details they reveal may be significant in terms of his connections with organized crime and the CIA and the germinal beginnings of both in Norfolk, where he was a nightclub manager, captain of the Civil Air Patrol and reportedly studied political science at William & Mary College (although he was a high school dropout.) The clip dated March 29, 1963, mentions a "secret island base in the Bahamas" with a 3000-foot asphalt landing strip built in1959. Checking that out may be a clue to a significant Sturgis intelligence agency connection. X

F-14. A Jack Anderson column dated April 12, 1975 about Sturgis' testimony before the Rockefeller Commission. (Anderson has long had Sturgis as an informant. A Senate intelligence source told me that although Anderson denied it, it was suspected he had word of the Watergate break-in before it happened.) This column raises the question of a possible Sturgis-WerBell relationship in the mentioned assassination plots.

6-8d Continued, note item F-14 with Sturgis added to the list of Jack Anderson informants along with John Roselli



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F-15. Copy of a motion for discovery filed by Sturgis attorney Ellis Rubin in connection with the stolen cars case of 1973. It alleges connections with the White House Nixon tapes and offers numerous potentially significant areas of interest for us. Buried in this is, perhaps, the real Sturgis-CIA connection. Important.

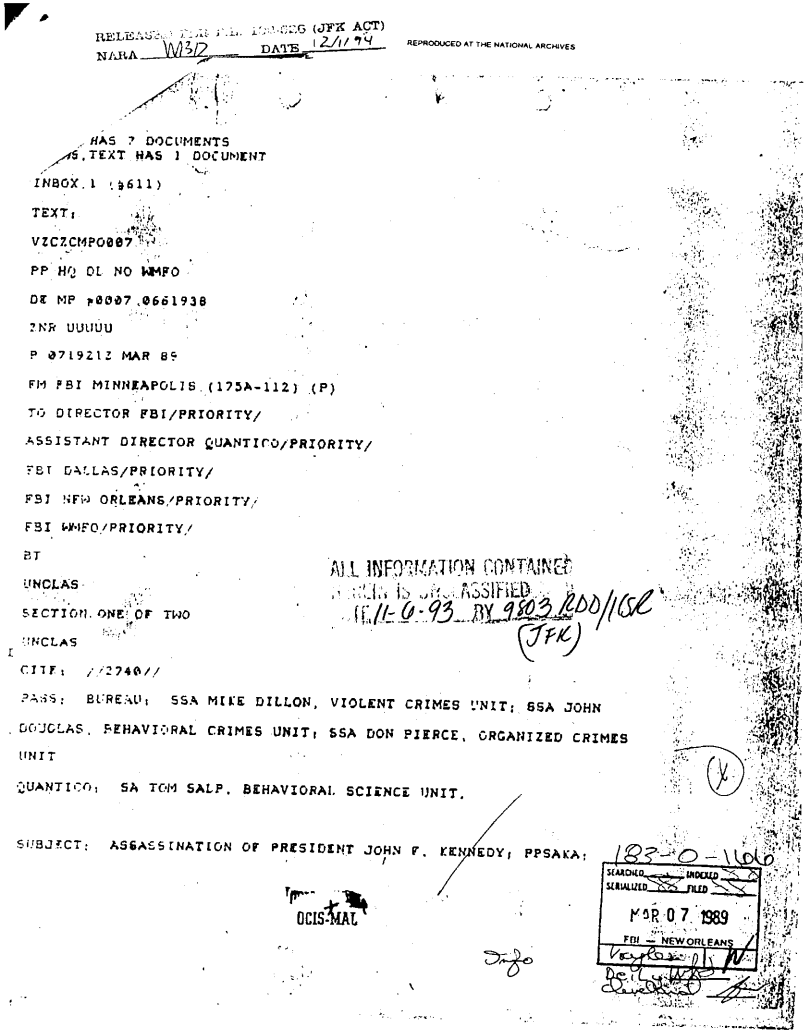
F-16. This is a CIA Office of Security recently released document specifically designed, as it admits, "to further substantiate the Agency's recent public statement to the effect that Sturgis was never connected with the Agency." I'm intrigued by the Agency's statement on page one: "It is apparent [???] that an unknown group has backed some of Sturgis's activities." If we accept the dictum advanced by some critics regarding CIA documents that the blanks after a name indicates a 201 file number connection, and therefore an Agency association, then this document reveals an Agency connection with Sturgis, Marcos Diaz-Lanz, Jerry Patrick Hemming and Loran Hall.
On page 3 there is another interesting detail (top graph) re Florial claiming that a Bob Howell, "allegedly a friend of the Kennedy family," and a General Biddle, member of the John Birch Society, were sponsoring his operation. I haven't yet asked Sturgis about them. Could this General Biddle be Anthony Drexel Biddle of Philadelphia andpperhaps associated with the Catherwood Foundation, a CIA conduit recently mentioned in a Philadelphia Magazine article has having a possible association with DeMorhrenschildt and Ruth Paine? -Also part of this document (very poorly reproduced, but I think a better copy is in our Research files) is the Bill Stuckey article that puts Hemming and Sturgis in a Lake Ponchartrain training camp.

F-17. A letter from Acting Regional DEA Director David Costa to Judge Clyde Atkins on behalf of Sturgis, claiming that Sturgis was instrumental in apprehending major drug dealer Ken Bernstine. See my Memo to Marston-2/18/76-on this. I think this will be significant, once we get to the bottom of it, in terms of the WarBell relationship.

F-18. A note to myself regarding CE 2951 and the possible Investigative lead in the relationship between Jerry Buchanan and Craig Sheldon.

F-19. Questions prepared by Scobe Malone, obtained from a third party, which he was going to ask Sturgis during his interview. He did interview Sturgis several weeks ago and probably has some tapes and notes which we should obtain. I haven't checked him yet but I'm told he recently found a witness, named Woodard, who puts Ruby and Sturgis togeter in gun-running operations.

6-8e Continued, note item F-16 listing possible CIA associations and item F-19 identifying a possible link in gun running activities between Ruby and Sturgis



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HAS 7 DOCUMENTS
/S,TEXT HAS 1 DOCUMENT
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PP HQ OL NO WMFO
DE MP #0007 0661938
ZNR UUUUU
P 071921Z MAR 89
FM FBI MINNEAPOLIS (175A-112) (P)
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ASSISTANT DIRECTOR QUANTICO/PRIORITY/
FBI DALLAS/PRIORITY/
FBI NEW ORLEANS/PRIORITY/
FBI WMFO/PRIORITY/
BT
UNCLAS
SECTION ONE OF TWO
UNCLAS
CITE: //2740//
PASS: BUREAU; SSA MIKE DILLON, VIOLENT CRIMES UNIT; SSA JOHN DOUGLAS, BEHAVIORAL CRIMES UNIT; SSA DON PIERCE, ORGANIZED CRIMES UNIT
QUANTICO; SA TOM SALP, BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE UNIT.

SUBJECT; ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY; PPSAKA;

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(JFK)

183-0-1606

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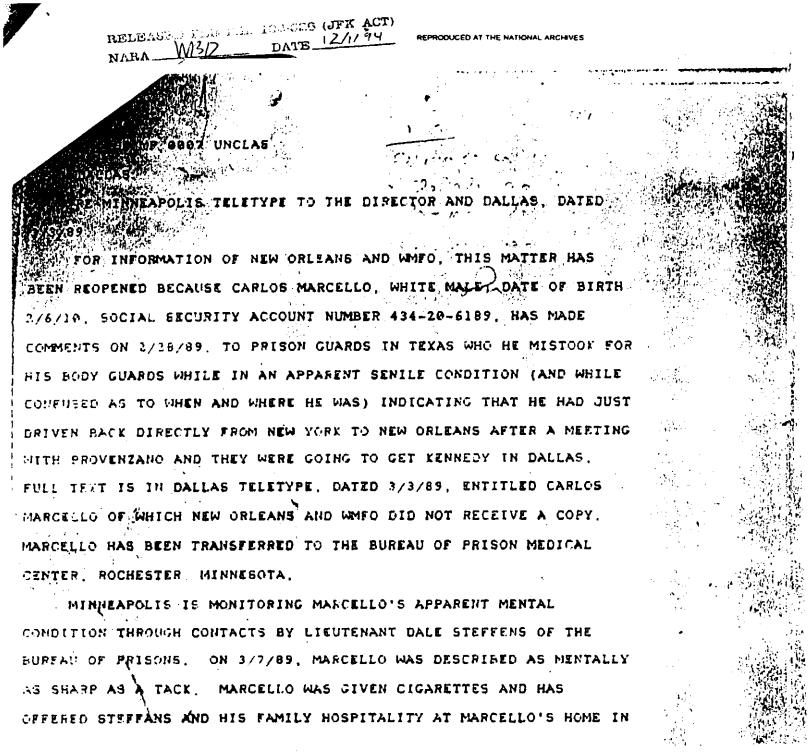
FBI NEW ORLEANS

OCIS-MAL

6-9 March 1989 FBI report to the Director relating to Marcello's comments about "getting Kennedy in Dallas"



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PAGE 0002 UNCLAS

DAS

MINNEAPOLIS TELETYPE TO THE DIRECTOR AND DALLAS, DATED

3/3/89

FOR INFORMATION OF NEW ORLEANS AND WMFO, THIS MATTER HAS BEEN REOPENED BECAUSE CARLOS MARCELLO, WHITE MALE, DATE OF BIRTH 2/6/10, SOCIAL SECURITY ACCOUNT NUMBER 434-20-6189, HAS MADE COMMENTS ON 3/28/89, TO PRISON GUARDS IN TEXAS WHO HE MISTOOK FOR HIS BODY GUARDS WHILE IN AN APPARENT SENILE CONDITION (AND WHILE CONFUSED AS TO WHEN AND WHERE HE WAS) INDICATING THAT HE HAD JUST DRIVEN BACK DIRECTLY FROM NEW YORK TO NEW ORLEANS AFTER A MEETING WITH PROVENZANO AND THEY WERE GOING TO GET KENNEDY IN DALLAS. FULL TEXT IS IN DALLAS TELETYPE, DATED 3/3/89, ENTITLED CARLOS MARCELLO OF WHICH NEW ORLEANS AND WMFO DID NOT RECEIVE A COPY. MARCELLO HAS BEEN TRANSFERRED TO THE BUREAU OF PRISON MEDICAL CENTER, ROCHESTER MINNESOTA.

MINNEAPOLIS IS MONITORING MARCELLO'S APPARENT MENTAL CONDITION THROUGH CONTACTS BY LIEUTENANT DALE STEFFENS OF THE BUREAU OF PRISONS. ON 3/7/89, MARCELLO WAS DESCRIBED AS MENTALLY AS SHARP AS A TACK. MARCELLO WAS GIVEN CIGARETTES AND HAS OFFERED STEFFANS AND HIS FAMILY HOSPITALITY AT MARCELLO'S HOME IN

6-9b Continued, note that Marcello relates the go ahead was given in a New York meeting with Tony Provenzano

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PAGE THREE DE MP 0037 UNCLAS

NEW ORLEANS. THIS CASUAL RELATIONSHIP WILL BE ENCOURAGED. MARCELLO'S MENTAL CONDITION HAS VARIED FROM THINKING HE WAS LIVING IN A HOTEL IN NEW ORLEANS TO THE CURRENT.

MARCELLO WAS VISITED BY JOSEPH MARCELLO (SON OF CARLOS MARCELLO) AND HIS WIFE GAIL MARCELLO OF 5236 CANAL STREET, NEW ORLEANS ON 3/2-5/89. IN THE BUREAU OF PRISONS MEDICAL CENTER IN ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA.

MARCELLO IS THE MEDICAL SECTION OF THE PRISON AND IS FREE TO MOVE AROUND AND MINGLE WITH INMATES. CG OC FIGURE JOSEPH AIUPPA IS ALSO AT THE FACILITY, BUT NOT IN THE SAME AREA AS MARCELLO.

A REVIEW OF MARCELLO'S OUTGOING MAIL WILL BE DONE AS WELL AS A CHECK OF VISITORS. ALL TELEPHONE CALLS MADE BY PRISONERS ARE TAPED AND CAN BE REVIEWED. A SPECIFIC CALL IS USUALLY LOCATED BY ENTERING THE TELEPHONE NUMBER CALLED INTO THE COMPUTER AND THEN REVIEWING CALLS TO THAT NUMBER. IN ORDER TO EFFECTIVELY FIND MARCELLO'S CALLS, MINNEAPOLIS NEEDS THE TELEPHONE NUMBERS THAT MARCELLO IS LIKELY TO BE CALLING.

FOR THE INFORMATION OF NEW ORLEANS, PRISON FILE OF MARCELLO'S SHOWS HE IS TO BE KEPT SEPARATE FROM JOSEPH PROVENZANO, DATE OF BIRTH 8/18/35, FBI NUMBER 407852G, WHO IS

6-9c Continued, note that Marcello is being kept under undercover surveillance and that for some reason his prison file records contain instructions that he is not to be housed in the vicinity of Tony Provenzano

HSCA DOCUMENT: 180-10112-10362

AGENCY FILE NO: 013523

FROM: NEW ORLEANS DISTRICT ATTORNEY

RE: DAVID F. LEWIS

DATE: 12/15/66

NOTE: SERGIO ARCACHA-SMITH'S NAME IS SPELLED IN THE FOLLOWING TRANSCRIPTION EXACTLY AS IT APPEARS ON THE ORIGINAL 1966 DOCUMENT FROM JIM GARRISON'S FILES. THEY SPELLED IT "ACHACIO" AND "ACHACA."

This document is available at the National Archives II at College Park, Maryland. Refer to the record number: 180-10112-10362.

OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY
PARISH OF NEW ORLEANS
STATE OF LOUISIANA

December 15, 1966

STATEMENT OF: DAVID F. LEWIS, JR. WM, 26 years
2632 Cleveland Avenue
New Orleans, Louisiana

Business Phone 522-9701 or 525-4201

I have never previously been interviewed by the FBI or any other agency on this matter.

During the months of January, 1961, through January, 1962, I was employed by Guy Banister & Associates as a private investigator. In the late summer of 1963 I was reporting to the Louisiana State Employment Office, at 601 Camp Street seeking steady employment. At this time all I had was odd jobs from time to time. Several times I stopped by Guy Banister's Office in the Newman Building to see if he had any leg work to be done. On one occasion I stopped by Banister's Office, before going into the office, I stopped by Mancuso's Restaurant which is on the corner of Banister's Office. I noticed Sergio Achacio, Carlos, and a fellow whom I was introduced to by Carlos as Lee Harvey in the restaurant. It has now been determined by me through photographs that this man was Lee Harvey Oswald. Plus the time when I was at home when Jack Ruby killed Lee Oswald and it came on T.V. and I said I had seen that man before. When I first seen Lee Oswald in the restaurant, he didn't talk much, but seemed to be anxious about getting on his way.

6-10 Statement of Davis Lewis to New Orleans District Attorney; detailing Oswald connections

Oswald appeared to be highly nervous man with boundless energy. Carlos, Sergio and Lee Oswald were involved in some business which dealt with Cuba. It appeared to me that this was a business that was more or less a racket to acquire funds.

On this occasion Oswald was dressed in dark slacks, light blue sport shirt, short sleeves. Carlos whose last name I don't know is a well dressed man, black hair, black eyes, approximately 5'11" to 6' tall, very neat would assumed he was a business man. His approximate age would be late 20's or early 30's. He was wearing a light weight suit either black or dark blue, moustache, clean shaved, and had an accent but was not pronounced as Archaca's accent, appeared to be highly educated might be considered as a high class Spaniard as was Achaca.

Achaca Smith was dressed in a sport coat, white shirt and tie, very neat, short and stocky, black hair, dark complexion, talked with a very thick accent. Achaca Smith to me appeared to be the boss.

I had only seen Oswald about three or four times in the neighborhood of Lafayette and Camp Streets in the Newman Building.

A few days either before or after Mancuso's, I went into Banister's Office. I went in, they shut the door to the inner office as if highly confidential. In Banister's office was, Banister, Dave Ferrie, Achaca and a slim, andy-haired young man. This man could have very well been Oswald. By the way, Louise Decker happened to be in the office at this time.

Another time I remember seeing Carlos [blank with a ?], Achaca Smith and Dave Ferrie walking from Mancuso's Restaurant toward Banister's Office.

/s/ DAVID F. LEWIS, JR.

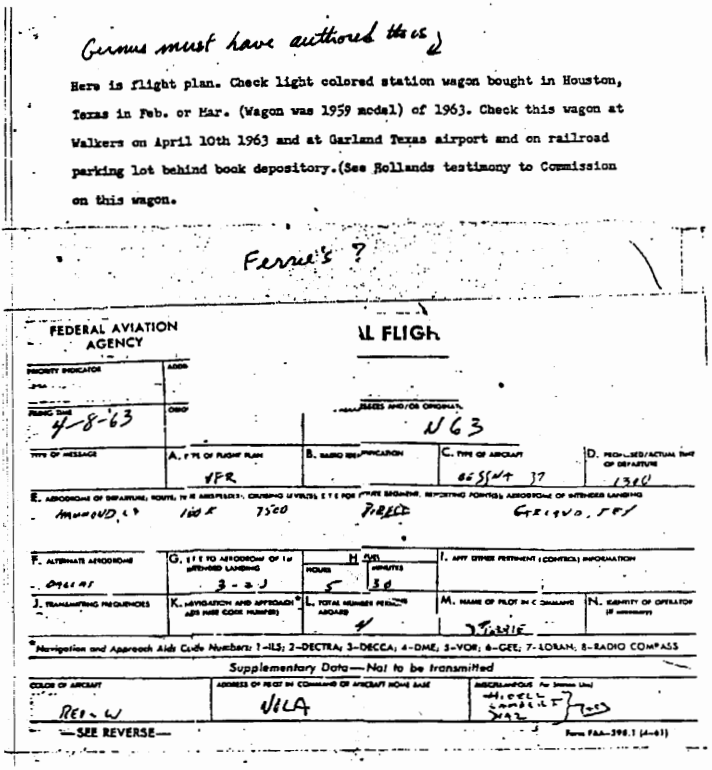
The following is a series of questions and answers which took place in the District Attorney's Office, December 15, 1966, between Det. Louis Ivon and David F. Lewis, Jr.: Questions are all from Louis Ivon:

Q. Approximately how many times have you seen Lee Harvey who you later identified as Lee Harvey Oswald?
A. No more than four times, each time in the company of Carlos.

Q. The day that you first met him, were you introduced to him?
A. Yes.

Q. Did you hold conversation?
A. No, more or less, "I'm glad to meet you."

6-10b Continued, note that Sergio Aracha Smith, Carlos and Lee Oswald are involved in some project relating to Cuba



Gemus must have authored this (?)

Here is flight plan. Check light colored station wagon bought in Houston, Texas in Feb. or Mar. (Wagon was 1959 model) of 1963. Check this wagon at Walkers on April 10th 1963 and at Garland Texas airport and on railroad parking lot behind book depository.(See Hollands testimony to Commission on this wagon.

Ferrie's ?

FEDERAL AVIATION AGENCY

AL FLIGH

PRIORITY INDICATOR

FILING TIME 4-8-63

N63

TYPE OF MESSAGE

A. TYPE OF FLIGHT PLAN: VFR

B. RADIO EQUIPMENT

C. TYPE OF AIRCRAFT: 6655/H J7

D. PROPOSED/ACTUAL TIME OF DEPARTURE: 1300

E. AERODROME OF DEPARTURE, ROUTE, TIME ESTIMATED, CRUISING LEVEL(S), ETE FOR FUTURE BEGINNING, REPORTING POINT(S), AERODROME OF INTENDED LANDING: MUNOD, LA 160 K 7500 DIRECT GREENVO, TEX

F. ALTERNATE AERODROME: OAKLAND

G. ETE TO AERODROME OF 1st INTENDED LANDING: 3-20

H. ENDURANCE: HOURS 5 MINUTES 30

I. ANY OTHER PERTINENT (CONTROL) INFORMATION

J. TRANSMITTING FREQUENCIES

K. NAVIGATION AND APPROACH AIDS (SEE CODE NUMBER)

L. TOTAL NUMBER PERSONS ABOARD: 4

M. NAME OF PILOT IN COMMAND: J FERRIE

N. IDENTITY OF OPERATOR (IF NECESSARY)

*Navigation and Approach Aids Code Numbers: 1-ILS; 2-DECTRA; 3-DECCA; 4-OMI; 5-VOR; 6-GEE; 7-LORAN; 8-RADIO COMPASS

Supplementary Data—Not to be transmitted

COLOR OF AIRCRAFT: RED-W

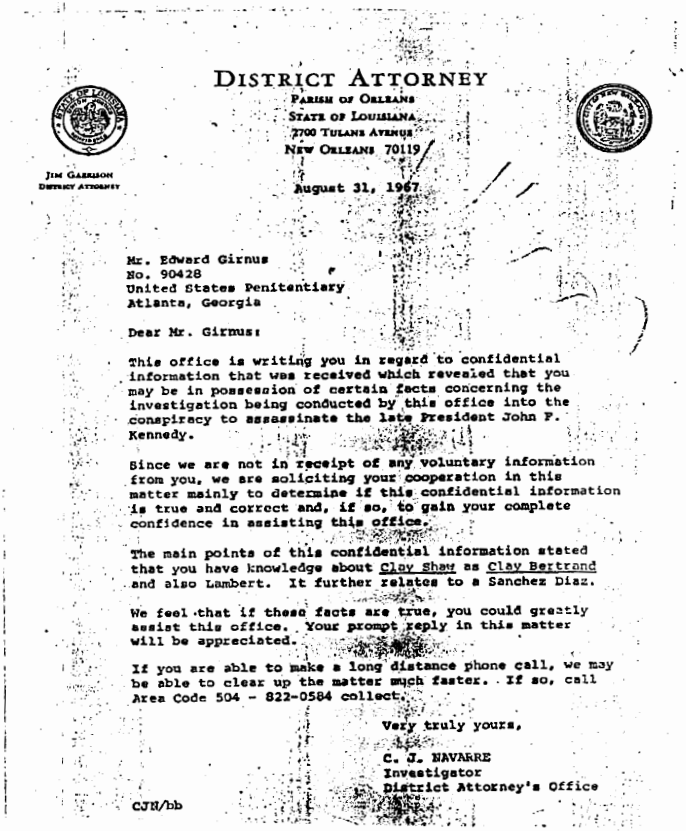
ADDRESS OF PILOT IN COMMAND OF AIRCRAFT HOME BASE: NOLA

MISCELLANEOUS: HIDELL LAMBERT DIAZ

—SEE REVERSE—

Form FAA-398.1 (4-61)

6-11 HSCA document obtained from Garrison investigation show flight plan with names Ferrie, Hidel, Lambert and Diaz



DISTRICT ATTORNEY
PARISH OF ORLEANS
STATE OF LOUISIANA
2700 TULANE AVENUE
NEW ORLEANS 70119

JIM GARRISON
DISTRICT ATTORNEY

August 31, 1967

Mr. Edward Girnus
No. 90428
United States Penitentiary
Atlanta, Georgia

Dear Mr. Girnus:

This office is writing you in regard to confidential information that was received which revealed that you may be in possession of certain facts concerning the investigation being conducted by this office into the conspiracy to assassinate the late President John F. Kennedy.

Since we are not in receipt of any voluntary information from you, we are soliciting your cooperation in this matter mainly to determine if this confidential information is true and correct and, if so, to gain your complete confidence in assisting this office.

The main points of this confidential information stated that you have knowledge about Clay Shaw as Clay Bertrand and also Lambert. It further relates to a Sanchez Diaz.

We feel that if these facts are true, you could greatly assist this office. Your prompt reply in this matter will be appreciated.

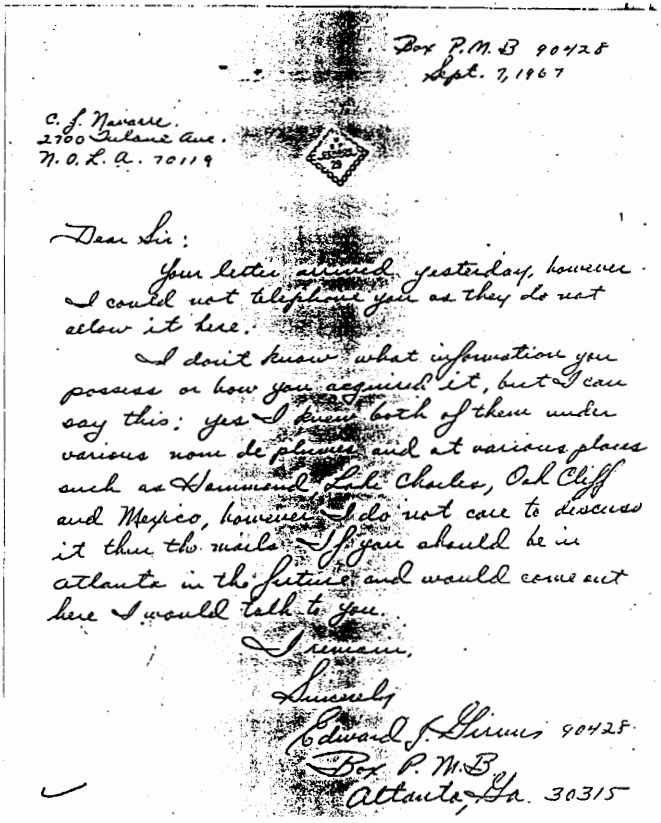
If you are able to make a long distance phone call, we may be able to clear up the matter much faster. If so, call Area Code 504 - 822-0584 collect.

Very truly yours,

C. J. NAVARRE
Investigator
District Attorney's Office

CJN/bb

6-12 Letter from DA Garrison's office to potential informant Edward Girnus, note possible aliases of Clay Shaw as being Bertrand and Lambert



Box P.M.B 90428
Sept. 7, 1967

C. J. Navarre.
2700 Tulane Ave.
N. O. L. A. 70119

Dear Sir:

Your letter arrived yesterday, however I could not telephone you as they do not allow it here.

I don't know what information you possess or how you acquired it, but I can say this: yes I knew both of them under various nom de plumes and at various places such as Hammond, Lk. Charles, Oak Cliff and Mexico, however I do not care to discuss it thru the mails. If you should be in atlanta in the future and would come out here I would talk to you.

I remain,

Sincerely
Edward J. Girnus 90428
Box P. M. B.
Atlanta, Ga. 30315

6-13 Letter from Edward Girnus to New Orleans District Attorney, note acknowledgement of "non de plumes" and references to Hammond and Lake Charles La. which were only known to Garrison's investigators at the time

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES [illegible] NSCA (RG 233)

MEMORANDUM

Re: CLAY SHAW
Re: SHAW + [illegible] "LEE"
Re: ORSWALD
Re: SECURITY FILE NUMB
Re: DOWNEY

December 7, 1967

EO 10501

TO: JIM GARRISON, District Attorney

FROM: JAMES L. ALCOCK, Assistant District Attorney

RE: EDWARD JULIUS GIRNUS, Prison #A-90428-A

EDWARD JULIUS GIRNUS was interviewed at the United State Penitentiary in Atlanta, Georgia, on December 5, 1967. He was in that institution for a violation of the Dyer Act (interstate transportation of stolen vehicles). GIRNUS stated he owed the State of Virginia 28 years for various unspecified criminal violations.

As GIRNUS recalls, he was released from the United States Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, on January 11, 1963 -- his rap sheet indicates he was released on February 14, 1963. He was in that institution for interstate transportation of a forged instrument. Immediately upon his release, GIRNUS moved to Pasadena, Texas, which is just outside of Houston. Being on 21 month conditional release, he had to report to a federal parole officer every thirty days. While in Pasadena he used the name of EDWARD STARK.

Sometime in February or early March, 1963, GIRNUS made a trip to New Orleans. He was down here looking for some old friends. He stayed at a hotel one block off of Canal Street, on or near North Rampart Street. He did not find the persons he was looking for so he returned to Pasadena, Texas. While he stayed in Pasadena, he lived on South Randal Street. He couldn't recall the street number.

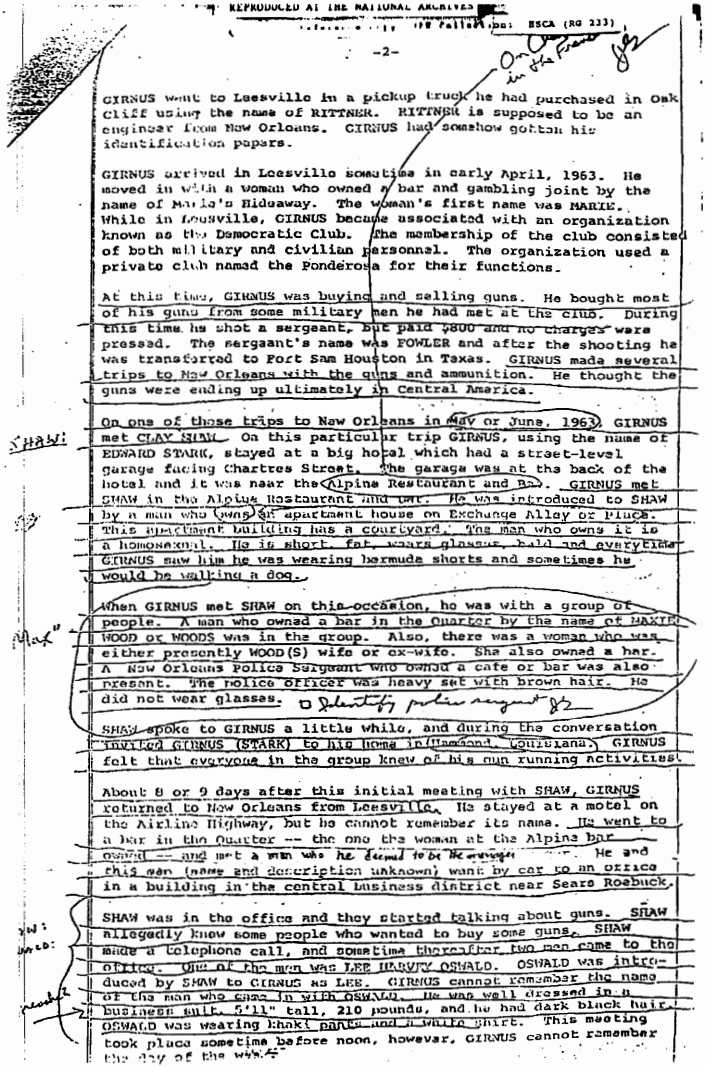
In March, 1963, GIRNUS moved to Waco, Texas. While there he lived with a woman, not his wife, at 1806 Independence Avenue.

Sometime in March or April, 1963, GIRNUS moved to Dallas, Texas. He was still with the woman he met in Waco, and he stayed at the St. George Hotel. The St. George is on Elm Street two blocks from the Records building. At this time he was using the name EDWARD STARK almost exclusively. During this period GIRNUS was charged with embezzlement from a gunsmith who owned two gun shops in Dallas. (GIRNUS' rap sheet shows an embezzlement charge was nolle prossed in Dallas on May 18, 1964). Also during this stay in Dallas, GIRNUS, using the name of STARK, frequented the Theatre lounge, Circus lounge and the Diamond Horseshoe lounge. JACK RUBY allegedly owned one of these lounges

GIRNUS associated with some of the strippers from these clubs. Most of these girls stayed at the Blue Bonnet Hotel on Commerce Street. Through his association with these people and these clubs, GIRNUS met a friend of JACK RUBY's who was interested in buying guns. This man, who GIRNUS would not identify, was associated with a rabid right-wing group who had access to large amounts of money. GIRNUS also met a man from New Orleans through this group who was interested in purchasing guns. As a result of a conversation with the man from New Orleans, GIRNUS moved to Leesville, Louisiana. GIRNUS would not identify this man from New Orleans.

AMKed

6-14 Statement of Edward Girnus to New Orleans District Attorney, detailing gun running and related connections; note gun shop and Ruby connections in Dallas



REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

-2-

GIRNUS went to Leesville in a pickup truck he had purchased in Oak Cliff using the name of RITTNER. RITTNER is supposed to be an engineer from New Orleans. GIRNUS had somehow gotten his identification papers.

GIRNUS arrived in Leesville sometime in early April, 1963. He moved in with a woman who owned a bar and gambling joint by the name of Marie's Hideaway. The woman's first name was MARIE. While in Leesville, GIRNUS became associated with an organization known as the Democratic Club. The membership of the club consisted of both military and civilian personnel. The organization used a private club named the Ponderosa for their functions.

At this time, GIRNUS was buying and selling guns. He bought most of his guns from some military men he had met at the club. During this time he shot a sergeant, but paid $800 and no charges were pressed. The sergeant's name was FOWLER and after the shooting he was transferred to Fort Sam Houston in Texas. GIRNUS made several trips to New Orleans with the guns and ammunition. He thought the guns were ending up ultimately in Central America.

SHAW:

On one of these trips to New Orleans in May or June, 1963, GIRNUS met CLAY SHAW. On this particular trip GIRNUS, using the name of EDWARD STARK, stayed at a big hotel which had a street-level garage facing Chartres Street. The garage was at the back of the hotel and it was near the Alpina Restaurant and Bar. GIRNUS met SHAW in the Alpina Restaurant and bar. He was introduced to SHAW by a man who owns an apartment house on Exchange Alley or Place. This apartment building has a courtyard. The man who owns it is a homosexual. He is short, fat, wears glasses, bald and everyone GIRNUS saw him he was wearing bermuda shorts and sometimes he would be walking a dog.

"Max"

When GIRNUS met SHAW on this occasion, he was with a group of people. A man who owned a bar in the Quarter by the name of MAXIE WOOD or WOODS was in the group. Also, there was a woman who was either presently WOOD(S) wife or ex-wife. She also owned a bar. A New Orleans Police Sergeant who owned a cafe or bar was also present. The police officer was heavy set with brown hair. He did not wear glasses. Identify police sergeant JG

SHAW spoke to GIRNUS a little while, and during the conversation invited GIRNUS (STARK) to his home in Hammond, Louisiana. GIRNUS felt that everyone in the group knew of his gun running activities.

About 8 or 9 days after this initial meeting with SHAW, GIRNUS returned to New Orleans from Leesville. He stayed at a motel on the Airline Highway, but he cannot remember its name. He went to a bar in the Quarter -- the one the woman at the Alpina bar owned -- and met a man who he deemed to be the manager. He and this man (name and description unknown) went by car to an office in a building in the central business district near Sears Roebuck.

SHAW was in the office and they started talking about guns. SHAW allegedly knew some people who wanted to buy some guns. SHAW made a telephone call, and sometime thereafter two men came to the office. One of the men was LEE HARVEY OSWALD. OSWALD was introduced by SHAW to GIRNUS as LEE. GIRNUS cannot remember the name of the man who came in with OSWALD. He was well dressed in a business suit, 5'11" tall, 210 pounds, and he had dark black hair. OSWALD was wearing khaki pants and a white shirt. This meeting took place sometime before noon, however, GIRNUS cannot remember the day of the week.

Amxid

6-14b Continued, note guns possibly obtained from military thefts

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES ... ESCA (RG 233)

This conversation centered principally on Central and South America -- the best way to get there and the general living conditions. GIRNUS, who said he had traveled quite a bit in Central America, told OSWALD what he knew about these countries. Suddenly, at this point in the interview, GIRNUS told me he did not want to give me any more details. He said the institution (penitentiary) bugged him, and he did not want to talk any further lest he get himself into a storm. (He was obviously committing crimes in this area, and was fearful of prosecution). He said he did not realize I would be taking down everything he said. He told me he would have someone in Atlanta send me a picture of two people. One of the persons in the picture was LEE OSWALD. He said the picture was taken in Mexico. Additionally, he was sending me an FAA flight plan which would be self explanatory and helpful in our investigation. FERRIE allegedly had something to do with the flight recorded on the flight plan.

I assured him we were only interested in facts that aided us in our investigation, but he still refused to go on with a fact-detailing interview. So I put my pad away, and engaged him in general conversation about the prison. During this conversation I was able to elicit a few more facts.

The last time GIRNUS saw OSWALD was when he drove him to Cotulla, Texas. This trip took place sometime in September, 1963. While in Cotulla, GIRNUS introduced OSWALD to a friend of his who was an ex-Mexican army man. OSWALD and GIRNUS' friend went into Mexico through Laredo, Texas. Their trip had something to do with getting OSWALD's passport.

GIRNUS attended several parties where SHAW was present. At least one of these took place in Hammond, Louisiana. GIRNUS thought it was SHAW's home, but he was not sure of this. OSWALD was at this particular party which took place in a large colonial brick house which had a big yard all around it.

Though GIRNUS terminated this particular interview abruptly and at a crucial time, I feel he will talk to me further.

6-14c Continued, note reference to flight plan (see exhibit 6-11)

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